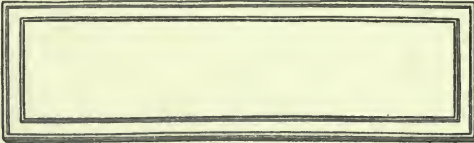
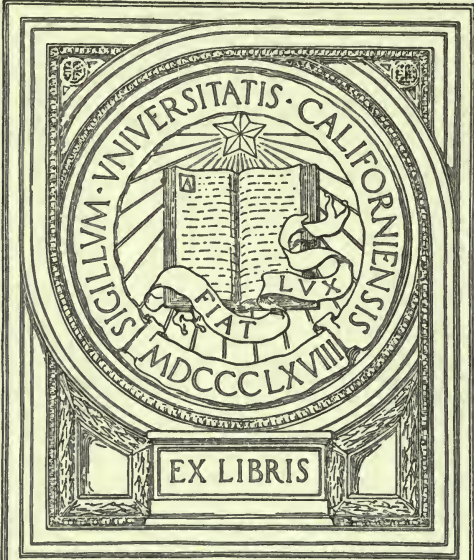


GIFT OF
PROFESSOR C. A. KOFOID





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MEMORANDUMS
OF A
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE,
IN THE WINTER OF 1815-16,
INCLUDING
REMARKS ON FRENCH MANNERS AND SOCIETY,
WITH A
DESCRIPTION OF THE CATACOMBS,
AND NOTICES OF SOME OTHER OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY AND
WORKS OF ART, NOT HITHERTO DESCRIBED.

“ Authors lose half the praise they might have got,
“ Were it but known what they discreetly blot.”

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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1816.

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GIFT OF
PROFESSOR C. A. KOFOID

Printed by A. Strahan,
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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS - - - Page 1

CHAP. I.

Narrative. — Dover. — Voyage across the Channel. —
Calais - - - - - 5

CHAP. II.

Journey in the Diligence. — Appearance of the Country.
— Montreuil. — Amiens. — Arrival at Paris. — The
Warm Baths - - - - - 26

CHAP. III.

Cabriolets. — Boulevards. — Place de Louis Quinze. —
Pots de Chambre. — Whimsical Conduct of the
Drivers - - - - - 40

CHAP. IV.

Encampment in the Bois de Boulogne. — German Le-
gion. — Wounded Officer. — Mess-Table. — Mili-
tary Conversation. — Battle of Waterloo - 48

CHAP. V.

Description of the Battle of Waterloo, by a young Officer. — Return over the Field of Battle by Moonlight. — Occurrences after the Battle - Page 57

CHAP. VI.

Chapelle Royale. — Mass. — Salle des Marechaux. — The King. — The Archbishop of Rheims. — Interior of the Palace - - - - 62

CHAP. VII.

Jardin des Plantes. — Temple. — Collection of Fossils, Minerals, and other Objects of Natural History 72

CHAP. VIII.

Robertson's Philosophical Theatre. — Speaking Machine. — Gardens of the Tuilleries. — Models of Fortresses at the Hôtel des Invalides - - 78

CHAP. IX.

Gambling-Houses. — Spirit of Gambling extremely prevalent. — Description of the Licensed Gaming-Houses. — Coarseness of Social Intercourse in Public 86

CHAP. X.

Church of St. Roch. — Miracle des Ardents. — Statue of Christ. — Palace of St. Cloud. — Malmaison, the Residence of Josephine - - - - 93

CHAP. XI.

Versailles. — The Palace. — The Gardens. — Defence of French Gardening. — Petit Trianon. — Grand Trianon. — Character of Buonaparte Page 100

CHAP. XII.

An English Clergyman of an uncommon Species. — Musées des Monuments Français. — Curious Mistake of a Painter. — Pantheon, or Church of St. Genevieve - - - - - 111

CHAP. XIII.

Foundling Hospital of Paris. — Mode of admitting Children. — Number at Nurse in the Country. — Policy of such an Establishment on the Score of Morals. — The Lottery - - - - - 122

CHAP. XIV.

The great National Library. — Curiosities which it contains. — Free Access to all Objects of Curiosity in the French Capital. — Reason of the universal adoption of the French Language - - - 130

CHAP. XV.

Character of the Duchess of Angoulême. — Cause of her melancholy and retired Manner. — Returned Emigrants. — Effects of some English Newspapers in keeping up the Irritation of French Feelings 138

CHAP. XVI.

Franconi's Theatre. — The Corn Market. — Trium-
phal Arch of the Place de Carousel. — Buonaparte's
Column to the Grand Army. — Bon Mot of the
Emperor of Russia - - - Page 151

CHAP. XVII.

The Louvre. — Removal of the Works of Art. —
Cultivation of the Fine Arts in France. — Expres-
sion of Louis XVIII. to Lord Wellington - 160

CHAP. XVIII.

Ecrivains Publics. — Bridges over the Seine. — Curious
Custom at the Stalls in the Streets. — The Cries. —
The Pavement. — The Fountains - - - 167

CHAP. XIX.

The Barriers. — The Quays. — The Mode of Wash-
ing. — Cookery. — The Flower-Market. — Coffee-
Houses. — Palais Royal - - - - 176

CHAP. XX.

Celebration of High Mass at the Church of St. Roch.
— The Feelings which it inspires. — Tenets of the
Catholic Religion. — Auricular Confession. - 185

CHAP. XXI.

Prussian Army. — Dress of the Officers. — Russian Army, their very different Behaviour. — Duel between a Russian and a French Officer. — Conduct of the English and French reciprocally - Page 195

CHAP. XXII.

Conscription Laws. — Abuses and Cruelties in the Administration of them. — A Comparison between the French Conscription and English Impressment - - - - - 207

CHAP. XXIII.

French Opinion of the English Government. — Their Belief that it has been the Cause of all the Misery of Europe. — Military Courage - - - 219

CHAP. XXIV.

Present State of France. — Sources of National Wealth. — The French Revolution. — Progress of sound Thinking. — Statue to the late Alderman Beckford - - - - - 226

CHAP. XXV.

Marshal Ney accused of Treachery in the Battle of Waterloo. — Circumstances attending his Execution. — His Appearance - - - - - 235

CHAP. XXVI.

Galignani's Library. — Statues of Voltaire. — The Luxembourg Gallery of Pictures by Rubens. — Preposterous Mixture of Fact and Allegory in his Productions - - - - - Page 243

CHAP. XXVII.

Physicians. — Comparison of French and English Physicians. — State of Medicine Two Centuries ago; — Its Improvement. — Medical Education at Paris 248

CHAP. XXVIII.

Boxing. — Delicacy of French and English. — Sentimentality of the former. — Their Feelings towards Foreigners - - - - - 258

CHAP. XXIX.

Tragic Theatre. — Ducis' Translation of Shakspeare. — Macbeth. — Talma, and Mademoiselle Georges 268

CHAP. XXX.

The Academy of Music, or Grand Opera. — Delicacy of the French Stage. — Comparison with that of England. — Farce of Ricco - - - 287

CHAP. XXXI.

- Occurrence at the Theatre. — Popularity of the King.
 — Probable Conduct of the disbanded Officers. —
 Comparison of the English and French. — Different
 Sentiments on the National Flag - Page 300

CHAP. XXXII.

- State of French Society. — Change of Manners pro-
duced by the Revolution. — Demoralization of the
 French Countenance. — An attempt to explain the
 Cause - - - - - 317

CHAP. XXXIII.

- National Guards. — Gens D'armes. — Sapeurs and
 Pompiers. — National Song. — Verses to the Em-
 peror Alexander - - - - - 326

CHAP. XXXIV.

- Climate of Paris compared with that of other Countries.
 — Mode of furnishing Houses. — State of Public
 Feeling with regard to Decency. — Anecdote of
 Buonaparte - - - - - 332

CHAP. XXXV.

- Jeux D'Esprit on the Subject of Buonaparte's Election.
 — Placards affixed to the Walls of the Tuilleries. —
 Le Français revenu de Londres - - - 344

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Catacombs. — Their Appearance, Origin, and
 — Mode of Formation. — Inscriptions on the Walls, &c.
 — Album - - - - - Page 353

CHAP. XXXVII.

National Character of the French. — Their Levity con-
 sidered. — Education of the Women. — Effect of
 Marriage - - - - - 376

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Appearance of Paris in the Evening. — A Moonlight
 Ramble. — Sensations produced by this Scene 383

CHAP. XXXIX.

Journey Home. — Appearances on the Road. — Calais.
 — Voyage to Dover. — Return to London. — Con-
 cluding Remarks - - - - - 388

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Sept. 27, 1816.

IN the Autumn of 1815, professional circumstances induced me to visit Paris. My expectations had been raised very high. How far they were fulfilled or disappointed will probably be the subject of a future publication. The present memorandums are the result only of those hours of leisure and relaxation which I found necessary for my health and comfort; and they were committed to paper without the most remote idea of being given to the world through the medium of the press.

Since my return, however, I have seen so much prejudice and error with regard to our late formidable rivals; — have seen so many attempts to mislead public opinion for party purposes, that I am induced to

hope the publication of the honest, impartial sentiments of an attentive observer, may be of some service; may afford better grounds for forming an accurate opinion; and induce those who have not an opportunity of judging for themselves to avoid equally the over-weening admiration of one party, and the impolitic contempt of the other.

The state of France must ever be a matter of the highest interest to England. Whatever Frenchmen may feel or affect to feel, it is not the policy of this country, nor has it been the wish or attempt of the English Government to operate their destruction. But it is in vain we try to convince them to the contrary, while every newspaper scribbler gives vent to expressions of scorn and hatred, of contempt and ridicule towards the men whom the fortune of war has placed at our mercy; a conduct calculated to perpetuate and increase that hatred and jealousy of our power which are already the predominant feelings of Frenchmen. Their situation naturally calls into play a greater portion of irritability, and they had always more than enough.

But they are so much influenced by the wish to acquire the respect of the English, that if we do but state their faults with candour, and praise their good qualities with sincerity, the result must be beneficial to both parties.

France and its inhabitants have been so often described, that to say any thing more on the subject, may appear superfluous. I hope, however, that the public will accept with indulgence this humble attempt to afford rational amusement, and not judge too severely a performance which claims no other merits than common sense and strict integrity. Not one sentence will, I hope, be found throughout the work, in which truth has been sacrificed to any motive whatever, nor any expression which is unworthy of a gentleman and a Christian. If I have occasionally used terms too strong for the delicate ears of the present age, they will be found, I trust, to be the natural results of honest feelings, and I can at least venture to assert, that I have advanced nothing contrary to the strict canons of virtue and decorum.

In describing the different objects of curiosity, I have been anxious to select only those which had either escaped other travellers, or which had been passed over too slightly to convey a distinct impression. I have too, rather dwelt on the impression they made on my mind, than on the things themselves, as their respective details may be found in every book published as a Guide to Travellers. My intention was to speak of their utility and propriety, and to say how far they seemed worthy of adoption in this country. Some author remarks, "All travel has its advantages; if a man visit a better country, he learns to improve his own; if a worse, to enjoy it."

I have endeavoured to bear this axiom in mind, and to look at every thing with the eye of a patriot; in which character I have not spared censures on my own country, where it appeared to deserve them.

MEMORANDUMS

OF A

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE. — DOVER. — VOYAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL
— CALAIS.

TO a man who has never seen the sea, even Dover is a place of high interest. I arrived in the afternoon, and immediately that I had dined, took a ramble on the high cliffs which surround the town. The barracks are placed in a curious position, and the whole of the fortified hill is beautiful; you arrive at them by a very extraordinary staircase cut in the rock, and so contrived that three sets of steps wind round together like the triple worm of the patent corkscrew. The barracks are situated about the middle height of the hill. All around, the earth was covered with an elegant little yellow flower something like the king-cup, with a delightful scent between the clematis and violet; it bears pods

like the wall flower, but I am so miserable a botanist that I cannot give its name. Numerous goats were browsing on the precipices, and the red coats of the soldiers rambling all over the mountain, had a very lively and beautiful effect. The view from hence is very extensive, and Calais and Boulogne did not appear to be more than half a dozen miles distant.

I continued my rambles till moon-light. After many months of close confinement to London, I was in the best state to relish the novelty of my situation, and inhaled copious draughts of enjoyment. The sea lay before me in tranquil beauty; there was not the least ripple on the water—the ships were without motion—the white cliffs were flooded with silver light—the moon rolled calmly along the blue sky, and looked, as Southey says,

— “ Like the smile of reconciling heaven.”

“ The waves of either shore lay there,

“ Calm, clear and azure as the air.”

No sound was heard but the delightful music of the garrison band, which played a series of plaintive Scotch airs, with such a heart-breaking and pathetic sweetness, as

“ Opened every cell where memory slept.”

I felt a sensation of pleasure and delight which was quite oppressive, and was glad when the nine

o'clock trumpet echoed round the excavations of the fortification, and summoned the musicians to their quarters.

The house where I had taken up my abode, was entitled the Paris Hotel, and the name of mine host struck me as peculiarly appropriate, *Pot-de-Vin*. The place was decent and respectable, and I found the charges extremely moderate.

Having secured a passage in a French vessel for the following day, I hastened to bed, but the tumult of my mind would not let me sleep, and I rose with the sun and walked out again on the cliffs. The wind was directly contrary, and the equinoctial gales were in full influence on the sea. The storm raged with a violence which made it difficult to keep my footing, and the sea was one mass of foam and confusion. I returned to the house, and learnt from the captain that it would be impossible to put to sea in such weather, and that I must be satisfied with Mr. *Pot-de-Vin's* accommodation for another day.

About noon the storm abated, and I put on my boat cloak and walked to the extremity of the jetty, which projects a considerable distance into the sea. Leaning over the railing, I contemplated in silence the grandest object in nature, and for nearly two hours remained so absorbed in thought as to be almost unconscious of my situation. I watched with vacant eye the

enormous waves bending over each other to the shore. The continued and successive swell of the deep green waters — the elegance of the foam as it curled over the shallows — the wheels of froth which coursed each other in rapid succession among the red pebbles of the shore, as the waves struck it obliquely, — the crackling sound of the beach when the waves were retiring — the hollow dash against the jetty — the contrast of the moving mass of waters with the rocks which rose perpendicular from the shore, altogether formed a scene of sublimity and beauty, of which I had often read, but had never before obtained a complete idea. The slight giddy feeling produced by watching the motion of water was not unpleasant, and my mind was filled with a mixed sensation of awe, pleasure, and wonder, that rivetted me to the spot. I was leaving a wife and family in a land of peace and tranquillity, and going to venture myself in another which was reported to be a scene of confusion and bloodshed, — a country overrun with foreign troops, and where two hostile parties were contending for the mastery. The remote and contingent advantage which I expected from my journey, hardly seemed a valid reason for rendering my safety precarious, when the well-being of objects so dear to me, was at stake; for a short time I was almost determined to retrace my steps to

London; but the reflection that I had gone too far to recede; that I had already encountered the evils of departure and the pain of separation, soon effaced such ideas from my mind. The sun broke out in joyous beauty, and cast a smile over the face of nature; my sombre anticipations vanished in a moment, and the same buoyant curiosity, the same ardent wish for professional advantage, which first instigated me to leave home, rushed again into my mind with redoubled force. I was impatient for the storm to subside and the wind to change, that I might throw myself into a new scene, and fulfill the hopes which had animated me for years.

These sensations will appear ridiculous to those who have migrated from country to country, till the change no longer produces any emotion but a wish to arrive as quickly as possible at the end of the journey; but to such as have passed their lives in that vegetating mode which is the lot of four-fifths of the community, the feelings I have attempted to describe will be acknowledged as the natural impulses of such a situation.

When I returned to the inn I found a *table d'hôte*, surrounded with about a dozen beings of all nations, some of whom bore evident marks of the storm they had encountered; for although the sea had been so boisterous, the wind, which

had changed after their departure from Calais, had been in the right direction, and had brought them over to England rather quicker than was quite compatible with their comfort or safety.

Among the number of faces I recognized, one which immediately attracted my notice, and inspired involuntary confidence, Captain D—— of the —— Regiment. We separated from the rest, and remained together the rest of the time I was at Dover. I found him a most intelligent and charming companion, he had made several campaigns in Spain, in the West Indies, and in Canada, and had commanded a Greek Corps in the Mediterranean. We made the remainder of our journey in company, and were, I believe, mutually grieved at the ultimate separation.

In the evening, as we were sitting over our supper in a room appropriated to casual visitors, there entered a remarkably tall and elegant young man in an officer's pelisse, who, with the greatest ease and most perfect good breeding, entered into conversation with the whole company; he addressed a young Spanish lady in her native language with a fluency and correctness, which made her exclaim that he was a fellow countryman, he assured her she was mistaken, and his language when speaking to us, convinced me that he was an Englishman; he then continued in French, and afterwards

in Italian, apparently with the same facility. After remarking that Dover contained no places of amusement, and expressing his compassion for our uncomfortable state of suspense, he told us that a "conjuring fellow," who exhibited tricks of legerdemain when he could get any body to witness his performances, was coming to his lodgings that night, and that he should be happy if we would come and share the amusement. Although we thought the proposition rather curious from a stranger, we determined to accept his invitation for want of better employment, and accordingly accompanied him home. On the way he told us that he was going into the French service in consequence of his sister having married a French nobleman, that he had three blood horses with him, one of which was ill, and that he was only waiting a day or two at Dover for its recovery.

We were scarcely seated when a frippery French fop came into the room, who was immediately introduced as *The Count*. He began the conversation by a string of fulsome compliments to the English nation, and said it was a great delight to *him* that his countrymen were at last reconciled to the *noble English*. He had been in Spain, and was entrusted by the Duchess of Angoulême with four octavo volumes of her memoirs, written by herself,

with which he valorously made his way through the French armies at the risk of being seized and shot as a spy!!! His friend cut short his string of lies by reaching a guitar, and accompanying himself while he sang some beautiful Spanish, French, English, and Italian airs, with the finest voice and execution I almost ever heard. As the conjurer did not come, I had been at a loss to conceive the motive for our invitation, but I now set it down entirely to the account of vanity, and supposed that he had merely brought us there to hear his fine voice. Presently, however, he proposed cards, and though Captain D—— and myself declared that we never played, he was so very urgent, and varied his request so many ways, that we were obliged to let him shew us a newly invented game called Blucher's. This consisted in merely dealing out the cards one to each person, placing each a sum of money on his card, when, if it turned up the same colour as the trump, you won, if not you lost. Though we did not suspect cheating we dreaded gambling, but as we had drank a bottle of his claret, we acceded to his request to place three shillings on each of our cards, after he had in vain talked of making a trial with only Napoleons, (not to play in earnest, but for *nothing* in a manner,) we won; a second and third time we won, the fourth time we lost, the fifth and sixth time we

won again, then the tide turned, and we were presently minus six shillings each; at this moment it came to my turn to deal, and as I have been accustomed to play tricks of sleight of hand on the cards, I immediately perceived that some of them were longer than others, this shewed me immediately the plot, and I therefore seized the opportunity to perform some deceptions on the cards, and in the midst of them “recollected an engagement,” and in spite of the most urgent entreaties of the host and the Count, came back to the inn with Captain D—— not a little pleased at my escape, and not sorry to have left behind the six shillings each to pay for our Claret. We found afterwards that the gentleman had no horses at Dover, but that he himself was comparatively a permanent resident, and (as was supposed,) gained an honest living by means similar to those I have described.

The morning was clear and exhilarating, and I hastened on board in high spirits. The sea still rolled heavily, though the storm had subsided, but the wind having suddenly changed in our favour, added to the roughness of the water, and gave us a very rude voyage.

Our vessel was little more than two hours and a quarter in crossing the Channel, and although the wind was boisterous, the sun shone all the time, and made the transit much less

dismal for a landsman. The masts lay down at an angle of five and forty degrees with the horizon, and the lee side of the deck was in the water during the whole voyage, so that I (whose stomach compelled me to choose that side of the ship for convenience sake,) sat half way up the legs in water very often.

The sickness is a dreadful sensation for the time it lasts, but there were occasional intervals of a quarter of an hour when I was sufficiently well to enjoy the beauty and novelty of the scene. Those who have been accustomed to travel in stage coaches for several days and nights in succession, may form to themselves a very correct idea of a packet, where the additional inconveniences produce the same effects on the minds and visages of the passengers in a few hours, as two nights want of rest and a negation of shaving and washing ashore. When I looked round on my fellow travellers, by the time we were in mid channel, they presented the appearance which has often attracted my notice at day-break in a stage coach—dirty, sodden, and wretched. The effect of the ship's motion on their stomachs was often so instantaneous, and sounmanageable that the smart pelisse of one lady was in a moment absolutely spoiled by the "agitation" of her opposite neighbour, and all ranks were as thoroughly confounded as in the grave. Old travellers had taken care to equip themselves ac-

cordingly, but those who meant to make a favourable impression on French eyes at their first landing, were woefully disappointed. I observed one very aristocratic lady dressed in an elegant velvet pelisse, who, while scolding and pushing off her surrounding inferiors, rolled down into an accumulated puddle, produced by half a dozen children, which was prevented from washing off the deck by two or three trunks lashed in the middle. When she rose covered with such *indelicate* filth, I never saw so ludicrous a combination of emotions — anger — dignity — disgust — indignation — fear — and *sickness* co-operated to make her an object of unconquerable laughter to all who were well enough to look round them.

I fancy that I have seen the sea in all its glory; it was at least quite as stormy as can be contemplated without fear, by those who are upon it. There is something extremely elegant, and as the Irish say “janty” in the motion of a small vessel through such a sea. The sun tipped the edges of the waves with gold, and they struck the eye in rapid succession as we mounted each successive ridge. While we rested between two of them, the deep blue-green of the transparent water was all that we could see, but as the vessel rose, the surface of the sea appeared of a bright yellow intermixed with feathery foam. I enjoyed it very highly, and as my sickness en-

tirely ceased by the time we were two-thirds across, really began to lament that my voyage was so short.

I made one little discovery which may be of use hereafter, viz. that the sickness is produced by the shrinking we involuntarily make as the ship descends, a sort of preposterous effort to save ourselves from falling; this being repeated over and over again, at last brings on vomiting, simply from the compression of the stomach. Having learnt this, I had no more sickness, for every time the ship went down, I made an *expiration*, at the same time relaxing the muscles over the stomach, so as entirely to relieve it from pressure. The act of mounting never produced nausea, and I recollect that the effects are precisely the same, but in a slighter degree in the amusement of swinging.

On landing at Calais I was conducted to the Hotel *Messe-Meurice*, and found myself extremely comfortable. Having recruited my stomach with a little wine and roast fowl, I rambled round the town for half an hour. Sterne's description of it answers still, and to appearance there has not been even a window painted since his time. It is dark, shabby, and poverty-stricken: the streets are narrow—the shops miserable, and the clumsy interstices of the windows give them the air of being nailed up and uninhabited. Some allowance must be

made however for the peculiar circumstances of the case, it being almost supported in ordinary times by the intercourse with England; and after twenty-five years suspension of that trade, it has necessarily fallen to decay. The least we can do for a town which has suffered so much in the late quarrel, and indeed in all quarrels between France and England, is to lay out our money liberally; and in this respect they seem to have no great cause of complaint against the English.

At Dover I heard only French; *here* I was stunned with English. The house was absolutely filled with young men of the class called *travellers*. Some few, perhaps, were here on business, but I could easily gather from the conversation, that by far the greater number came from England to "see the world" with the intention of taking a passing glance at Paris, but recollecting the inconvenient bustle which their countrymen were in who happened to be in France last year, and reading with holy faith the terrific predictions and *authentic letters* of the Morning Chronicle which arrives here daily; they were become so alarmed at what "them French fellows" may do, that they wisely resolved not to put themselves into danger at all, but stay close to the shore, where they can get aboard at a minute's warning; have out their *jollification*, and shew the won-

dering (but not offended) waiters, that one Englishman can spend money faster than six Mounseers. It was no little consolation too, that they could abuse the French, *ad libitum*, without any risk of a retort courteous, as not a soul in the establishment of M. Messe Meurice understood a word of English, except the *Commissionaire*, a sort of running porter, who will trudge to all parts of the town for three half-pence.

Towards the end of dinner, which I took at the *table d'hote* with about twenty of my countrymen, there came in an old French sailor carrying a sort of spinet hurdy-gurdy, and followed by his wife, a very decent looking washer-woman. She sang a number of French airs of a description which I should hardly have supposed her capable of comprehending. She had a very pleasing voice, and displayed considerable knowledge of music. Her husband accompanied her on the spinet and his own deep bass voice: altogether I was highly gratified, and not a little astonished at such performance from people of their apparent station in life.

As soon as they had retired, a pretty girl of eight or nine years of age entered with a little basket of sealed papers, begging us very earnestly to try our fortunes. I resisted for some time, thinking it rather too ridiculous,

but the child importuned so urgently with “ *Si Monsieur*” — “ *De grace Monsieur,*” and “ *s’il vous plait Monsieur,*” that I at last dropped a penny into her basket, and took a paper. It turned out a very honest pen’orth of good news. It was as follows : —

“ Vous avez bien eu votre part d’ennui, mais vous n’en aurez plus. Vous aurez la satisfaction de voir vos ennemis bien humiliés, et malgré les envieux, vous ferez vos affaires sans le secours de personne, par une attente imprevue qui vous conduira au plus grand bonheur. Vous ferez une connoissance qui vous causera de grands plaisirs, et vous êtes assuré de jouir à l’avenir d’une félicité parfaite, et de voir réussir toutes vos entreprises.”

It finished with the following verses : —

“ Ici tout se renouvelle,”

“ Tout commence et tout finit,”

“ Il n’est point de peines éternelles,”

“ Non ; il n’est point d’éternels plaisirs.”

Translation of the Sealed Paper.

“ You have had your share of unhappiness, but you will have no more. You will have the satisfaction to see your enemies thoroughly humiliated, and in spite of the envious, you will accomplish your wishes without the aid of any one, by an unexpected piece of good luck which will complete your happiness. You will make an acquaintance which will afford you

high gratification, and you are sure of enjoying perfect happiness for the future, and will see all your undertakings succeed to your wishes.”

The Verses.

“ Here in this world every thing begins, ends, and is renewed. Neither pleasures nor pains are eternal.”

I could not but admire the ingenuity of a prophecy which fitted all ages, countries, sexes, and conditions. Some of my companions thought *theirs* peculiarly appropriate, but upon examination I found them all equally comprehensive and equally specific.

I was much struck with the appearance of the kitchen in this inn. It is the grand thoroughfare from the bureau to what we should call the coffee-room. Mine hostess sits in state at her desk, with a silk gown padded round the hips, three or four handkerchiefs over her neck and shoulders, of which the corners hang down her back, one higher than the other, with mathematical and Quaker-like exactness; her hair powdered and turned up over a cushion on the forehead, with a high-crowned cap frilled under the chin, and two long streamers from the top behind; she has a profusion of lace round her head and apron, and altogether looks very motherly, clean, comfortable, and respectable. She “rules the roast” here with great decorum, and her dominion is tolerably extensive. I saw

eight couple of fowls, four turkies, and several ducks all at the same fire, which was of enormous extent. Three men, four women, and several boys were occupied at the different stoves which surround the room; and there seemed to be as much cooking, as at one of the London Tavern dinners for ten times the number of eaters. I was informed that nothing is ever brought on the table cold in France, and that the English are thought to have preposterous tastes who can voluntarily dine on cold meat. The floor and walls of the kitchen were not very delicate, but the actual cooking apparatus is punctiliously clean. From the bustle and seeming importance of all who were engaged in preparing dinner, one may be aware that Gastrology is a very important science in this country.

Neither at Dover, nor at this place, did I experience the least obstacle or rudeness at the custom house. My trunk was just opened, but on giving my word of honour that it contained nothing contraband, the man closed it again without disturbing any thing. I was told not to expect such treatment at Dover on my return. The English custom house officers are proverbially severe, brutal, and corrupt. Immense quantities of goods are daily brought into the country through the official channels, by dint of bribery. The reason they are so gentle when you leave England is that there

are hardly any objects of seizure, (except cash,) which are small enough to be put in a travelling trunk, and as to *money*, that is not exactly the place to find it; so that opening your trunks previous to the embarkation is a mere ceremony.

I went to the play at Calais, where I found a most *brilliant* audience, such as I have occasionally had an opportunity of viewing at Sheerness or Gosport. One of the Parisian actresses was playing there, and had attracted an unusually full house. Although I have a tolerably correct knowledge of the French language, I had considerable difficulty in following the dialogue. There is, however, so much pantomime (and I do not use the word in a disrespectful sense,) in their actors, that it was easy to make out the meaning when the words escaped the ear. As far as I was yet able to judge, I was inclined to rate them very much higher than the same class of provincial performers in our country.

Just as I was stepping into the diligence in the inn yard at Calais, came up a miserable, pale, haggard wretch, about five and forty years of age, who with much solemnity put a printed paper into my hands, telling me it was his own composition, and that it was of very high importance. He spoke in broken English, and with an incoherence which left no doubt as to the state of his brain. The crack of the

postillion's knotted whip made the court-yard echo, and allowed me no time to read the very important communication which had been made to me till I got off the pavement. It was accompanied with a translation, which the author intended for English verse. The line containing the name of Napoleon had been crossed out with a pen, both in the original and translation, and the lines which I have marked (") were added on the spur of the moment, the ink being scarcely dry.

Au Nom de Condillac.

Réhabilitation des quatre Elemens, ou Spiritualité de l'âme.

Quoi! le monde avait hier réformé l'Institut!
 Lui qui de ses fagots vingt ans l'apôtre fut!!
 Vive Napoleon, le ciel enfin le guide
 Mais l'Institut ne peut des Cœurs être l'égide.
 Le Luxe et les beaux arts à leurs derniers degrés,
 Nous ont, faute de sens, de vices encombrés;
 Un peu de jugement devient indispensable
 Pour qu' un ordre de choses enfin soit plus durable.

Quoi depuis vingt cinq ans l'homme est vraiment penseur
 Et pendant deux mille ans il n'est que radoteur
 Les anciens auront vu que l'air est rare ou dense
 Et pourtant ils l'auroient conclu simple substance!!
 Tout naît de l'element, il est donc composé
 Et pourtant ils l'auroient conclu tout l'opposé.

A l'Institut.

Quoi! l'an dix huit cent huit, aux pieds meme des trones
 Tu te fais courronné l'astre brillant des zones!
 Toi qui dans ton rapport, enchaîne avant d'avoir!!
 Qui prescrit de parler avant de savoir!!
 Toi pour qui l'élément, n'étant qu' une fadaise,
 Plonge l'âme au néant comme en quatre vingt treize!!
 Tu m'interdis la presse, et c'est là ton tombeau
 Entends tu Condillac, la foudre du Tres - Haut?

LAURENT ISAAC DE CALAIS.

“ Par la fausse lumiere au précipice on court,
 “ Sans lumiere du moins on arrête tout court.”

THE TRANSLATION.

What! the world yesterday our Institut reformed!
 He who these twenty years to his blunders conformed!!
 Long live Napoleon, Heaven is now his guide
 But reason can never by the Institut abide.
 Arts and the luxury to degrees unnumbered,
 For want of light have us of vices incumbered —
 Somewhat judgment therefore is indispensable
 That the order of things may be more durable.

What! these twenty-five years man proves a good sound head
 And these two thousand years but a block-head,
 What! ancients did well know, that air is rare or dense
 And they could have thought it, what? a simple substance.
 From element all springs — it is then compounded,
 And ages they could have the reverse pretended.

To the Institute.

What Institute! thou durst even on stairs of thrones
 Be proclaiming thyself the light of all the zones,
 Thee who be chaining up ideas not yet got,
 Thee who wilt have man speak before he has the thought,
 Thee for whom elements being but a fruitless tree,
 Annihilates the soul as didst in ninety-three.
 Thou forbidst me the press — it is thy last hour —
 Here is great Condillac — here is Heaven's thunder.

 OXFORD — CAMBRIDGE.

“ Is Locke, Bacon's logick truly fallen head-long
 “ Into mud-pantaloons — into spurs one foot long,
 “ Has any thunder bold reduced it to ashes —
 “ Have your brains like your hats, been crushed by its
 flashes.”

“ By the fallacious light to precipice we fly,
 “ No light at all, at least you stop short and lie.”

The last two lines really contain a good thought, the preceding four are a *sarcastic* allusion to the dress of the English, which the writer thinks not sufficiently dignified for the countrymen of Bacon and Locke.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY IN THE DILIGENCE.—APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY. — MONTREUIL. — AMIENS. — ARRIVAL AT PARIS.—THE WARM BATHS.

TO obtain an idea of a Diligence without crossing the water, imagine first a common dung-cart on two wheels, another vehicle like a large one-horse chaise with a hood, on another pair of wheels, then a very large, clumsy coach body, suspended between them, and all connected by a beam like the shaft of a mill-wheel. Over the top of the coach is a deep square basket, fitting the roof, called "*l'imperiale*." In this and in the cart body the luggage is packed, and the whole is covered with straw and a tarpaulin. The inside of the coach is very roomy, and though calculated for six, would very liberally stow eight in the English fashion. There are no springs, and no part of the vehicle is painted, except the sides of the coach body. There are two raw-boned coarse things called horses in the shafts, three others of the same sort abreast in front; the postillion rides on one of the shaft horses, and drives

the others with rope reins. The harness is coarse, clumsy, and most uncouth. The poorest farmer in England would be ashamed of sending his team to plough with such miserable equipments. Notwithstanding all disadvantages, they manage, by dint of whipcracking, to travel at the rate of five miles an hour; the roads are exceedingly good throughout, and between Calais and Paris there is scarcely any thing which can be called a hill; yet at every little rising ground which would not impede the gallop of an English coach, the French postillion allows his horses to crawl *ad libitum*. On these occasions I always got out and walked on, conversing with the country people who were passing along the road, and who seemed much pleased with the compliment. I was surprized at the vivacity and intelligence of their conversation, and especially at the air of mildness and "*bonhomie*," which made me feel *at home* amongst them. Judging from what would have been the state of mind of the English peasantry, if an enemy were in possession of the country, I was prepared to expect rudeness and brutality; and to make allowance for it. On the contrary, their whole conversation was friendly and civil; they made terrible complaints of the Prussians, and "vowed horrible vengeance," but it is now too late, they must "eat the leek." They spoke of the English as having behaved uniformly well, and

there was every appearance of sincerity in the assertion, but they said the Belgians had behaved still worse than the Prussians.

The whole management of the diligence belongs to the conducteur; a man about the rank of an excisemen, who sits in the cabriole, (or chaise part in front,) pays the postillions, regulates all disputes respecting precedence among the passengers, orders dinner, and sits down with the company as perpetual president; he talked very glibly, smoking his pipe all the time with an easy sort of familiar impudence which would not be tolerated in England; he however feels the dignity of office, and seems to care very little for the opinion of his passengers.

The country from Calais to Paris is in the highest state of cultivation; I scarcely saw a dock, thistle, or nettle in the whole journey; but it is all open, no hedges or any apparent enclosures; no trees, except a row on each side of the road nearly the whole distance; there are no plantations for ornament, no gentlemen's seats, no farm houses, and no cattle, so that the country, although so fruitful, has a barren and rather dreary appearance. The villages are chiefly composed of hovels, consisting of only one room, or two at most, very low, generally built of mud, thatched, and white-washed, with scarcely one better house in the whole precinct. The only respectable habitations are in the large

towns which are at considerable distances. There is no such class as the English farmers, but the ground is almost invariably cultivated by men who have one, two, or three acres each. The contrast between the fertile and highly cultivated state of their little plots of earth, and their own apparent misery and poverty is very striking, and produces a very disagreeable impression on the mind. There must be some radical error in the present structure of society here which can account for this. Perhaps one cause may be the great waste of labour in going so far to their employment. Many must have at least six or seven miles to march daily and return, as there are no single houses, and in many places the villages are eight or ten miles from each other.

We entered Montreuil at a late hour of the night. The French have been severely blamed for refusing to give the Allies possession of their fortified towns long after the King had entered Paris, and all further resistance was vain and hopeless. The officers who had the command at these towns are considered to have been the cause of all the bloodshed which took place in the (generally successful) attempt to storm them; yet it must be confessed, that very often such officers acted from a conscientious sense of duty; they repeatedly offered to surrender to any *French* force sent by the King, but strenuously

refused admittance to the Allies under any pretext whatever. If, on the one hand, the Allies could not, consistently with their own safety, leave such towns in their rear, the French commandants knew on the other, that if they could prolong their resistance till the signature of a peace, the nation might obtain better terms, and would preserve the arms and ammunition; for wherever the Allies entered, (either by force or submission,) the whole "*materiel*" of war became the property of the invaders. Montreuil is one of the few fortresses which was placed in this predicament, the commander, though a man of known loyalty, thought himself justified in refusing to surrender the town, and the Allies deemed it too strong to attack. I have not seen Lille, (which held out in the same manner,) but can scarcely conceive a stronger position than Montreuil. We crossed three distinct lines of fortification over draw-bridges, and entered the body of the place through a triple portal, which appeared strong enough to withstand a shower of cannon-balls. The streets were very dark, and for the most part built below the surface of the rock; the carriage way wound round the hill through deep excavations, across which, high above our heads, were suspended the lamps; they were very strong and large lights, but at such great distances that the masses of rock on each side of

us were alternately in gloomy darkness or brilliant illumination; along the ridges walked the sentries exchanging the watch-word. We were carefully examined at the gate, and the inside of the carriage searched minutely. The clanking of chains, the rattling of drawbridges, the loud cracking of the postillion's whip, and the heavy roll of our cumbrous vehicle, altogether produced an effect far from exhilarating. I contrasted it with the tranquil and unostentatious entrance and exit of a town in my own country, and hugged myself at the difference. As yet I had seen nothing of the *effects* of war, but here was one of its *implements* in its most offensive state. The precautions in a fortified town suggest only ideas of fear, treachery, and weakness, without any of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance," which embellish the dangers of the field.

We arrived at last at a very respectable inn, kept by a white-headed venerable looking old man, who announced to us with no little glee that he could speak English. A superb supper was prepared for us, consisting of roast turkey, capon, game of several sorts, and a profusion of pastry. I was so little accustomed to French wines that I did not presume to give an opinion on the subject, but Captain D. pronounced it detestable, and accordingly ordered it to be changed. The landlord came in with a list of

about eighty different sorts with the prices annexed, and said that as the supper and wine together were to cost only two francs and a half, (or two shillings and a penny,) we could not expect the best, but that he had in his cellar the finest wines in the world, if we chose to pay for them. Captain D. fixed on *vin de MACON*, but when that was brought, it was declared to be the identical wine which had been served to us before under the name of Burgundy; it was therefore a second time changed, and a third time declared execrable. The landlord had borne the first and second condemnation of his wine with great patience, but the third was too much for his philosophy — he burst into a furious passion, and exclaimed “ You are vary *fausse gentlemans* pour dire dat my vine is not bon : here was English lady to-day and officiers was ver much please, and send me remercimans pour avoir so ver good wine.” He would not stay to hear any more complaints, but sent in his cook to receive any further commands we might be pleased to honour him with.

After a very liberal allowance of time for supper, we again took our places in the diligence, the conductor arranging us with strict impartiality. Some of the company who had previously been in the middle, had anticipated us in our seats, but they were compelled to shift immediately, the rule being absolute, that the

passengers shall sit in the order in which their places are registered at the office. The first place is considered the right hand riding forwards; the second the left hand on the same side; the third is opposite to the first, and the fourth opposite to the second; the fifth is the middle riding forwards; and the sixth (certainly the worst) the middle backwards. This arrangement saves a great deal of debate and rudeness: it is worth adopting in England, where one is sometimes much annoyed with a brutal fellow-traveller, and still more by ladies whose drafts on our politeness are occasionally rather larger than we can *honour* with any justice or comfort.

We arrived about twelve o'clock at Amiens, where we breakfasted, for by-the-bye you are allowed but two meals a day in travelling; a regulation which is only to be reconciled from the circumstance of French cookery being so much superior to ours, that you are tempted to eat three times the quantity.

At Amiens we found a considerable number of English and Prussian troops, and the streets of the town were miserably cut up by the passage of heavy ordnance, and ammunition waggons. The great square of the city, which in ordinary times is much frequented as a promenade, was now filled with a large park of artillery; and thousands of Prussians were rambling about the streets. The inhabitants were trying to con-

ciliate the favour of their visitors by the most palpable and supererogatory loyalty. Every house was adorned with placards of *Vive le Roi* — *Vivent les Bourbons* — *Amour aux Bourbons* — *Amour à son altesse Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême*, &c. &c. &c. Some had miserable plaster busts of the King; others a dirty piece of rag suspended from a stick, to represent the white flag; while scraps of paper, cut into the shape of *fleurs de lis*, were pasted all over the walls. The countenances of the Prussians sufficiently evinced the feeling of *mastership* which animated them, and the humble and dejected air of the French, with their ostentatiously respectful manner of giving the wall, and so forth to their visitors, told the state of affairs with wretched emphasis.

While the horses were changing, I just stepped out to look at the cathedral, which was built by the English in the time of Henry the Sixth. The three Gothic arches at the entrance are remarkably grand, but in other respects this so much boasted church is inferior to many of our provincial cathedrals, especially York minster. As I stood looking at the outer entrance, the monotonous beating of muffled drums, and the stifled shrillness of the fifes playing a slow march in a minor key, announced the approach of a military funeral; it was accompanied by a considerable number of soldiers with arms reversed,

and the whole cavalcade was highly impressive; they were carrying to the grave the serjeant of an English regiment. A very large body of troops of various nations, and many hundreds of the towns-people, were present as spectators. There was an air of decency and even of solemnity in the whole ceremony, which produced great effect on the by-standers, and to me, who do not recollect ever to have seen any thing of the kind; it was peculiarly impressive. It seemed a proof that each man was honoured as a man, and was not discarded with contempt when he could no longer be useful. Several officers were a part of the procession, and conducted themselves with the greatest decorum.

Arrived at Clermont, where we supped on the second night, we found the place occupied by about forty thousand Prussians, who were to be reviewed on the following morning. The poor people of the inn were in great alarm, and not without reason, for their military guests did not use much ceremony in supplying their wants. One of our party complained to the landlady, that we were only furnished with leaden spoons and forks; she removed the objection, by stating that they *had* plate, but it was all buried; as on a former occasion when the Prussians paid them a visit, every officer had taken away his spoon and fork; and that the soldiers had stolen even the bed-clothes. She added, that if the dinner

was not exactly to please them, they beat the servants unmercifully; and that they had broken open the cellar to search for better wine.

I was not sorry to hasten from a place which was the scene of such misery. Our conductor seemed under considerable apprehensions for our safety, as great numbers of the soldiers were straggling from the camp to pick up poultry, or any thing they could lay their hands on, and being mostly *landwehr*, there was very little discipline or restraint among them. The night was intensely dark, and the first two leagues were travelled in silence. When we had passed the *infected district*, he began to be very talkative, and indemnified himself for his previous restraint, by very copious abuse of the Prussians, who he said were worse than so many devils let loose from hell.

As we approached Paris the houses began to improve — the road was magnificent, having a double row of trees on each side, with a fine green sward between them. The middle third of the great road is paved, and is used only in bad weather, the sides are kept in good order, and are alone used in summer. Indeed, for some miles on each side of every considerable town, and thirty or forty miles from Paris, in every direction, the road is paved in this manner. These roads are not so numerous as in England, but they are certainly better managed.

There are no turnpikes, and the whole of them are under the absolute controul of government, and form an article of state expenditure.

At St. Denis we found a large body of English troops encamped, and the road was almost impassable, from the frequent passing and repassing of heavy ordnance. Our conductor now began to point out, as day-light came on, the various marks of war which the country exhibited. Here and there a roofless house — a broken wall, or a small redoubt attracted our notice; patrols of horse were traversing the country — waggon-loads of meat and bread were drawing towards the capital from all parts, and the immense numbers of peasants, with their long carts loaded with vegetables, made a very animated scene.

At last we entered Paris, — the shops were just opening — the scavengers were busy at their *daily* labour, and every street was a market. I never saw so great an appearance of bustle and activity. The dress of the women struck me as very neat and becoming: not one cap was to be seen — all wore handkerchiefs tied round the head, with something like an air of taste. The *poissardes* and market-women were dressed in a jacket, like the texture of woollen stockings, fitting close to their shape, with long sleeves and no collar, — short petticoats and wooden shoes, not like those worn in some parts of

England, but made of one piece of wood hollowed out in the manner that children make their boats. The dress of the men did not materially differ from that of the same class in England, except that great numbers were adorned with ear rings. Every part of the street appeared indifferently occupied with stalls, and the carriages seemed to require more than ordinary skill in the driver to *cut in* amongst such complicated obstacles.

Before sitting down to breakfast, I requested to be shewn to the nearest and best warm baths. The porter of the inn conducted us to the *Bains St. Sauveur*; the entrance was through a handsome portico into a garden adorned with a number of very excellent statues, a fountain in the centre poured its waters from vase to vase with an elegance which might have been more admired in warmer weather; but the day was miserably cold, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind was boisterous and piercing. At the further end of the garden was the bath-house, an elegant building, fitted up quite in the Roman style, ornamented with vases and statues. The little rooms were lined with marble, and floored with stone; but we looked in vain for the carpet—the fire—the hearth-rug—the curtains—the sofa, and the comfortable gown, which are furnished in similar establishments in London. The baths were

only tin vessels, and the rooms were dirty "to a degree" (as the ladies say.) I was horror-struck at the idea of getting out of a warm bath and setting my feet on the cold stone. With some difficulty I obtained a pair of wooden clogs, but as to all the other comforts they were perfectly unattainable. The man argued some time on the convenience of Captain D. and myself occupying the same bath-room, and seemed to think it a very unnecessary piece of delicacy that we should object to it; we were however peremptory on this score, and at last were successful. There were no curtains to the windows, and every one bathing was completely exposed to those who were in the garden. I suppose this is no annoyance to a Frenchman, but to us it was a serious one, and we made a pretty positive vow not to visit again the baths of *St. Sauveur*. The price was only thirty sous, or fifteen pence, — in London it is always five shillings, and the waiter expects six-pence at the least.

CHAPTER III.

CABRIOLETS. — BOULEVARDS. — PLACE DE LOUIS QUINZE.
— POTS DE CHAMBRE. — WHIMSICAL CONDUCT OF
THE DRIVERS.

THE day after my arrival in Paris, I took a cabriolet and drove round to deliver my letters. These vehicles are like our one-horse chaises, but rather larger. Great numbers of them stand about in the streets; they carry (if required) two people, but are seldom used for more than one — the driver sits by your side. If taken by *time* the fare is thirty *sous* for the first hour, and five and twenty for each succeeding: but if you neglect to make a bargain to this effect before you set off, you are charged five and twenty *sous* for each time you stop, which they call so many *courses*. These cabriolets are a very great accommodation, as you can take them into places where a hackney coach cannot pass. For the latter vehicle they are paid thirty *sous* per course, or two *francs* for the first hour, and thirty *sous* for each hour afterwards. If you take one of them at the *barrière du trone*, and drive to the *barrière de l'étoile*, quite across Paris, he cannot legally demand more than for taking you from one house to

another in the same street, although the distance is about seven or eight miles; but nobody is so very unreasonable as to act on such a regulation; and if you go more than two miles or three miles it is always the custom to give them something extra, "to drink"—they generally expect a few halfpence "*quelque chose pour boire*" however short the distance. — I am told that there are nearly five thousand coaches and cabriolets in Paris — I have seen them numbered as high as 4220.

I walked out one morning to the *Boulevards*. The sun was shining, the air was mild and clear, and the sky without a cloud. On entering this grand promenade, which formerly surrounded a great part of Paris, but which is now almost the centre, I found such an immense concourse of people that at first I supposed it to be a fair, or some annual fête. I was soon, however, undeceived, and learnt that it was the ordinary and every-day appearance. This great street forms a semicircle of about five or six miles — it is wider than Oxford-street. There is a double row of trees on each side lightly pruned into arches, so as not to spoil the growth of them; between the trees is a very excellent broad footpath, lined on each side with a row of stalls. The centre of the street is paved. In general the houses are very large and handsome, are enormously high, and without a single exception, either built of stone or of plaster in imitation

of it. The foot-path was thronged with promenaders. Thousands were sitting down under the trees in the space between the foot-paths and houses on little chairs, let out for a penny each, drinking coffee, lemonade, ices — eating pastry — sausages or confectionary — reading newspapers or pamphlets — playing at marbles — nine-pins, or fives ; — others with cards, dominos, or chessmen. Some poor devils were reading aloud a newspaper for hire to a circle of others who have not learnt that polite accomplishment. Here stands a conjurer, who, upon looking at the lines on your hand or forehead, will not only tell you what shall hereafter happen, but will kindly add a word of advice how to grow rich; with a passing hint as to the number which will come up a prize in the lottery. “ His next neighbour is a vender of nostrums ” — secrets to make dissipation and profligacy compatible with health — remedies absolutely infallible for every disease which the human frame has been or can be subject to, — washes to cure pimples — salves to make ruby lips — with soap which on once using will make your hands white and smooth as a virgin’s. Next to him is a mountebank who swallows knives, balls, and puppy dogs — “ shakes eggs in a bag without breaking them. ” Further on are tumblers — eaters of fire — balancers of pipes and straws. Wherever the eye is directed you encounter “ sights most strange and

wonderful." — stalls of dirty books — " tressels of toys — sellers of cakes, gingerbread, and *bon-bons* — fan menders — bead stringers — cane sellers — beggars" — rows of ballads and filthy pictures stuck along the walls — baskets of poultry — fragments of broken food — fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain — grottoes of flints and broken glass — show-booths of strange animals — wonderful wise pigs, and calves with three tails — cabinets of stuffed birds — caricatures — wax dolls — childrens' toys — phantasmagorias — telescopes — old clothes — " vendors of miraculous dyes — teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water — to sketch landscapes upon egg shells, and engrave portraits by pricking paper with a pin, and dusting it with lamp-black — orators detailing new systems of the universe for two pence." — Ballad singers — organ grinders — flute players — fiddlers, and buffoons, with innumerable other objects, which no memory can retain, continued through this spacious avenue for several miles; while the houses on each side are occupied, on the ground floor, by a gay exhibition of milliners — linen-drapers — hosiers — print-sellers — coffee-houses — restaurateurs — baths — panoramas — the splendid triumphal arches of the porte St. Denis and porte St. Martin — the magnificent fountain of Bondy — the numerous carriages — the noise of the countless

feet and countless tongues, for every one talks aloud; the soldiers of all nations, in all dresses; military bands and military equipages, altogether formed a scene more complicated, more various and more extraordinary than any other capital of the world can exhibit.

From the Boulevards I passed on to the *Place de Louis Quinze*, a very large and noble square at the extremity of the gardens of the Tuilleries, which form one side of it. Another side is formed by the magnificent building called the *Garde Meuble du Roi*; a third is bounded by the river, with the *Palais Bourbon* on the opposite side of the water, now occupied by the Chamber of Deputies; and the fourth joins the *Champs Elysées*, a large park of trees planted in straight lines or quincunx order, and which consequently form alleys in every direction. Through the middle of the *Champs Elysées* runs the grand road to the triumphal arch which Buonaparte began and carried to the height of about fifty feet, but was afterwards too busy to finish. It is surrounded with scaffolding, and standing on the summit of the hill directly opposite the great gate of the Palace, it forms a very striking object even in its present imperfect state. The square, (of which I have spoken,) was formerly called the *Place de la Revolution*, but during the time of Buonaparte its name was changed to *Place de Concorde*, and it was

only on the entrance of the King, in the year 1814, that it resumed its original appellation of the *Place de Louis XV.* Standing in the centre, on the very spot where the King was beheaded, I could see on the left hand small piquets of Prussians; cannon at each bridge with lighted matches, and every preparation for sudden attack; artillery and ammunition were traversing the square in great numbers. Just opposite the mouths of the cannon were mountebanks, and tumblers, and stalls covered with toys. In the gardens of the Tuileries, (still in the line of fire,) great numbers of well-dressed people were walking about or sitting under the trees reading newspapers and eating ices.

In front I saw, amongst the trees of the Champs Elysées, long rows of white canvas, and a range of ammunition waggons, the red dresses of the soldiers, as they appeared between the trees, in small groups at every opening, shewed to what nation they belonged. English soldiers in Paris as conquerors — a town which had never seen them but as prisoners for more than four hundred years. I could scarcely persuade myself of the fact, and that I was there to witness it. A very few years ago, and such a consummation would have been thought impossible. We seem to have lived centuries within the last twenty years — the events —

the mighty events which have taken place in that space of time, have crowded ages into years. Our grand-children will ask us if we really went about the ordinary business and occupations of life, or if we did not sit down in astonishment and dismay. Among the many things I have to be thankful for, I always reckon the being born an Englishman, and the having lived at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. I am inclined to think that we shall form much more entertaining old men than the generations which have preceded us.

Captain D——— having joined me, we took seats in a kind of carriage, of which great numbers are always standing about this spot; they are known by the *rather* indelicate name of *Pots de Chambre*, and have really no other appellation. They resemble the small shows which travel from fair to fair in England — are on two wheels — drawn by one horse, and hold six people inside, besides one who rides on the bar with the driver — making eight for one horse! — they go to all the surrounding villages, and the price is entirely arbitrary — you make the best bargain you can, and very often passengers at the same time have some paid one franc, and some two and a half, to go the same distance. They set off when they are full, and no rhetoric will induce them to depart sooner; but they

contrive to amuse the time very ingeniously with "just going Sir;" "only waiting for one passenger;" "I see him running Sir;" and then he has "to take up two gentlemen at a coffee-house, so that you may see plainly that he only waits for one person," though there are three places yet unoccupied. If you should be very impatient, and threaten to get out of the vehicle, he sets off, drives you fairly round the square, and comes back to the same place, "only just to take up a lady who is lame," or "a gentleman who has lost his leg," and who has sent word he will be here directly. When time at last detects the falsehood of the stratagem, it is amusing to observe the perfect ease with which the coachman listens to your complaints; he assures you with great respect, that he pays a very high price for his cart and his licence, and really cannot afford to go off without his complement; begs you to excuse the deception, which he says is "all in the way of business," and that had you got out and tried another you would probably have been worse served, for *he* is always noted to be the most punctual driver on the stand. Desires you to notice his number, that you may honour him with your commands another time; hopes you *ride easy*; turns his back, and drives on without further ceremony.

CHAPTER IV.

ENCAMPMENT IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE. — GERMAN LEGION. — WOUNDED OFFICER. — MESS-TABLE. — MILITARY CONVERSATION. — BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

HAVING recognized some of our acquaintances in the camp of the Champs Elysées, and exchanged congratulations on the present posture of affairs, we passed on along the avenue of Neuilly, (which is a continuation of the great road through the Champs Elysées,) to the *Bois de Boulogne*. We turned in at a pair of large iron gates on the left hand, and saw one of those extraordinary sights which to a man who had never travelled out of the peaceable kingdom of Great Britain, excited feelings so various, so novel, and so intense, that the impression can never be effaced. Ninety-five thousand men, (chiefly English,) were scattered over a space, apparently not larger than Hyde Park. It had once been covered with underwood, of hazle, birch, and hawthorn, intersected by several roads, planted on each side with elm and oak. Soon after the troops took possession of this spot, the brushwood took fire from negligence, and destroyed a very large part of

the camp. This accident occurring a second time, it was all ordered to be cut down.

At intervals, where the shrubs grew close enough, and were in a convenient situation, the troops had taken the liberty of evading the order, by tying them together into a kind of hut; cutting out those which grew in the centre, and plaiting in furze or small twigs, so as to make a tolerably complete shelter. In some places they had stuck large boughs into the ground for the same purpose. In others huts were built of broom, or of turf, or of basket work. Some formed of long poles, leaned against a tree, tied at the top, and rudely thatched with straw or furze; others made of old boards, and covered with tarpaulin, and some composed of so many materials, that it is quite impossible to enumerate them. These various habitations were intermingled with white tents scattered about with a most perfect disregard of order and arrangement. The whole had more the air of a camp of wandering Arabs than of a regular European army. The soldiers were rambling about in all directions; some playing at quoits, some at goff, others at football, some wrestling, and some racing. *Here* were blacksmiths shoeing horses. *There*, saddlers at work in the open air. Here squatted a congregation of tailors; in another place were soldiers cleaning their accoutrements;

farther on, a row of noisy washer-women ; a group of raw recruits learning the A B C of war under the *cane* of a sturdy serjeant ; a troop of *newly-enlisted* horses training to the same occupation ; a circle of troops round one who has had the good luck to obtain an English newspaper ; some dancing ; some fluteing, drinking, gambling and swearing. Frenchmen and Frenchwomen rambling about with pastry, ribbons and laces, toys for the soldiers' children, fried sausages, sheeps' heads, pies, fruit and confectionary ; shirts, shoes, trinkets, old clothes, and a thousand other things ; screaming out their various wares in every note of the gamut, and many others which are not to be found there. No cooking being allowed in the camp in consequence of the repeated fires which had done so much damage, that essential process was carried on in the open air against the high barrier wall which forms one side of the encampment, and which is a continuation of that which entirely surrounds Paris. Against this wall was a range of fires of, I should think, about a mile in extent ; and as there was no kind of covering, I could see roasting, boiling, frying and stewing, all going on at the same time. Fowls, turkies, hares, partridges, beef, mutton and veal, with every thing else that ever has been or is the food of man, were here preparing according to the various tastes of the

various nations and tribes who were to partake of them.

Still farther on, I observed small parties of troops firing at marks, bands of music, organs, ballad-singers, and hurdy-gurdy grinders. The noise, the continued movement, the number and variety of objects, the recollection of the cause which had assembled so many men from all the regions of the civilized globe in a place which had hitherto been used only as the peaceable weekly promenade of the Parisians; the striking example it presented of the instability of human grandeur. — The sight of the very men who just displayed a degree of courage and of constancy to which our history (fertile as it is in glorious events) cannot furnish a parallel. — These, and a thousand other ideas, rushed through my mind with a degree of vividness and intensity which quite overpowered and confounded me.

With some difficulty Captain D. found out the position of his régiment, and immediately entered on his duties. I passed to the German Legion, which was almost at the extremity of the encampment. I found Lieut. — in a small tent, an accommodation which very few of the officers of his corps could boast of. Some bushes were left standing round it to keep off the sun, and their green branches contrasted very prettily with the white canvass of

the tent. A young officer severely wounded in the battle of Waterloo, occupied nearly half the space of the inside by a rude bed, formed of forked sticks driven into the ground, and a few dead boughs laid upon them. Straw was all that was added to form his resting-place, and a single blanket for his covering. The very circumstance of having been wounded in a battle which saved Europe so much of suffering, and placed England on so high a pinnacle of worldly glory, was quite enough to excite a deep interest in his fate; but his countenance was so exceedingly prepossessing; there was such an air of calm resignation and patient endurance of pain in his voice and manner, that I felt quite a painful anxiety for his welfare. He was not more than eighteen years of age, and was I think, the handsomest young man I ever saw. His father had been killed in a previous engagement, and he was the sole hope of a mother who doated on him. He had himself chosen his present abode, being an intimate friend of —, and preferring his society, though with such very scanty accommodations, to the hospital where he must have constantly before his eyes so many objects of misery and disease. He, as well as all the officers whom I have had an opportunity of seeing, complain bitterly of the conduct of Lord Wellington keeping them in camp to so late a period after

their arrival, while the Prussians have taken up their abode in Paris, where they are enjoying themselves *ad libitum*, and laughing at the English for attempting to conciliate their adversaries by forbearance. I think the Prussians have formed the most correct estimate of the French character; but as they were not allowed to act upon it to the full extent, the allied army suffers the inconveniences of both lines of conduct; having offended past forgiveness, but not punished sufficiently to intimidate so as to produce unqualified submission.

I afterwards dined at the mess; it was a long hut of wattled furze lightly thatched with straw, and left open for the upper half at each end. We had an excellent dinner in the English style, and a profusion of the most delicious wine. The whole was furnished by contract with a Frenchman to whom they paid two francs a day and their rations. But this, I believe, included their breakfast also, which in France is quite as substantial, and as complicated a meal as dinner. I was much gratified with the conversation, which was more rational and more entertaining than I have usually heard at a mess table. One naturally expects on these occasions a little military information, and it is extremely mortifying to have every thing of that kind quashed by the cant word "*parish*," which is in such general use. The

allusion is to the conversation of overseers and so forth being entirely confined to their own parish affairs; and (to use another cant phrase) every professional topic among military men is supposed to “smell of the shop.” In the present instance I was most agreeably disappointed; they saw the avidity with which I was looking for information, and each tried to gratify my curiosity to the extent of his power. The great battle was narrated by those who had taken rather more than their share in it; almost every officer present having been among the number who defended with such heroic perseverance the position of *La Haye Sainte*, where only two escaped unwounded, and where the destruction was so great, that in almost all the accounts of that conflict, they are stated to have been “put to the sword.”

Every one seemed to agree that our army was several times on the point of being compelled to retreat — that had the Prussians been one hour later we must have retired from the field, — that the whole army was so thoroughly exhausted they could not possibly exert themselves any longer, and that had they made one retrograde step the confusion would have been horrible; the Belgian troops, who had conducted themselves in so cowardly and disgraceful a manner in the field, had destroyed and plundered the waggons in our rear, overturned them in the

road, and galloped off with the horses. It would not have been an easy task to have withstood an army of Frenchmen so commanded and so animated, had they only opposed to us equal numbers, but the disproportion was so much against us, that it is generally agreed Buonaparte's force exceeded ours by half the amount of our whole army. In this estimate we do not of course include the Belgians, on whom so little reliance was placed that Lord Wellington only asked them to make a shew in a position and wait at least till they were attacked. This, however, they did not think *fair* to their former masters, and accordingly scampered away at the noise of the first cannon. Lord Wellington is reported, on good authority, to have exclaimed when he heard of their flight "Damn them, let them run, so as they don't run the other way," it being generally thought (previous to the battle) that they would take the first convenient opportunity of deserting in a body.

I staid till the sound of the evening trumpets reminded me that I had several miles to walk before I could reach my home. My new friends told me it was not very safe to be *late*, as since the Prussians had indulged themselves in scraping together strayed property, it was a very common thing for Frenchmen to be detected *helping themselves* in the same manner; and that several had been arrested in the Prussian uniform, hav-

ing taken advantage of the terror inspired by that dress to facilitate their depredations. G. walked with me to the *barrière de l'étoile* across the fields, from which point up to Paris there was a regular chain of sentries. As I passed along the great avenue each challenged me in succession. My great coat, however, was so *palpably* English that I met with no interruption, and arrived at my lodgings about half past nine, highly gratified with the occurrences of the day.

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, BY A YOUNG OFFICER.—RETURN OVER THE FIELD OF BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.—OCCURRENCES AFTER THE BATTLE.

A VERY young officer whom I met with, and with whom I afterwards became acquainted, described to me with great *naïveté* his own share in the battle. He came from school only a few days before, and scarcely had time to try on his regimentals and admire his person in a looking-glass at Brussels, when the trumpet called him to the field; he was in the very heat of the action in that part where the slaughter was greatest. “When I look back,” said he, “I wonder how it was possible to have got out of such a scene alive. I do not remember being afraid, at least after the battle was really begun; but the preparation for it was dreadful. I had never seen a quarrel more serious than those of my school-fellows; I had never seen a corpse, and I had passed so suddenly from the game of cricket to the present terrible pastime, that I could hardly believe my senses, and heartily wished myself back at Harrow. The time we were in position before the fighting began, seems to me longer than the

whole day ; I looked at my watch, impatient almost for sunset, and found it was five o'clock in the morning. When the firing commenced my feelings began to change, I was immediately engaged, and I believe behaved like the rest. I remember a scene of noise and confusion, of bloodshed and fury, but nothing more, and could scarcely credit the testimony of my watch as to the number of hours we had been fighting. I was among those who pursued the enemy for some distance from the field of battle, and as the junior officer of the party, was sent back at midnight over the field with a colour which had been taken in the pursuit — how shall I describe so dreadful a sight ? I would rather encounter ten more battles than such another visit to the scene of one. It was moon-light, and as far as the eye could reach was blood and destruction, broken carriages, horses wounded and dying, killing in their death-struggle the poor maimed creatures who were promiscuously intermingled with them, the groans of the wounded, the vain calls for help in all the languages of the various combatants, the howling of dogs, and the occasional shots fired by the wounded at the straggling plunderers, with the screams of those whom they were attacking, altogether made an impression which nothing can ever efface from my mind. ‘ For God’s sake, Sir, don’t let your horse tread on me,’ cried one.

‘Take care of my broken leg,’ said another. ‘Oh, you’ll crush my head, Sir.’ ‘Pray, pray keep off, my thighs are broken.’ ‘For the love of God, Sir, give me a little water.’ ‘Oh take this to my poor wife, Sir, I am dying.’ — Such were the sounds which rung in my ears on all sides; for some time I guided my horse cautiously between the bodies to avoid trampling on them, but at last my mind was so overpowered with the dreadful scene, that I could bear it no longer, and striking the spurs furiously into his sides, I galloped over the field, regardless of the piteous complaints around, and reached my resting-place, in a state of mind little short of madness.”

However dreadful this scene might be, it was as nothing in comparison of those which followed. One of the surgeons related to me a circumstance to which no description can do justice. Three days after the battle, information was brought to the English camp hospital, that a considerable number of wounded Frenchmen had been discovered in a retired village which had been deserted by the inhabitants, and that the poor wretches had neither received food nor surgical aid since the battle. The gentleman who narrated this to me was appointed immediately to take charge of some loads of biscuit and meat, and proceed without delay to their assistance. “When I arrived there,” said he,

“ the poor mangled creatures were starving and furious. Broken arms and legs did not prevent them from scrambling up the sides of the wag-gons to seize the food they had so long been deprived of, they could not wait for its distribution. Faces gashed with sabre cuts or mutilated by shots, limbs broken or half amputated, surrounded me with piteous cries of horror ; many died in the attempt, as the exertion burst open their wounded blood-vessels, and I was obliged to resort to blows ineffectually to keep off the horrible mob of maniacs ; the soldiers entreated me to give orders that they should use their swords, but though I knew that many must perish for want of a regular distribution of the food, I could not resolve to enforce it by so dreadful an alternative. Surgical assistance was out of the question, indeed by far the greater number only asked for something to eat, and then be left to die.”

Such are the accompaniments of a great battle, and such are the sufferings of many who have fought bravely therein ; and while these things are taking place around the scene of action, we are exulting at home at the glory of the victory. Bells are ringing, guns firing, the windows are illuminated, and the multitude parades the streets in joyous intoxication, little reflecting that at such a moment thousands are perishing under every accumulation of misery, pain,

want, and despair. — Well, so is the world constituted, if we could know all the wretchedness that exists we must be either senseless or miserable. Let us, however, so far bear it in mind as to feel it a duty to afford every possible aid to the sufferers, before we give full scope to our exultation and pride, and to that happy conviction of security which their unparalleled efforts have procured for us. In the present instance this has been done gloriously, and happy is the country that has such men to fight for it, happy the men who have a country so well worth fighting for.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPELLE ROYALE. — MASS. — SALLE DES MARECHAUX.
 — THE KING. — THE ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS. —
 INTERIOR OF THE PALACE.

ONE Sunday morning I went with Madame R. and Mr. L. to the chapel royal. The entrance is by a very elegant stone stair-case, on which were arranged the *Cent Suisses* grenadiers, a fine body of men, the shortest of whom exceeds six feet in height, and who are only used for purposes of ceremony. They made a very elegant appearance as they rose one above another to the top, a soldier being placed at each end of each step, thus forming a lane. The floor of the hall was warmed by means of stoves, and (though the weather was intensely cold) remained at a mild summer heat. We waited about an hour, before we were allowed to ascend the steps, the grand officers of state necessarily preceding us into the chapel. At last we entered a very splendid saloon, on the right hand of which were windows looking into the courtyard of the Tuilleries, and on the left a set of doors to correspond, which opened into a gallery the whole length of the chapel, forming with it, as it were, one room. Looking into the chapel

from one of these openings, on the right was a gallery filled with singers and musicians, and at the left hand extremity a similar gallery for the king, hung with crimson velvet richly ornamented with gold fringe. A small door in the centre gave admission to it, and (when in) the curtains being drawn round formed a complete semi-circle. The great saloon was presently filled with peers, deputies, generals, marshals, ladies and foreign officers all in the most splendid dresses, forming a very grand and imposing *coup d'œil*. In half an hour one of the king's state-footmen opened the door of the saloon, and thundered out *Monsieur*. This insignificant word, pronounced in so pompous a tone, sounded something like Dr. Johnson's story of the Mussulman, "In the name of the most holy prophet, figs." It is certainly a most undignified appellation for a great man. The Count immediately entered, preceded by many marshals and general officers, and walked straight on without seeming to see any one. Presently the drums in the church rolled a loud peal to announce the approach of the King. The crimson velvet curtain was drawn aside, the door opened, and a man advanced to the front and cried out *Le Roi* in a voice that shook the building. I could observe that stage effect was very much consulted on the occasion, and perhaps it is all right and necessary. The King

placed himself in a great arm chair gilt all over. Monsieur was on his right hand and the Duchesse d'Angoulême on his left. On a signal given, the music commenced, and I received from it a higher gratification than I can possibly express. Mass was performed entirely in music; several boys with very fine voices; an Italian named Theodore, (called the best singer of sacred music in the world,) a number of tenor and bass singers; and several kinds of instruments, formed a more exquisite combination of sounds than I had ever heard before. I was in raptures with it. All this time the gentry in the great saloon kept walking backwards and forwards talking aloud with the most perfect indifference, as if they had been in the street. I felt quite indignant at the stupidity which could not enjoy the music, and at the ill manners which prevented *us* from enjoying it.

Never till this day could I conceive any thing solemn in the tingle tingle of the little bell during the elevation of the host, hitherto it had only excited disgust from its incongruity, and, indeed, I never could avoid considering that part of the ceremony as a species of blasphemy, God himself being supposed at that moment to descend on the piece of wafer bread, and change it into the flesh of Christ. On the present occasion, however, it had a fine effect, every one ceased speaking at the same moment

and dropt on his knee. There was a profound silence for about two minutes, when a single voice scarcely audible, gradually swelled out to its utmost compass, joined by the others in succession, and with the addition of the organ and other instruments, formed a full chorus, till the chapel seemed bursting with harmony. The voices dropt off one by one till it melted into silence. Another tingle tingle announced that mass was finished, when the whole audience joined in a loud hallelujah. The soldiers who were placed between each pillar presented arms, the drums beat a long roll announcing the departure of the King, and the assembly dispersed.

As we had been furnished with "*Billets d'entrée*" by one of the peers, and as the same ticket would not admit us twice, we determined to stay in the palace till vespers, and in the mean time amuse ourselves by inspecting the apartments. The first was the *Salle des Maréchaux*; it is a lofty, square room, with a sloping cieling which goes half-way into the roof. A gallery reaches round the whole room, about midway from the floor to the cieling. The name is given from its containing portraits of all the marshals. Only fourteen now remain, some of them having been removed in disgrace, as Murat, Soult, and Ney. The names of those which remain are, as far as I can recollect, Serrurier, who has no additional title.—Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who made his

appearance to-day with both his arms on, though he is asserted in our dispatches to have lost one at the battle of Salamanca.—Suchet, Duke of Albufera.—Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.—Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel and Wagram.—Moncey, Duke of Cornegliano.—Augereau, Duke of Castiglione.—Mortier, Duke of Treviso.—Victor, Duke of Belluno.—Lasnes, Duke of Montebello.———, Duke of Valmy.——— Duke of Rivoli.—Oudinot, Duke of Reggio,—and Jourdan.

Unless their portraits do them great injustice, the whole set were intended by dame Nature to ornament the gallows. If we except Serrurier and Macdonald, who alone have the least pretensions to the appearance of gentlemen, the rest look like pick-pockets and scoundrels. If we are to apply the rule "*Noscitur a sociis*" to Buonaparte, and give any credit to physiognomy, we must set him down many *pegs* lower than a hero.

I remained for a considerable time in conversation with the *gardes du corps* of the King; a sort of guard of honour composed entirely of gentlemen, of which the privates have the rank and pay of lieutenants. I found them a very intelligent set of men, and tolerably impartial in their strictures upon every thing except the English government; with respect to which, they had as many prejudices as any private sol-

dier in the French army. I found amongst them that eternal and unnecessary comparison with the English which so often has disgusted me amongst my own countrymen. In every possible situation the burthen of the song is still "How would the English act, or speak, or think, under similar circumstances," just as we used to have dinned in our ears, a few years ago, upon all occasions, "They manage these matters better in France." All other nations are to be put completely out of the question, and the French and English seem to think their own quarrels, their habits, their manners, and their politics, alone worthy to occupy the attention of the universe.

In the afternoon the King again made his appearance; he traversed the Salle des Marechaux very slowly, with gouty step and legs apart. He is enormously fat, but has not a large belly; across the loins he is wider than any man I ever saw, and looking at him behind is certainly a most uncouth figure; and extremely unwieldy; and he walks with the greatest difficulty. His countenance is pleasing, with an air of thorough goodness, and certainly of intelligence. Many people affect to consider him as a fool, but he has given sufficient proof to the contrary; and it is rather unfortunate for him that the *mob* is so ready to confound personal infirmity with mental imbecility. He took no notice of the plaudits which resounded from all parts. The Count

d'Artois, however, who followed him, cast a look of disdain as if he would have said, (if he durst,) "Damn you all together for a pack of scoundrels."

Of all the sanctified, demure, hypocritical countenances I ever saw, the most complete is that of the King's almoner. Never did painter represent Tartuffe with such extraordinary fidelity. He looks as if he would make you believe that he had neither parts nor passions — that gall and honey were equal to his taste; and that if you smote one cheek, he would literally turn the other: yet there is something at the corner of the eye which seems to say, that all his gravity and coldness are only a cloak to something he wishes to conceal; the visage is really one of the most disagreeable I ever saw. — He is the uncle of the famous Talleyrand, and has the title of Archbishop of Rheims. If he be really an honest man, he has good cause of complaint against Nature for doing him so much injustice. I mention his appearance, because I know it is exceedingly injurious to the King's cause, and gives a very unfavourable impression. There is a man named Baptiste, at the Théâtre Français, who imitates him so exactly, that one can scarcely avoid the idea of their identity; and the audience applaud him with a vigour that shews they perceive and approve his intention.

While the King was gone to vespers, Madame R. and I went through the palace. The splen-

dour of the rooms is beyond description, the good taste which is displayed is no less admirable. The first chamber is the *salon bleu*, fitted up with blue satin and gold fringe; the next the *salon de la Paix*, in which is a very large statue of peace in solid silver, (but a clumsy sort of thing,) and the largest mirrors in the world. The next is the *salon du trône*, where state ceremonials take place, as magnificent as Buonaparte could make it, crimson velvet on the steps of the throne — canopy of the same, with deep fringe of gold, the room lined with velvet, embroidered with stars of gold. The fifth is called the *chambre de conseil*; and the sixth the gallery of Diana. At each end is an enormous vase of the most beautiful porcelaine, probably fifteen or eighteen feet high, between marble pillars, and having at the back mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling, so that standing in the middle of the room, the view is prolonged indefinitely, and you seem to see each way half a mile. The ceiling is painted beautifully, but is so extensive, so complicated, divided into so many compartments, and finished so minutely, that it would require a week to examine, and thrice that time to describe it. We next went to the King's bed-chamber, which is also hung with crimson velvet richly ornamented with gold lace, the curtains of satin, embroidered with *fleurs de lis*, the bed-clothes of very fine cloth of

the same colour, also embroidered with *fleurs de lis*, the canopy drawn together by a most superb crown; and the bed surrounded with massy railing all gilt.

I was surprised to observe that in this very severe weather there was not a carpet throughout the palace: boards form the middle of the room, and marble at the edges; they are never washed, but are *supposed* to be rubbed bright; this is far from being the case however, as they only throw down sand and sweep it off again; — there was a profusion of splendour, but no *comfort*.

In the picture of Marshal Jourdan there is a hat with the tri-coloured cockade. Some of the gentlemen of the *gardes du corps* had pinned a white one over it, made of paper, the other being supposed offensive to the eyes of the King. Indeed all parties seemed vastly anxious to shew their attachment to the present dynasty, by evincing contempt for that which is just superseded. They are very busy throughout the palace, as in all other public buildings, in effacing the N, the thunder, and the eagle; though these two are often spared “for want of time.” A *jeu de mot* on this subject, when Alexander was at Paris, is worth repeating. A couple of doggrel verses remarked that Alexander had “*les A mis partout*,” (amis), but Buonaparte “*les N mis partout*” (ennemis).

The cieling of the great saloon adjoining the chapel of which I have spoken, had till lately a very fine painting by David, representing the battle of Marengo; but when Blucher paid his second visit to Paris, he gave orders to efface it, which was accordingly done, and very effectually; and it now presents only a surface of white mortar. This is pointed out to you with a shrug of the shoulders, and a gentle cast of the eyes upwards.

CHAPTER VII.

JARDIN DES PLANTES. — TEMPLE. — COLLECTION OF FOSSILS, MINERALS, AND OTHER OBJECTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ON the seventh of November, I went to the *Jardin des Plantes*, a very large national establishment for the cultivation of Botany and Natural History. As you first enter the garden, there is, on the right hand, a long range of dens, containing lions, tigers, monkeys, and such other animals as form a usual exhibition in England. Further on, are a number of pits sunk in the ground, and surrounded with a low wall with recesses underground connected with them. They contain bears, wolves, &c. who have thus comparative liberty. From the constant succession of visitors, they are become exceedingly tame. I noticed a large black bear, who climbed a dead tree planted in his den, at the word of command, and got down again very safely. We next passed through the green-houses, which do not contain any thing extraordinary, and are not kept up at all in the style I should have expected. They were more slovenly than any

gardener's at Chelsea, and the arrangement of the plants neither commodious, elegant nor scientific. In distant parts of the garden were various enclosures, or little paddocks, surrounded by light trellis work ; within which elks, antelopes, white goats, deer and other animals rambled about, and formed some very picturesque groups : all kinds of aquatic fowls were here collected together in a sort of aviaries, with small ponds in the centre. Birds that could not be entrusted with such a degree of liberty, were confined in little cells fronted with wire ; and I understand, that there is scarcely one species in existence, but of which there is a specimen here ; some peacocks of dazzling white attracted my notice ; their tails exhibited the same argus eye as the common sort, but it resembled the pattern on damask linen, and had a most beautiful appearance. There were also some silver and gold pheasants, with very splendid plumage : all the other kinds I had seen before, though not *living*.

A large building, like a temple, is devoted to the reception of a very fine young elephant, said to be the largest in Europe : he is white, and appears to me about twelve or thirteen feet high ; but I could not learn his real size, and only guess from comparing him with myself as I stood near him.

Among the live animals, I noticed a most

beautiful ounce; the only species in the collection which was not already familiar to me. Two camels are employed at a wheel which furnishes the garden with water, and in general the animals are rendered useful as far as possible.

Walking further, we came to a considerable eminence, entirely covered with every species of fir, cedar, pine, and cypress; a winding path conducts you by two or three circumvolutions to the summit, on which is a very elegant circular brass temple, consisting of eight slender pillars, supporting an armillary sphere and dial. On the frieze is inscribed: —

“ *Horas non numero nisi serenas. —* ”

A kind of equivoque, as applied to the dial, and not an inappropriate allusion to a philosophical serenity of mind, “ *I do not count the hours unless they be TRANQUIL.* ” Formerly a burning-glass was placed here, so contrived as to set fire to a small cannon when the sun came to his meridian on a clear day. From this temple you have a superb view of Paris; almost every public building is distinctly visible, as well as the surrounding villages. A man attends with a very good telescope, for the use of which you pay a penny. An hour or two may be passed here very pleasantly by this means, as the objects are so numerous and interesting.

The next object of curiosity, is the cabinet of minerals, fossils, and insects, with the collection of birds, &c. stuffed. The more valuable are enclosed in cases with very large plate-glass fronts, through which they are seen perfectly and distinctly, and are thus defended from the effects of ignorant curiosity. I observed great numbers of common soldiers, and amongst them many of our own, rambling up and down the rooms apparently much delighted with an exhibition which is inaccessible to them in England; they seemed to partake that feeling of respectful admiration which I have so often noticed among the very lowest classes of French; and the keeper of the museum told me he was not in the least apprehensive of their doing any mischief to the articles within their reach.

Cuvier has very ingeniously completed fossil skeletons of various animals at present extinct, by putting together fragments found at different places and different times; the greater part of them have been extracted from the quarries of Montmartre. I noticed among them an enormous tusk of an elephant more than three feet in circumference — the bones of the mammoth, and of another very curious large animal, also extinct, called onoplotherion.

The cabinet contains a very splendid collection also of minerals, better arranged and much

more complete than those in the British Museum. The butterflies were also noticed formerly as peculiarly elegant and very numerous; but there are at present very few remaining, as the Emperor of Austria was so polite as to *ask* for them; — he being a great connoisseur, a great patron of the arts, and a great friend to the French, they were given without hesitation. The little circumstance of his having three hundred thousand men in the country, might perhaps have some slight influence in the matter.

I remarked some very fine specimens of sulphate of lime among the minerals, and among the stuffed animals, a curious Ethiopian wild boar; though why so named I am at a loss to conceive, as it bears no resemblance, the body being rather like a deer, and the head very much like the hippopotamus. There was also a beautiful little deer, not more than four or five inches in height, (*chevrotan pygmé,*) and of the most elegant proportions.

There is said to be a specimen of the mammoth's hair in this collection; I did not see it, but it is entered in the descriptive catalogue, with the following story appended. "In the year 1805, the body of this animal was discovered in a block of ice in the country of the Tonguses in Siberia, and in such a state of preservation, that the dogs devoured the flesh when

thawed and extricated : it is supposed to have remained in that state several thousand years."

At the end of the gallery, are two of the best paintings of the kind I ever saw in my life. One represents a lion in the act of destroying a stag ; and the other an eagle devouring a lamb. Although drawn in the boldest and most masterly style, they are afterwards laboured with a degree of minuteness which would do honour to the Chevalier de Barde, or to the most patient Chinese artist.

The anatomical collection I did not see, as my time was very limited, and I had been given to understand that it was very inferior to that at *l'Ecole de Medicine*, and was principally a collection of *imitations* in wax. The latter is by no means equal to many of those belonging to private individuals in England.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERTSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL THEATRE.—SPEAKING MACHINE.—GARDENS OF THE TUILLERIES.—MODELS OF FORTRESSES AT THE HÔTEL DES INVALIDS.

ROBERTSON'S Philosophical Theatre on the Boulevards, is a very pleasant, rational source of entertainment. I was only able to see it once; and like many other of the objects of curiosity at Paris, was obliged to content myself with the best information which my time would allow, and not the best which the case admitted of, bearing always in mind, that however worthy they might be of notice and observation, they were not the motive of my visit to Paris.

1. The exhibition commenced with a series of optical, mechanical, and philosophical experiments, with the air-pump, &c. The invisible girl — a phenomenon now pretty generally understood: in the present case the sound was conveyed, I believe, by means of small holes in the railing opposite the trumpets into which you speak.

2. A very ingenious representation of a spectre

by looking into a mirror through a telescope. This, I imagine, was contrived by placing a reflector about the middle of the telescope, where it joined the stem which supported it, and which was fixed to the table; the table being covered with a cloth, and the stem of the telescope hollow, reaching through the floor. A mirror placed below opposite to it, would represent correctly any moving figure in the chamber beneath, would reflect this to the glass placed diagonally in the tube of the telescope; and this again would send the rays to the eye. The other end of the telescope towards the mirror was of course intended only for deception.

3. The face of a young girl which, on looking at it through a telescope fixed in the same manner changed to a death's head. I believe the centre of the large lens was blackened, and the edges of it cut into facets; the colours round the girl's head, which seemed to make only an ornamental border, when broken, probably formed the skeleton's head, while the real face was invisible from the centre being darkened.

4. A cupid apparently flying in the middle of the room, and only visible in certain positions. This, without doubt, was produced by a convex mirror reflecting a picture concealed from the spectator, and forming its representation exactly at the focus. There is an absurd

story about Buonaparte frightening the King of Prussia with a trick of this kind, but it deserves no credit whatever.

5. A group of lilies formed by the same means, and so contrived as to rest on some lily stalks in a garden-pot which stood on a pedestal.

6. The galvanic perpetual motion — an inverted pendulum between two bells; one electrified negatively, and the other positively, and moving from one to the other gently; of course this must be *perpetual* in one sense till the machine wears out, but as it has no *power*, it cannot be applied to any useful purpose whatever.

7. A circular picture divided in the middle by a brass band, on which were inscribed the words, “*Révolution Française.*” The upper part represented the guillotine at work — houses burning, and soldiers murdering children. On turning the picture the other side upwards, it represented the King on his throne with the emblems of peace and happiness, &c.; and by the same motion, the letters which composed the words, “*Révolution Française*” separated, and re-arranged themselves into “*La France veut son Roi.*” The machinery by which they were contrived, was very ingenious, and the coincidence is one of the most extraordinary which has ever been noticed.

8. The bay of Naples painted on several

sheets of glass, which, being placed one behind the other, at different distances, give a very curious and perfect perspective.

9. A magnified insect, about the size of a beetle, seemingly composed of diamonds, but infinitely more brilliant — with other of the common diamond beetles.

10. A set of phantasmagoria, exceedingly well managed — and representing all the eminent characters of Europe. By far the most interesting object in the exhibition was, however, a machine invented by Robertson to imitate the voice. I at first supposed it to be a deception with ventriloquism, but the man allowed me to examine its structure. It consisted principally of a pair of bellows, with a mouth resembling that of a carp when half open. There was a great deal of mechanism in the throat, and the effect was complete. The M. and B. were produced by putting the hand against the mouth; the whole required much management, but I could make it utter several sentences myself, though not so distinctly as Robertson. It said *cher papa — chère maman — je vous aime fort tendrement — comment vous portez vous Madame Robertson*. Then it began to whimper and cry — *Ma-ma-n — Je ne vous aime pas — méchante maman, &c. &c.* By practice I have not the least doubt but it might be made to speak *English* very perfectly;

but the *eu, eux, &c.* of the French language are obstacles which are yet insurmountable. The man deserves great credit for the patient ingenuity which has accomplished so much, and it is fair to presume that the machine admits of improvement to such a degree as to be available by the dumb who are not deaf. It approaches much nearer to the perfect orator than a canoe to a man of war.

Among many other curiosities, M. Robertson exhibits a plan of a balloon to carry fifty learned men on a voyage of discovery. It is amusing to see the futile and absurd contrivances to accomplish the object, though the author has set about it in perfect simplicity and good faith. There are kitchens, workshops, small vessels, and fifty other things tacked to it, which are not at all difficult to arrange — on the paper plan.

The gardens of the Tuilleries, though cut into a thousand mathematical shapes, and the shrubs shorn into round balls, are yet handsome. The terraces are very beautiful, and the triangular spaces made by the intersection of the walks in that part being planted with young trees, and enclosed with trellis, are elegant in spite of the gardener. A considerable part of the ground is a thick wood of high trees, planted as usual, in straight lines, but with here and there a circular spot left open, and con-

taining a statue or group of figures. Under these trees thousands are always sitting when the weather admits of it, reading the newspapers and periodical publications, which are furnished at little stalls sprinkled about, and let out by the hour. Other parts of the gardens nearer the palace, are quite open, with broad gravel walks, constantly thronged with passengers, it being the principal thoroughfare between the two most considerable parts of the town. A large bason of clear water in the centre, is stocked with gold and silver fish in great numbers, which come very readily to the side for the gingerbread and macaroons thrown in by the spectators. There is a tolerable *Jet d'eau* in the middle of this piece of water, but it only plays on Sundays and on days of ceremony. Altogether these gardens form a very interesting spectacle; they are the principal promenade of the Parisians, and the King himself has no other advantage from them, nor, indeed, so much as the humblest 'prentice boy of Paris.

One of the most interesting objects I saw in Paris, was the collection of models of the different fortresses, not only of the late French empire, but of all Europe. They are kept in the Hospital of Invalids, and occupy the whole of the upper floor, which is in the roof. They are some of them about twenty feet diameter,

and those representing mountainous districts may be two, three, or four feet high. The surrounding country is imitated by a kind of plush, of which the ribs represent furrows; and the colour is varied so as to resemble grass, corn, or ploughed land. The trees are made of green floss silk; every hedge, ditch, road, wood, river, or pond, is exactly imitated; but the imitation is still closer in that part which represents the town; every house is of its proportionate size and proper colour; the architecture of the churches perfectly rendered; the fortifications are so accurate, and the whole so complete, that it gives very much the same impression which is produced by looking at the picture in a Camera Obscura; the colours are perhaps almost too vivid, and the whole has the effect of the brightest sun-shine. One might almost imagine a race of Lilliputian inhabitants for these miniature cities.

The advantage of such plans is very obvious; any detail of the progress of a siege, must be just as well understood at the seat of government, by inspecting these, as at the place itself. We have similar models in England, I am told, but like many other curiosities, they are unknown to, and unseen by the Public. Even in France, where all the works of art are accessible to the humblest day-labourer, it has been thought prudent to exclude from this all but

military men; and I was under the necessity of letting my mustachios grow, and putting on a military cap, in order to obtain admission. The man who shewed them was extremely intelligent; he exclaimed much against the Prussians, who have taken away a great number of them, and have not merely confined themselves to the reclamation of such as had been taken from Prussia; or of the fortresses now ceded to that Power, but have taken away a number to which they pretended no other claim than their own good pleasure; as for example, the model of Lisle. On coming away, I vainly endeavoured to make the man accept three francs for his trouble, as I had detained him a very considerable time, and he had been obliged to go round with me alone. This is not the only instance I have met with of the obstinate honesty of men in such situations in France. His persevering reply was, "I have my wages, and am satisfied with them."

CHAPTER IX.

GAMBLING HOUSES. — SPIRIT OF GAMBLING EXTREMELY PREVALENT. — DESCRIPTION OF THE LICENSED GAMING HOUSE. — COARSENESS OF SOCIAL INTERCOURSE IN PUBLIC.

OF all the vices which are cultivated at Paris the most general and the most fatal is that of gambling. During the time of Buona- parte it was highly encouraged; and he drew from it an enormous revenue. The present Government either has not the power, or has not the will, to suppress it. The latter conjecture is much the most probable, as it is immensely lucrative. I have been informed on good authority, that the Government receives two-thirds of the profit of each gaming house. Government officers are always present, though under the pretext of keeping order; but they also escort the chest of money from the gambling house to a place of safety every morning, and back again every evening; four gens d'armes, with their swords drawn, accompany the coach which contains it, and the houses have regulations established by the police, so that to all intents and purposes the Government

is the actual proprietor, as much as of the post horses, stage coaches, porcelaine, and snuff manufactories.

The number of gaming houses in Paris is greater than can be conceived possible in a town containing less than six hundred thousand inhabitants; but when it is considered that Paris contains the *scum* and *dregs* of a population of more than thirty millions, the wonder vanishes.

The arguments of those who defend such establishments are nothing more than assertions of the necessity of a drain or sewer for the purpose of regulating, and turning to profit such vices as cannot be prevented. The futility of such reasoning is obvious, as thousands who have no abstract wish to engage in these ruinous speculations, are attracted by the houses as they pass by, like the lottery in this country, which you are prevented from forgetting by the "street heralds," whom you encounter at every turn. The smallness of the stake is another cause of the evil; for besides making it accessible to the lowest class, it takes away the apparent danger of the experiment in those who are richer. You may go in and play at the same table with those who are taking thousands, while your own venture is only thirty sous, or fifteen pence. The sight of the immense heaps of gold which are displayed on the table dazzle the eyes of many, and more are struck with

avarice at the sight of those who are pocketing, perhaps a thousand pounds sterling at a cast, than with fear at the horrible contortions of the wretches who have lost their all. There is a strange infatuation possesses most people, that they at least shall have luck on their side, and as there is but an apparently small chance against them, thousands who entered only as spectators, finish by staking their all upon a card.

In England this vice is limited in its effects, and is rarely followed with avidity but by young men of large fortune, and as it is not permitted to be practised in public, it is necessarily confined almost exclusively to those who have leisure and money. In general, they who throw away their property in this manner, would find some other way, not more virtuous, to get rid of their surplus, and indulge their bad passions; besides, it is evidently impossible to prevent it in private society, and if it take place in clubs, of course the police can know nothing of it, nor if they did, could they have the least right to interfere. In Paris it addresses itself to the Public, and equally excites the apprentice to rob the till, and the avaricious nobleman to defraud his tradesmen.

The spirit of gambling always appeared to me so low, so mean, and so despicable a species of avarice, that I could never fancy myself in

danger of being attracted by it; but I had heard so many instances of men whose good resolutions had been annihilated by the contagious atmosphere of a gambling house, that, although I had a very strong inclination to see one, I determined to delay it to the last night of my stay, and go without a livre in my pocket. I did so, and the impression it made will never be erased from my memory. It is impossible for any description of mine to do justice to such an infernal scene.—I select one by a modern French writer; it is not at all exaggerated, and is a faithful picture of one of the most disgusting exhibitions in this extraordinary town.

“ Three or four large saloons are scarcely sufficient to hold the croud of artizans, tradesmen, and fathers of families who come here to lose the produce of their labour, their gains, or the wages which should be destined to the subsistence of their children, and which one cast of the dice will deprive them of. Gambling is here seen in all its hideous deformity. The bankmaster, the croupers, the punts, seated at an immense semi-circular table loaded with gold, have each their peculiar and forbidding air. The police officers of colossal stature, keep walking round and round; and their ferocious looks seem to interdict the miserable victims of chance from even the liberty of giving utterance to their regrets.” — The horrible expression of blank despair in the faces of

the losers, and the drunken joy of those who have gained, are perhaps not so frightful as the immoveable visages of the keeper of the game and his assistants. Equally deaf to the cries of despair and the exclamations of joy, they scrape together with their long rakes, the money they have won, with the same *sang froid* as they shovel out that which they have lost — and which is bye and bye to return to them. “The sentiment of loss is in them still more frightful than elsewhere — it is misery disputing a morsel of bread with avarice; their joy is without charms, and looks only like the short respite of despair.”

The three principal gambling houses in Paris are, the *Cercle des Etrangers*, No. 9, and No. 113, in the Palais Royal. In the first of these houses is assembled the most brilliant company of Paris, and the stakes are uniformly large. No. 9, is the next in consideration, but No. 113, has by far the most numerous collection of blackguards of all ranks and conditions. There are many others in various parts of the town, but if the licensed houses were the only places where this destructive amusement was carried on, the evil would be comparatively trivial. As soon as dinner is over, those who do not go to the play, and those who are waiting for the opening of the theatres, assemble in the coffee houses, where from five o'clock till twelve, you are stunned

with the noise of back gammon, drafts, dominos, dice, billiards, and cards. From the vociferation and eagerness with which every point of the game is disputed, a stranger would imagine they were all going to fight together, it is only "their way" however, and actual quarrels are very rare. At these times even the almost imperceptible distinctions of rank, which a nice observer can discover in the day-time, are completely wiped away, and the gentleman—tradesman—artizan—the journeyman baker and blacksmith, find no other difference in the attention of their auditors, than that which arises from the strongest lungs; each addresses to the others his observations on the game; and I have very often seen men of the most respectable appearance, and decorated perhaps with three or four crosses, arguing with a dusty baker, or unwashed blacksmith, about a point in the game, with which neither had any connexion, while the players pursued their amusement, neither offended nor interrupted by their criticisms.

Thus it seems to be throughout society in Paris, though a coffee house will not be considered as a proper test. There is so little reserve, so little of the delicacy of self-respect, that an Englishman feels embarrassed and uncomfortable; it is only the consideration that he is among strangers, which reconciles him to this more than republican coarseness. I had often

wondered before I went to France, how the Americans and French could assimilate so easily, because the manners of a country in the most abject state of slavery seemed very unlikely to accord with those of a nation possessing liberty to excess. I can readily perceive it now, as it is evident that the French encouraged this indiscriminate rudeness and familiarity of social intercourse, as all that remained to them of revolutionary freedom. A very intelligent Frenchman said to me one day, "We never fancied ourselves slaves, because we were so perfectly on an equality, and as the affairs of state went on prosperously, and we were giving the law to all Europe, we could not suppose ourselves less than masters—our obedience we called military subordination."

CHAPTER X.

CHURCH OF ST. ROCH. — MIRACLE DES ARDENTS. — STATUE OF CHRIST. — PALACE OF ST. CLOUD. — MALMAISON, THE RESIDENCE OF JOSEPHINE.

I WENT to the church of St. Augustine, sometimes called *L'Eglise de Notre Dame des Victoires*, from its vicinity to the street of the same name, and also the *Place des Victoires*. The church itself is not extraordinary, but there are some very beautiful paintings in it. My next visit was to the church of St. Roch, which struck me more than any I ever saw; it is something the shape of St. Paul's, but the pilasters, which form the centre and support the dome, stand very close to each other, and indeed seem to form only apertures in a stone circle. On all sides of the church there are altars of different sizes with figures in relief over them, of the most exquisite workmanship representing the different incidents, of what is called the Passion of Christ. At each side altar is a most excellent painting; one of which represents the *Miracle des Ardents*. The story, as far as I can recollect, is, that formerly a fever called *Fièvre ardente* raged at Paris

with great violence for many weeks. When almost half the population were destroyed by it, the rest joined in a solemn invocation to St. Genevieve, the patron of the city, who interceded with the Deity, and the plague was instantly arrested. The painter could not have chosen a better subject; in the fore-ground are represented the sick and their relatives in all the various attitudes of supplication, — countenances in which every emotion of the mind, and every species of bodily torture, are pourtrayed. Mothers holding up their infants — fathers interceding for their children — husbands praying for their wives. The countenance of one man is horribly interesting, he catches hold of a piece of his own flesh on his side, and grasps it in an agony. On a cloud is St. Genevieve, a divine figure, with the eyes turned towards the Source of Light, which comes from the left corner of the picture, as if supplicating the Deity, the hands spread out as shewing the suffering people. — The eyes are full of tears, and there is such an air of heavenly compassion in the countenance, as I never saw equalled in a painting: — I could look at it for an hour. Painters may condemn my taste, but I prefer this picture to Mr. West's, of Christ healing the sick.

At the extreme east end of the church is a chapel called Calvary, in the centre of which is a recess, containing a figure of Christ in marble

on the cross, supposed to be the finest piece of sculpture in Paris, and made of one piece; the whole chapel of Calvary is dark, and the figure would be invisible but for a window, which you cannot see, and which admits the light immediately over the head of Christ. The chapel represents a cavern in a rock. On the right hand of the recess is a groupe of figures, carrying the body of Christ into a dark vault, admirably executed; on the left are some other figures which I do not recollect. I should have mentioned, that there are two circles of pilastres to form the dome. In the inside of the exterior circle, and facing the west door of the church, is a blaze of gilt rays of enormous size, with clouds reaching from the ceiling to the floor, sculptured and painted admirably; this is supposed to represent Christ *risen*, though there is no figure in the centre; on each side, in very bold relief, are figures of the sentries asleep. When you stand with your back to the west door, and look through to the extreme end, it forms a most magnificent *coup d'œil*, — you see all that I have attempted to describe at one view, and the stream of light at the dark extremity falling on the head of Christ has a very sublime effect. There is another picture of Christ on the cross, which Le Brun and David estimated at 30,000 francs; it is good, but I am

not enough versed in the art to know *why* it is so valuable.

This venerable church has the marks of cannon-balls in various parts, some of which are much injured ; it is the place where Buonaparte commenced his glorious career by firing on the citizens. The pulpit in particular is much damaged, it was a noble piece of sculpture, but the city is not rich enough, or not pious enough, to replace it.

All the Churches in Catholic countries are *always* open, and the lamp at the altar always burning.

Soon after my arrival in Paris I paid a visit with some friends to the celebrated palace of St. Cloud, which was occupied by the English artillery ; but as I had it not in my power to make notes at the time, my recollections are now but faint. The gardens were not at all extraordinary, but the waterworks very splendid. Every thing however is in the formal French style, parterres like a mathematician's board of diagrams, straight walks and alleys, regular slopes and steps, every thing but Nature, — the trees all shorn into regular figures,

“ Grove nods at grove — each alley has its brother,
And half the garden just reflects the other.”

The house is magnificent ; it was the favourite residence of Buonaparte. The *Salle de Recep-*

tion is the most splendid I have seen, — hung with crimson velvet embroidered with golden stars; the chair of state in which he received his ambassadors is gilt all over, and exquisitely carved. I sat down in it to rest myself, and could not but be struck with the strange mutability of human affairs. — How short a time since he signed from this chair his first decree against English commerce! To have doubted the stability and permanence of his power at that period, was to bring down ridicule on one's head. I may be called an *ex post facto* conjuror, but I really never thought his glory likely to be lasting; it was founded on fraud, and supported by deception; and, in the long run, some accidental combination of circumstances will always punish the one and expose the other.

All the ceilings are painted with most indecent figures, and naked statues of all kinds are placed about in great abundance; but this is universal in Paris, and, I believe, throughout France. Every garden, street, shop, and parlour, has images which would positively not be tolerated in an exhibition intended only for artists.

From St. Cloud we went to Malmaison, the late residence of Josephine, at this time inhabited by Lord Combermere (Sir S. Cotton) who commands the cavalry. It is about six miles from Paris. The house is not large, but very elegantly decorated; there are some very fine

paintings; one, the head of a young girl with a countenance of exquisite beauty; another of the *Queen of Holland* and her two children; if the painter has only done them justice, they are very sweet children, and the mother very handsome. All the servants, and indeed all the French, who knew Josephine, speak of her with respectful regret, and I have no doubt but she was a very excellent woman. Here, as in all other places, are male and female statues quite naked in the sitting-rooms.

The bed-chamber of Josephine is hung with very fine crimson broad cloth, with a profusion of gold ornaments; the bed is the same, raised on a few steps covered with the same cloth; at the back of the bed is a very large pier-glass, in which, the room looks very elegant, being circular, and drawn together at the top like a tent, with a golden eagle in the centre holding the drapery.

The gardens are laid out entirely in the English style, — winding walks, bosquets, canals, bridges, little rocks, cascades, and so forth. There is a small temple containing a statue of Love, — a boy about seven years old, with a very elegant shape, not like the little bloated things which are sometimes called Cupids — his face is the sweetest and most interesting I ever saw, with such a laughing, innocent smile, that

really, had I been alone, I could have kissed him. On the pedestal was written,

“ Qui que tu soit — voici ton maître,
Il l'est — le fut — on le doit être.”

We returned by Nanterre, — the country is here, as elsewhere, cultivated to perfection, spread over with vineyards, which exactly resemble our plantations of raspberries, and must be viewed very closely to distinguish the difference; but still no sign of bush, hedge, or tree, except those which are planted on each side of the road, and which certainly make it seem twice the distance: they are only agreeable objects because there are no others in the vicinity. The country is rich, but certainly not beautiful, or rather not picturesque.

CHAPTER XI.

VERSAILLES. — THE PALACE. — THE GARDENS. — DEFENCE OF FRENCH GARDENING. — PETIT TRIANON. — GRAND TRIANON. — CHARACTER OF BUONAPARTE.

THIS most extraordinary town is built on a regular plan laid out by the Great Louis the XIV. The streets are all parallel, or at right angles, with hexagonal and octagonal “places,” or what we should call “squares,” where the streets intersect each other: the road for several miles before you come to Versailles is perfectly straight, very wide, and planted on each side with double rows of very fine trees. The approach is certainly magnificent, and the enormous mass of building which forms the palace, looks at a distance like a mountain. The town itself is very large, and before the Revolution contained eighty thousand inhabitants, but from the numbers that were then destroyed, and from the circumstance that Buonaparte disliked the palace, and left it to go to ruin, from which cause the town became neglected, it now does not contain more than twenty or twenty-five thousand at the most. The streets are so very wide that

it has a naked, dreary appearance; the houses are good, but not half inhabited. It is principally occupied by innkeepers, restaurateurs, &c. and is the favourite Sunday resort of the Parisians during the summer. It is about ten miles from the metropolis, and is very well adapted for the purpose.

The palace of Versailles is unequalled in the world, — it forms a large town of itself — three thousand workmen were employed twelve months in repairing it by Louis the XVIIIth, on his first return to Paris, and it is not yet half finished. It comprises more than six thousand rooms, as I was informed by a respectable man who accompanied me. The profusion of gilding, painting, marble, and mirrors is wonderful; but it is very much too grand to be comfortable. There is a very splendid theatre, much larger than the Lyceum, with an immense stage, fitted up in the most elegant style. Occasionally the side-scenes, the benches, &c. are removed, and it forms a ball-room. It is said, that to put the whole chateau in the state it was in in the time of Louis XVI. will not cost less than two millions sterling; and, from the nature of the decorations, the magnitude and number of the apartments, I can readily give credit to it.

The gardens, which are so much admired by all Frenchmen as the *ne plus ultra* of human skill and genius, are, in my mind, detestable.

Broad square levels of gravel or rather sand, flights of steps thirty yards broad, rows of yew trees of all sizes; cut into balls, cones, pyramids, cubes and all other unnatural figures; the borders of flowers equally formal, the walks all in straight lines, so broad, and so long, that the eye is dazzled with a sandy desert; statues in abundance, but none which struck me as particularly fine, compared with those in Paris; steps for cascades, where the water spouts from the mouths and nostrils of lions, tigers, bears, fishes, sea nymphs, tritons, and a thousand nameless monsters, — large pieces of water on different slopes, which are as ugly as water can be, in consequence of being cut into circles, hexagons, &c. &c. and bordered with stone walls. The whole is only interesting as shewing the unlimited power of the monarch who formed it, and who accomplished so much in a place for which Nature has done nothing at all.

I was once arguing with the old De M. on this very preposterous taste in gardens. I knew him to be a man who possessed a most delicate *tact* as to the beauties of Nature, and expected him to coincide with my sentiments without reserve, instead of which he set about proving the contrary. “I acknowledge,” said he, “the beauty of English gardening, and think it a most elegant embellishment of nature, but that is no reason why our system should not be also

good in its kind. We do not profess to imitate Nature in our gardens, but merely wish to exhibit the skill of *art* in forming a *work of art*, intermixed certainly with natural objects, and, in some degree, composed of them, but no more intended to represent Nature than deal posts are meant to represent fir trees. You think a box of mignonette along the ledge of the window, and garden-pots inside the house, beautiful objects, but you do not mean your parlour to be mistaken for a wilderness, merely because you have trees in it. The question is only, Are not our gardens beautiful? not, Do they resemble yours? Whether we ought to have both kinds is a different consideration, and all you can say is, that our word *Jardin* is not translated by your word Garden; for myself, I think the French plan alone deserves the epithet of Magnificent." But to resume my description,

At the extremity of the gardens is a long avenue of trees, in a straight line also, of about a mile, leading to the Petit Trianon; a moderate sized house, built for Madame Maintenon, with a garden of about an hundred acres, laid out in the English style. It is the most beautiful place I have seen, entirely formed by art to imitate nature, for the country is a perfect flat: it comprises a beautiful green park with every variety of hill and dale, undulating slopes, with little brooks trickling down them. Large masses

of rock have been brought from a distance, and so arranged as to appear *indigenous*. A canal winds round among the trees, occasionally seen from the windows, and crossed at intervals by a light bridge:—little painted boats in different directions. Every species of tree and shrub which will bear the climate, is here in perfection; the walks lead round to the most picturesque spots, over ridges of rock, down which falls a stream as clear as chrystal. Again, along the edge of a sloping lawn, or through a tortuous passage, apparently cut through the opposing rocks; sometimes passing a small temple, sometimes a little bosquet of flowering shrubs; and contrived with so much art, that, while it shews every beauty of the place, it appears to be the natural foot-path to arrive at a little village on the edge of a small lake. This village is one of the prettiest and most interesting pieces of childish folly that ever entered into the head of a king. It is perfectly rustic—there is a mill—a farm-house—a house for the curate—another for the lord of the manor—one for the bailiff, &c., built of brick and thatched. It really looks *like* a little village: it was the resort of Louis XIV. some members of his family, one of his bishops, and one or two of his ministers, and the celebrated Madame Maintenon. To this secluded spot they used to retire occasionally after the fatigue

of state affairs, and (like children who say, now let us play at visiting) acted a sort of innocent farce, and played the fool *ad libitum*. The King was lord of the manor, his brother the farmer, Madame Maintenon the dairy-maid; the bishop acted the curate, and so forth. It had been well for France and Europe, had Louis XIV. never meddled with a more dangerous pastime.

This beautiful spot really looks like the abode of Peace and Innocence; the evening was one of the finest in autumn. I was alone; my conductor having been called into the house, on some occasion, had left me to amuse myself with the scene before me; and for half an hour I walked about the little wilderness, scarcely conscious that I was in a foreign country, and surrounded by soldiers of all the nations of Europe. I had got into one of those reveries or day dreams, which are so grateful when composed of peaceable impressions; every thing around me seemed to breathe tranquillity and repose; no noise was heard but the rippling of the little brook; the gentle murmur of the cascade, and the rustling of the wind amongst the brown foliage of the trees; the swans were sailing in snowy pride upon the little lake; the squirrels hopping from branch to branch among the lofty firs which bordered the canal; the thrush whistling his merry song to departing

day; the little painted boats, gradually pushed onwards to the extent of the cord which confined them, and back again with sudden recoil, as the breeze drove them to and fro, formed a thousand irregular circles of wavy brightness on the water. I leaned on the railing of the bridge, and watched them till they produced that sort of gentle giddiness, which lulls the mind to rest. The sky was yet bright with the setting sun, and the clouds above my head were variegated with purple and gold in fleckered beauty; while the high shrubberies which enclose the garden, left the scene around me in comparative obscurity. I was so calm and composed, that I seemed to "hear myself live," and was enjoying feelings, which I thought had been long extinguished. On a sudden, the crash of numberless trumpets roused me from my meditations, and resounded from all parts in harsh and discordant echoes. The transition was abrupt, and most ungrateful; all my delightful visions vanished in a moment, and nothing remained in my mind, but ideas of war and rapine. I never felt a shock so painful and offensive; I uttered an involuntary execration, and hastily quitted the scene. The trumpets which belonged to various regiments, and to various nations, brayed out their usual hymn to sunset, in every note of the gamut; and the discord was of itself, sufficiently disagreeable, inde-

pendent of the circumstances under which I had the misfortune to hear it.

My guide, who now joined me, conducted me to another part of the garden, which I had not seen, and pointed out the wanton mischief committed by the Prussians; such as cutting down curious shrubs, chopping off the fingers and toes of statues, and a thousand petty injuries of the same nature.

On my return to the town, I stopped a short time to view the Grand Trianon, which is a sort of Versailles palace in miniature. It consists of a magnificent suite of apartments, and is about equal to some of the best residences of the English nobility. There is a fine gallery of paintings, but I had not time to examine them. One, however, was so exquisitely beautiful, that I could not avoid noticing it; a picture by David, of Cupid stringing his bow. It is not easy to persuade oneself, that it is really a flat surface of canvas; it represents a boy, about the age of fourteen or fifteen; his figure is very elegant, and the face most captivating. I think it exceeds in beauty the celebrated picture by Cipriani, in the collection of Lord Bradford.

One of the rooms of this mansion is an elegant specimen of the taste of Maria Louisa. The walls are entirely hung with light blue satin, lined with pink, drawn aside at intervals,

and shewing a mirror. The cieling is the same, drawn together like a tent, and held in the centre by a golden eagle; the festoons are fastened with gold roses, and the whole hangings fringed with gold lace like epaulettes, in double rows round the bottom. There is something so light and so elegant in the *tout ensemble* of the room, that I cannot conceive it possible for any additional ornament to make it more beautiful.

This house was the favourite residence of the Empress, and Buonaparte came hither frequently; indeed since his former wife was divorced, he had never used any other residence in the country than this and St. Cloud, which latter may almost be called a town house, for it is not much more out of Paris than Highbury from London. Previous to his marriage with Maria Louisa, his usual place of retirement was Malmaison, but when that was allotted to Josephine, it was not thought any longer decorous to continue his visits thither. I endeavoured to ascertain from some of the domestics of Buonaparte, who had been most at the Grand Trianon, if he was apparently attached to his new wife, and she to him; there was much discrepancy in their respective accounts, and of course I do not depend on them; but in general they agreed that Maria Louisa was in the highest degree fond of her child, but if she had any regard for her husband,

she took care effectually to conceal it, and always treated him with a degree of haughtiness which offended him severely, and was a constant source of quarrel and disagreement.— From other sources of information, I believe this to be fact.

The character of Buonaparte is certainly estimated much lower in France than in England, and this quite independent of political sentiments. It is said, that “no man is a hero to his valet de chambre,” and perhaps the French saw him *too near*. In the moral, as in the physical world, a small addition to the ordinary standard, makes a *great* man; and when we have an opportunity of contemplating heroes and statesmen intimately, we are surprised to find how little they are superior to their fellow-creatures. This is especially true of warriors, and it happens that we have been enabled to see some of the greatest in their dishabille; such as Charles the XIIth of Sweden, Frederic of Prussia, &c. whose biographers have given us the real sentiments of those wholesale killers of mankind. The account published of Buonaparte’s journey to embark for Elba is too well authenticated, to allow one to doubt the most trivial facts therein narrated, and it certainly shews that his grandeur and fine pompous sentiments were foreign to his soul; — that he had been *acting* a character only, on the

throne, and that his nature was mean, selfish, and despicable. It is extraordinary that the man who had displayed so much courage in battle, could exhibit such childish cowardice out of it. Like many similar heroes who have graced "*the new drop*" in the Old Bailey, he was *game* only, when he had plenty of spectators to applaud as well as witness his "*gammon*." In the language of a great writer, his conduct takes away all dignity from distress, and makes even calamity ridiculous. —

Montrez nous, guerriers magnanimes

Votre vertu dans tout son jour,

Voyons comment vos Cœurs sublimes

Du sort soutiendront le retour :

Tant que sa faveur vous seconde,

Vous êtes les maîtres du monde,

Votre gloire nous éblouit ;

Mais au moindre revers funeste —

Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,

Et le héros s'évanouit.

J. B. ROUSSEAU.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN OF AN UNCOMMON SPECIES. —
 MUSÉE DES MONUMENTS FRANÇAIS. — CURIOUS MIS-
 TAKE OF A PAINTER. — PANTHEON, OR CHURCH OF
 ST. GENEVIEVE.

ONE of my fellow-lodgers at M. Meurice's hotel, at Paris, was an English clergyman, of a genus which, for the honour of the profession, I hope is very uncommon. He was about sixty years of age, and extremely plain in his features. He stated, that being on a visit to Brighton, with his family, he had taken a sudden resolution (on the sight of a French packet) to come over to Paris, and form an opinion of Frenchmen for himself. "The coat I have on," said he, "will do;" so packing up his "silk breeches" he at once embarked in the packet, leaving his family to amuse themselves as they pleased in his absence. Without knowing a single word of French, and not even aware that it was at all necessary, he had arrived in Paris alone, and took up his abode at the first hotel to which he was conducted. Here he found many English, and the master of the house was himself well acquainted with the language, so

that for a short time he did not meet with any great inconvenience ; but afterwards became so annoyed with the stupidity of the people, that he was in a constant *prespiration bath* with anger. Every morning we used to hear him quarrelling with the chambermaid, in violent passion that she could not understand him when he spoke so plain.—“ Bring me some warm water to shave,” — “ *Que veut Monsieur?* ” — “ Bring me water to shave,” said he, louder and louder, with the voice of a raven. — “ *Je ne vous comprend pas* ” said the chambermaid. “ I tell you again, you stupid creature, I want water to shave, and I want my breakfast.” “ *Brekfaste — qu’est ce que brekfaste — je vous prie de me dire en Français.* ” “ Why you *impudent* hussey, don’t I speak as plain as possible, you can understand me, you slut, get along and do what I bid you.” The girl burst out a laughing, and trusting to the influence of her eyes, replied, “ *oh mon pauvre Cupidon, que j’ai envie de te baiser.* ” “ Oh fie fie,” said he, “ you are a naughty girl, I’m sure you are a wicked girl — go get away, get away, don’t laugh at me, go along, I won’t speak to you any more.” The girl understood enough to know that she must send some other person and quit the room herself; so Mr. Meurice was obliged to come up and receive the commands of his lodger. This scene was repeated ten times a day. In vain did we endeavour to

convince him, when he dined at the table d'hôte, that it was impossible they could understand his language; so small a modicum of intellect had Nature allotted to him, that he could not perceive the absurdity of his conduct, and always replied with great emphasis, "Sir, I speak *plain English*, and all the French I meet with in England can understand me very well; I am sure they know what I mean *here*, but they are so stupid; I speak over and over again—louder and plainer, and I am certain they know very well what I say, but they don't choose to be civil and respectful—they are rude people, and I shall change my lodgings." It was impossible to argue with such a man, so he went on daily in the same errors, to the no small amusement of his fellow-lodgers, and the whole of M. Meurice's domestics. The pretty chambermaid at last found means to mollify his anger, by an occasional kiss; and as she was really very beautiful, this seldom failed of the desired effect.

The other inmates of M. Meurice's hotel, were chiefly British officers, and as they had visited most parts of France, and resided a considerable time in the country, I naturally looked to them for information as to the state of manners and feelings. This they afforded very abundantly, but the memorandums I made as the result of such conversation, I afterwards found so exceedingly incorrect, that I did not

hesitate to destroy them. The appearance of a foreign uniform was, very naturally, enough to make Frenchmen wrap themselves up, and, like the hedgehog, present only the offensive points of their disposition; — nothing else could be expected. Could they feel an inclination to cultivate friendly intercourse with men who had just inflicted so severe a punishment on their national pride? — Even those who were most friendly to the royal cause felt the mortification almost as keenly as the Buonapartist. All the information derived from military sources under such circumstances is then necessarily erroneous, and the result of impressions produced by a state the most unfavourable to candid intercourse. Very few British officers would do justice to the good qualities which they could not deny, and it was only from such officers as had had the good fortune to remain any considerable time inmates of the same family, (when their unassuming and compassionate conduct extorted the goodwill of their hosts,) that I could obtain an impartial opinion. From such men I often heard anecdotes which do honour to human nature, and which almost reconciled me to the horrible calamity of war, in considering its compatibility with the exercise of so many Christian virtues.

I had the good fortune afterwards to take up my residence with a French gentleman whose open-hearted candour and generosity left me no-

thing to wish, but that his countrymen were what he, in perfect good faith, supposed them to be, but which I certainly cannot concede to them.

My friend took me one day to view the *Musée Royal des Monumens Français*, better known by the name of *Dépôt des Petits Augustins*, so called from the building which contains these specimens of sculpture. It is a very magnificent collection of sepulchral and other monuments. Busts, columns, cenotaphs, sarcophagi, &c. which have been rescued from revolutionary fury. M. Alexander Lenoir has the honour of first suggesting the propriety of such an undertaking to the National Assembly in the year 1790, when religious houses being suppressed, a great number of fine monuments were deprived of an asylum. The Duke de Rochefoucault, at that time president of the committee for the alienation of what was called National Property, not only encouraged M. Lenoir in his project, but got him appointed to the office of selecting, arranging, and preserving them, and M. Lenoir, with great vigilance, perseverance, and contempt of danger, succeeded in saving about five hundred of the most valuable, very often at the risk of his life.

The arrangement of these monuments is very scientific and ingenious. They are placed in chambers, each chamber containing the pro-

ductions of a century, beginning as far back as the reign of Clovis the First, who died in 511, and continued to Louis the XVIth. This classification renders them exceedingly useful to the historian, and ascertains the costumes of the different ages with great précision, making, (as M. Lenoir expresses himself,) a monumental history of the French monarchy. There is also much skill in placing the monuments, that the light may be best distributed for effect, and give a sufficient degree of distinctness to each object, as it is more or less adapted for close examination. The windows are mostly composed of curious specimens of stained glass, and the whole building, being old and Gothic, gives a sombre air, which is suited to its purpose. This collection well illustrates the gradual progress of the arts, and is conducted in better taste than many of the more splendid exhibitions of Paris.

The first apartment, called the *Salle d'Introduction*, contains such specimens as could not be conveniently arranged, or of which the numbers belonging to each age were not sufficiently considerable to fill separate chambers. I was much struck with a magnificent mausoleum of Diana of Poitiers, who is represented lying on a tomb of black marble, which is supported by four sphynxes' heads; the whole on a pedestal supported by four nymphs. The pedestal is ornamented with the most beautiful paintings in enamel by Leonard de Limoges, representing

various incidents in the life of Christ. Portraits of Francis the First, Claude, Henry the Second, and of Diana herself, whose name does not suggest that of her namesake the goddess, except in the way of contrast, she having been rather notorious, or as a Frenchman would delicately phrase it, *celebrated* for her amours; especially with Henry the Second.

Among many others, perhaps, equally or more worthy of attention, I could only notice the following — it would have required some weeks to examine them all; viz. The mausoleum of Francis the First, and of Claude, his wife. This is a splendid piece of sculpture, and is placed in a sepulchral chapel, built expressly for the occasion; it was saved from the ruins of St. Denis, and is well worthy of its present honorable position; it is composed of a sort of canopy or dome, highly sculptured, supported by sixteen Ionic pillars. Francis and Claude are lying on the tomb, as is the case in almost all monuments of that period, which were intended to honour the dead. The chapel is enclosed with a superb screen, ornamented with bass reliefs, in gilt bronze.

A tomb of Louis the XIIth and Anne de Bretagne. Their statues, which are of marble, and quite naked, are lying on their backs as usual; but there is one peculiarity which attracted my notice rather curiously; they are represented

with their bellies ripped open and sewed up again; this is meant to shew that they have been embalmed. There is so much expression in the countenances of both, and such a decided *character*, that I have no doubt but they are good portraits.

A bust of Voltaire, so excellent, that it seems as if the sculptor had borne in mind the epigram

“ Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,” &c.

never did marble more exactly embody the meaning of these three adjectives.

A small monument to the memory of “ Guillaume de *Dwglas*, Lord Comte d’Angus.”

A very fine sepulchral urn, containing the heart of Francis the First. A monument to Cardinal Richelieu; several columns of white marble; some of porphyry, jasper, &c. Some beautiful specimens of Mosaic work and enamel; with many exquisite fragments of sculpture, of which the date and purpose are unknown.

The cielings of most of the apartments are ornamented with sculptured stone or plaster. Various statues on their knees, taken from tombs, with others at full length, which have not been appropriated to religious purposes, are to be seen. There are also some modern groups in plaster, exceedingly well executed.

I noticed a very fine statue of David, executed in the fifteenth century. He is represented as

having returned from the destruction of Goliah, and the giant's head is at his feet grinning horribly; the forehead beaten in by the stone.

A very large monument to the memory of Le Brun, the great painter, with a very long and eloquent inscription, praising his loyalty as well as his professional talents. This monument was not rescued from the revolutionary Goths till they had chisselled out the words King, Royal, Loyalty, Fidelity, &c. so that it now stands to commemorate something more than M. Le Brun.

On one of the windows of painted glass is a picture of Christ carrying his Cross, (an incident which by the bye is not true.) I observed, lower down, another head of Christ, exactly the same in colour, size, &c. and at first supposed that the painter meant to represent consecutive circumstances in the same picture, as Raphael has sometimes taken the liberty of doing. On looking more narrowly, however, there appeared no *body* to the head, and it was not, till after much puzzling, that I attained a knowledge of the painter's object. It is explained, that Mary Magdalen, who accompanied Christ to his execution, observing his face covered with dust and sweat, wiped it with her veil, which instantly took and retained an exact representation of the surface it had been applied to.

This is not meant by the author as a mi-

racle, but as a natural fact within the laws of physics.

The garden is prettily laid out, planted with cypress and fir-trees; some vases and ancient urns, with enormous marble basons, are filled with earth, and planted with shrubs and flowers. The tomb of Abelard and Eloisa is a very striking object, it is a kind of open chapel; the figures are lying on the top of the tomb as usual, like many of our own monuments. Weeping willows hang their branches over it, and over several other smaller ones, which are spread about the garden. The effect is rather pretty than impressive, indeed, the place is much too small to allow scope for picturesque beauty.

I went from the *Dépôt des Petits Augustins* to the Pantheon, formerly the church of St. Genevieve. It is by far the most noble building I have seen, and is, perhaps, the most chaste and complete specimen of Grecian architecture which modern ages have produced; it is about three hundred and fifty feet in length, and nearly two hundred and sixty wide in the centre, from which rises a dome sixty-three feet wide, and reaches to the height of three hundred and seventy feet from the pavement; so that its dimensions are not vastly inferior to St. Paul's. No wood is used in the whole building. The colonnade at the west end, is the most noble thing of the kind which I have ever beheld.

The inside is very impressive, the lower range of windows is blocked up, and the light only admitted through the dome. This adds a gloomy solemnity, which is suited to the appropriation of the building — the burial of great men; whose bodies are placed in the vaults beneath. The funeral of Marshall Lasnes, Duke of Montebello, is described to me as an extraordinary piece of pomp and splendour. On that occasion the whole of the inside of the dome was hung with black, and every thing the Catholic religion, with its gaudy ceremonies, could add to military honours, united to produce effect.

Two towers are erecting at the eastern extremity, and are now about twenty feet above the original elevation, which was little higher than the base of the dome. The work has, however, been stopped from the conviction, that such additions would rather diminish than encrease the beauty and perfection of the whole. The plan appears to me so exquisite, that any attempt to alter it, in my mind, must necessarily do injury. The only defect is one which has been introduced from necessity at the base of the dome. The original pillars in the inside being found too weak to carry the weight, alternate spaces were filled up, and the place of the pillars supplied by pilasters.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL OF PARIS. — MODE OF ADMITTING CHILDREN. — NUMBER AT NURSE IN THE COUNTRY. — POLICY OF SUCH AN ESTABLISHMENT ON THE SCORE OF MORALS. — THE LOTTERY.

I WAS exceedingly gratified with a visit to the *Hopital des Enfants Trouvés*, the Foundling Hospital of Paris; it is now called *l'Hospice de Maternité*, and is a branch of a larger establishment, comprising also an hospital for lying-in women; and a committee for superintending the great number of children sent to nurse in the country.

Having a letter of introduction to M. Chausier, the physician of both hospitals, I selected the time of his going round to present it. A very respectable looking woman, about forty years of age, in a square black *cloth* veil, lined with white linen, and so thrown over the head as to leave but a small aperture for the face, told me, that although Mr. C. would not pay his visit to-day, she would be happy to conduct me round the hospital. I accepted the offer, and followed her to the music of an enormous bunch of keys tied to her apron string, but of

which I did not observe any absolute necessity in the visit we were making. Without doubt, however, the good lady considered it a mark of dignity, as she took the trouble of tying them on for the purpose. The first room she shewed me into was very large, and contained a double row of iron cribs down each side, neatly painted and filled with very excellent soft beds, and linen of dazzling whiteness; each crib had very neat curtains of glazed yellow cotton. The boys' cribs tied with blue ribbon, and a rosette of the same on the top; the girls were distinguished by a red ribbon and rosette. The room was kept beautifully clean and well warmed by open stoves down the middle. It happened that no cry was heard, they had all been just fed, and were sleeping very quietly. It was really a beautiful sight, about three hundred infants rescued as it were from destruction, and receiving all the care of the most tender parent from strangers, when they had been abandoned by those whom nature had appointed to that office. The attendants were all clean and respectable, and the whole establishment had the air of being managed with judicious humanity. No expence is spared to procure every comfort, and whatever can contribute to their health is administered with a lavish hand. I afterwards went into the infirmary, and am sorry to say it comprised a very large porportion of the

whole number of infants in the hospital. This, however, is not extraordinary, when it is considered that the objects of this charitable care are generally the offspring of misery, vice, or disease. The children are kept in the hospital no longer than till they can be provided with nurses in the country, and the number so disposed of, existing at the present day, exceeds fourteen thousand.

I afterwards went through the different magazines of flannel, linen, &c. which were arranged with great regularity; distributed every hour in the day, with great celerity; kept scrupulously clean, and in the greatest abundance. The spirit of order seems to pervade the whole establishment.

On coming away, I staid a few minutes in a kind of lobby, conversing with the good lady, who was telling me a long story of her cares and anxieties. A tingle tingle of the little bell, interrupted her discourse: she immediately went to a little box at the side of the wall, resembling that old fashioned barometer, a salt-box; lifted up the lid, and took out a very fine female child, dressed in a coarse white frock, and wrapped in flannel. On its breast was pinned a label of paper, with the word Marie. This is all the ceremony of introduction requisite; no person staid to render account of its birth and parentage, but it was at once carried away to

its crib, to be registered. On the morrow it would be christened and vaccinated, and thenceforth considered a child of the state, dropped from heaven with no progenitors at all. The parents of these children may, however, receive information as to their existence and health, by applying at the office at stated hours. It is very seldom indeed that this privilege is claimed.

The sum paid for their nursing in the country, is so large, (about 4s. 6d. per week) that it insures them good care, and makes it the *interest* of their nurses to keep them in health. A nurse who should exhibit her charge in a state which implied the least neglect, would never be entrusted with another. No more than one child is ever placed under the care of one woman; and it is a very common occurrence, that at the age of (I believe) *ten* years, when the hospital ceases to support them, on the presumption that they are then capable of obtaining their own living, their adopted mothers continue to take charge of them, and enter into formal recognizances to that effect.

On the outside of the painted window, which forms one end of the hall, I have mentioned, is a very beautiful statue of an infant Jesus; the only one in which I ever saw real expression of any thing superior to the most common specimen of human nature. The following inscription was placed

there a century ago, when the building was appropriated to the education of young choristers,

“ Sanctissimæ Trinitati et infanti Jesu sacrum.”

With the following quotation from the Gospel of St. Matthew : —

“ Invenietis infantem pannis involutum.”

Since the establishment of this hospital in the year 1640, there have been received about half a million of infants. In the first year, only 372; but the number has gradually augmented, till in the present day it exceeds six thousand per annum.

Madame Giroud, who formerly occupied the place of the lady with the bunch of keys, of whom I have spoken, actually received into her own hands, during the forty years she passed at this hospital, two hundred and twenty-one thousand children.

The policy of such an establishment, on the score of morals, has been much debated. I have heard the arguments on both sides very temperately and fully stated, and my own conviction is perfect, that the effect of it on the whole, is *beneficial*. I have no idea of any objection to it, which would not apply in a much higher degree, to our Magdalen Hospital. Yet, I believe, the most enthusiastic reformer would not wish to destroy that asylum, on the ground

that it encourages prostitution. Nevertheless, such is sometimes the case; and the idea that there will be a last resource after she is shut out of society, probably destroys, in some degree, the horror with which a woman looks forward to the latter end of a life, spent in that manner. Maternal affection is the strongest and most uniform impulse, not only of human nature, but of animals. It is an instinct implanted in every species, for the preservation of it, and women scarcely possess it in a higher degree than the brutes. The mother who is so weighed down by poverty, or by the fear of shame, as to deposit her infant in an hospital where she will never see it more, would not long hesitate to destroy it, if no such resource were open to her; or at least the child would fall a victim to neglect, *less speedily*, but not *less surely* fatal. The state of French society cannot be brought as any proof of the advantage or disadvantage of the system. Almost all the children sent to the *Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés*, (or at least by far the greater number,) are thus sacrificed by their parents from poverty alone. I think that both parental and filial affection are more general and more influential among the lowest class in France, than in England. The last sentiment is by far the most honourable, being peculiar to the human species, and the effect of gratitude for benefits received. At

any rate the French calendars do not contain those frequent and shocking examples of infanticide, with which our own are loaded; and which are always adduced as a proof of the necessity of such an establishment in England.

The Lottery in France, is an evil of the same nature as the gaming-houses; but although the profit to the Government, amounts to the enormous sum of fourteen millions of francs per annum, I think it does less mischief than ours. The plan of adventuring is totally different. You merely place on any number you choose, a sum of money from three livres to twenty thousand. If chance favours your attempt, they return to you six, eight, or ten times the amount, according as the lottery of the year is constituted. The drawing takes place like ours; two great wheels ornamented with mirrors, are placed on a table; two boys dressed in blue, with a red girdle, have their sleeves tucked up tight, so as to prevent deception. The first boy draws out of one wheel, the cards of the numbers one after the other, and shews them to the public. He then passes them to the other boy, who encloses each successively in a pasteboard case, and throws it into the other wheel, which is immediately turned round a number of times with great velocity, so as completely to mix the little cases,

which are all exactly alike, and of the same weight. Another boy then passes his hand in, and draws out five of the packets, which are the five prizes, and the others remain undrawn. This ceremony is repeated very often, in every town in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT NATIONAL LIBRARY.—CURIOSITIES WHICH IT CONTAINS.—FREE ACCESS TO ALL OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.—REASON OF THE UNIVERSAL ADOPTION OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

TILL a few days before I quitted Paris, I had not had the opportunity of visiting the great National Library. Many reproaches had been bestowed on me by my various French friends for my indifference to that splendid ornament of Paris. Perhaps there is no single monument of which the French are generally so proud, not even the boasted column of the *Place Vendôme*. I have now had it in my power to form an opinion for myself, and though the praises bestowed on it so lavishly are in some degree unmerited, it is a noble monument of national grandeur. The best informed men at Paris are, however, extremely ignorant of the nature, extent, and even existence of the other collections of books in various parts of Europe, and especially in England; half a dozen of which, if collected into one library, would probably exceed in number and value the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, formerly *Bibliothèque Im-*

periale, but now the *Bibliothèque Royale*. Till this be done, however, they are certainly right in calling this the first library in the world.

The building itself, situated in the *Rue de Richelieu* is a plain, unornamented, oblong square, immensely large, and was built under the orders of the celebrated Colbert in the reign of Louis XIV. A considerable collection of books existed before this time however in the Louvre, and gradual augmentations by gifts, legacies, and purchases, have brought it to its present enormous extent. The establishment is divided into four departments. Printed books, — manuscripts, — medals, and other antiquities of that nature, — and engravings. I could not learn the number of printed books, but if I were to form an estimate, I am inclined to think very near two millions, though I have no mode of ascertaining how far my guess may be correct. I think however I am rather under-rating than over-rating the number, as I carry in my mind the size of a collection I once saw of 50,000 volumes. A very large portion are splendidly bound, and they are arranged in a very neat and convenient manner.

Among the rarities in this collection are “An Account of the Expences of the Royal Household in the Time of Philippe, surnamed *Le Bel*,” about the year 1290, written on a kind of tablets coated with wax. The letters of Henry

the Fourth to the "*charmante Gabrielle.*" The manuscript of Telemachus, in the hand-writing of Fenelon, and Memoirs of Louis the XIVth. in his own hand-writing and composition, besides a great number of others, which there was no time to inspect, or even to take down the names. The manuscripts amount to more than eighty thousand; there are many collected during the famous expedition to Egypt, and many more from the Ambrosian and Vatican libraries. These last, it is probable, will be reclaimed by the Pope, who has indeed already presented many remonstrances on the subject; but the French government is very unwilling to part with them. As to the statues, &c. in the Louvre, the Allies "helped themselves;" but as the Pope has none of those temporal *claws* called soldiers, at Paris, perhaps he may not be equally successful; the ministers are from long habit tolerably callous to paper arguments. The cabinet of medals is most superb, the number, the rarity of some, the richness of others, and the judicious arrangement of all, make this a most delightful treat for an amateur; there are said to be nearly an hundred thousand. This hall contains also some curious antiques, amongst which are the armour of Francis the First, and a whimsical arm-chair of King Dagobert.

The rooms containing the engravings form a

beautiful exhibition; specimens of the art from the earliest ages are selected and arranged according to their dates; the walls and sides of the windows are covered with frames containing the most exquisite examples of excellence, and immense numbers are preserved in sheets. There are some wood-cuts of very ancient date, much superior to any thing of the kind by living artists.

In one of the rooms of the library is a curious piece of workmanship by Titon du Tillet, called the French Parnassus; it is a very picturesque rock about eight feet high, made of some composition, and painted to imitate bronze so accurately, that I should not have discovered the deception had not a piece been broken off by some clumsy visitor, whose eyes were at the end of his cane. On the top is a figure of Apollo, and at different heights, according to their merits, (or at least M. du Tillet's estimation of them,) are placed all the poets who have distinguished themselves in France. The figures are of real sculptured bronze, each about ten or twelve inches in height, the faces worked into very excellent portraits. The whole is arranged with taste, and, though so whimsical, forms a very pleasing object. Apollo at the top, is a likeness of Louis XIV.

But the most striking object of attention to a casual visitor, who has not time to enter into a

minute examination of the contents of this great hotel, is a pair of globes, so large that, although the rooms are remarkably lofty, they were obliged to cut a circular aperture for each through the ceiling; they project about ten feet into the upper apartment, and are there surrounded by a ballustrade to keep them from injury. I never could receive pleasure from viewing a celestial globe, it seems to me so very preposterous a mode of representing the position of the stars; and this, with its monstrous sprawling dragons, disgusted me still more; but I cannot express the feeling with which I contemplated the other. It seems so enormous a mass of matter as to be perfectly unmanageable by a human being — too vast to grasp.

“ I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
The world turns round submitted to my view.”

I know not the date of these noble monuments of Coronelli; but from their appearance, and from the circumstance that none of the late discoveries in the Pacific Ocean are taken notice of, I conjecture them to be at least a century old, or perhaps more, as Lord Anson's voyage, and even some previous navigators seem to have been unknown to the author of them. The library is open every day to all the world, and the Public of Paris make great use

of it. I saw great numbers sitting at the tables, taking notes or copying from the scarce books, and admired the very respectful care which was taken of them. Paper and ink are always on the tables for the use of visitors. There are plenty of attendants to accommodate the readers, and to see that no injury be done to the books. Every attention is paid to the wishes of the Public, and from the manner in which the whole establishment is conducted, it is evidently exceedingly useful, and affords great facilities to authors who in this country would be totally excluded by poverty from such sources of information.

I have often had occasion to remark the feeling of *ownership* which seems to pervade the minds of all Frenchmen, with respect to the national collections and ornaments; it is this feeling which makes it practicable to admit the mob to all the museums without the least risk of their injuring any thing by vulgar astonishment or rustic examination. In Paris you see none of those attempts at immortality so common in London, by cutting the names or initials on monuments, or breaking off a little bit to take away as a specimen, like the man who carried a bit of the stone in his pocket to give people an idea of the house he was building.

The cabinets of medals, manuscripts, &c. are

only open two days a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, but, with a degree of liberality, (which has always distinguished the French,) foreigners are admitted at all times on shewing their passports. These kind of facilities indeed are afforded for viewing, and even copying, all curiosities and works of art at Paris, and the French use it as one great argument (the sole argument which has the slightest pretensions to validity) that the Allies ought to have left them in their possession, and have contented themselves with calling it the European Collection; the capital of France being beyond all doubt the centre of the civilized world. "We are the real distributors of Fame," said one of the most moderate and intelligent of the French gentlemen to me, — "a man may (added he) acquire reputation, and even be considerably known at London, Berlin, or Vienna, but unless his fame originates at Paris, or is afterwards impelled from thence, he cannot be considered as an eminent European character." I do not exaggerate when I say, that this is by no means an opinion confined to the vain, the ignorant, and the uneducated, but is spread amongst men of real learning and talent. It is not mentioned as a subject of boasting *ex cathedra*, but allusions are often made, which shew it to be the real sentiment of the nation.

The universality of the French language may

perhaps explain this, as whatever is published in France is soon known throughout Europe, if it deserves to be so, whereas the literary works of other nations must be subjected to a translation, and thus lose a great portion of their beauties before they can be accessible to the French. A modern writer, a most intelligent and unprejudiced Frenchman, condemns in very strong terms this kind of ignorant presumption, which he compares to the vanity of a blind man, who should boast that he was seen by all the world, while he saw nobody. The simile is very just and apposite. The Turkish Monarch has ambassadors from all the powers of Europe and the adjoining parts of Asia, at his court, but does not condescend to send any in turn. The natural and obvious consequence of which is, that while all the others know the politics of Turkey, he is totally ignorant of those of other states. The prevalence of the French language has been generally attributed to the victories of Louis the XIVth. but it seems to me a natural consequence, that as some one modern language must be fixed on for the intercourse between nations, *that* should be selected which had the easiest grammar and rules of pronounciation, and was therefore most easily acquired; and at the same time was the language of the most powerful and the most polished nation of the continent.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARACTER OF THE DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME. — CAUSE OF HER MELANCHOLY AND RETIRED MANNER. — RETURNED EMIGRANTS. — EFFECTS OF SOME ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS IN KEEPING UP THE IRRITATION OF FRENCH FEELINGS.

THE Duchess d' Angoulême is apparently rejected by all parties. The royalists accuse her of degrading the dignity of her station by condescension towards rebels and regicides, and the *modern French* are indignant that she does not sufficiently harmonize and assimilate with the "*novi homines.*" But worse than all this, she is a devotee. There is something very prepossessing in her countenance — an air of mildness and dignity, joined to a pensive melancholy, which never allows her features to relax into more than a *half* smile, the result evidently of a mind broken by misfortune. Her character was formed too early to admit of change at her present period of life. At the age when the feelings are most susceptible, and when filial affection is a pure instinct of Nature, occupying the whole soul, she saw her father and her mother cruelly murdered — her brother perish in prison — her friends and relatives massacred or

proscribed — her country torn to pieces with factions — the guilty flourishing — the good destroyed or beat down to poverty and shame ; she saw France become the terror and the disgrace of Europe, till the very name of Frenchman was a stigma ; the vulgar and bad man elected to supply the place of her amiable father, calling into action all the worst passions of human nature, and making them the passport to power and honour. Without a hope of returning to the rank of which she had been deprived, an exile in a foreign land, and depending on the bounty of strangers, what resource had a female so situated, but religion ? And is it wonderful that she clung to this sole support with fervour and enthusiasm ? The only firm friends of *her friends*, through poverty and perils, were the ministers of religion ; — every other class bowed the knee to Baal, while the clergy alone preferred exile to submission, or to the sacrifice of those principles in which they had been educated. When the Duchess of Angoulême saw such examples of disinterested fidelity in that class only, she may be pardoned for bestowing on them the greatest portion of her confidence, and for adhering very strictly to *the forms and ceremonies even*, of a religion which had stood the test of every species of persecution.

That she should also feel no great wish to associate with the vulgar and the vicious charac-

ters, who now supply the place of the former polished nobility of France, is still more natural. Perhaps there is no greater source of consolation under reverse of fortune, than self-respect; a feeling which, in weak minds is the sister of vanity, and the parent of affection; but with those of a different description is the strongest motive to maintain the integrity unspotted. Speaking only of the change of circumstances produced by the alternations of wealth and poverty, I have always observed that those that have been born and educated in rank and opulence, bear severe reverses better than others who, having raised themselves from humble station to power and consequence, are by sudden misfortune reduced to their original position; the former thinks himself still of as much respectability as ever, while the latter thinks that as it was money only which raised him, the abstraction of it has sunk him to nothing. He has, during his prosperity, acquired habits which he can no longer indulge — tastes which he can no longer gratify — ideas and feelings which “the world” will no longer concede to him. The former, perhaps, feels more pungently the petty mortifications of life, but the latter finds life itself a burden under the change; and it is a fact which I have often pointed out, that suicides are beyond comparison more frequent in this class than the other. But to return to my subject.

The Duchess of Angoulême, like many others, placed her pride in the observance of those delicacies of conduct which are supposed to distinguish people of birth and education; she cherished probably this feeling so much the more fervently during exile and poverty, as a set-off against the loss of fortune. She could no longer shew the dignity of her station by munificence — she endeavoured to do it by an additional attention to all those established forms of elevated society, which were yet in her power, and she could not overlook the least violation of them. When restored to her former rank, is it surprising that she found it impossible to conceal the abhorrence she felt for the murderers of her parents, and for their coarse and disgusting descendants; their manners and appearance took away all dignity from the bad cause, and shewed the change which had taken place in all its deformity. It is impossible she can ever harmonize with the children of the Revolution, and she will probably never become a favourite at Paris. People forget her life, and the early impressions on her mind; and they accuse her of being too sombre. They say the French court ought to be the gayest in the world, and that she casts a damp on that spirit of *enjouement* which sits so naturally on Frenchwomen. She *must* either affect gaiety or feel it, — if the former, it would be hypocrisy, — if the latter, levity, neither of

which qualities seem to form any part of her disposition.

The English do not seem to do justice to the character of this extraordinary woman. Her reserve when in England was called haughtiness, and I have often heard her blamed for exhibiting on public occasions that retiredness of manner which was supposed to be an assumption, and an undue assumption of superiority. The same people who are thus severe upon one of the finest living examples of female heroism, can deeply sympathize in the same feelings, when they meet with them in a novel ascribed to some North-British leader of highland ruffians, whose hereditary dignity goes no higher than the immemorial privilege of committing murder with impunity, or his female relatives, who, when the advance of civilization has brought them within the restraints of society, vent their exuberant consequence in a rude assumption of precedence in a ball-room.

I must be indulged with a few words more on the subject of the Duchess of Angoulême. One of the strong accusations against her intellect is, that when in exile, she was *notoriously* addicted to fortune-telling, and would often listen to absurd prophecies about the re-establishment of her family. A modern writer has defended this practice so much better than I can do it, that I take the liberty of quoting his excellent and humane ob-

servations on the subject ; at the same time entering my protest against the accusation, of being myself addicted to this weak amusement.

“ This is a snare more than any other calculated to allure the heart that is at once susceptible, unfortunate, and bereft of hope. Its native rectitude is insufficient to restrain it, and when least credulous, it still will yield to a temptation that for the moment shall lull the soul and fill it with soothing images. It is not that we mistake a dream for a reality, but it is a dream which alleviates by suspending (as long as it endures) the sense of misery. A dream that brings a respite to the pained and sinking soul, and by an interval of tranquillity renews its strength. I have met with persons, and particularly some of active imaginations, who never for a moment believed in such absurdities, and nevertheless gave up whole hours to this practice, merely as an amusement. Persons of this stamp resort to fortune-tellers when their minds are under the influence of any particular agitation, in the same spirit in which they build castles in the air, in their more composed and sanguine moments, while in reality they believe in neither the one nor the other.”

I never omitted an opportunity while in France, of raising my voice against that unfeeling ridicule of emigrants — of returned emi-

grants, which is now so common; they are lampooned, caricatured, and insulted, as it appears to me, without a shadow of reason. Some few of them may perhaps assume an undue portion of consequence, and the ostentatious display of a title, may look rather incongruous in a ragged coat, but in general there is no cause to complain of their conduct; if the man who has acquired their property by unfair means, be permitted to enjoy it with no other drawback than another possessing the name of it, he may surely think himself well off, and suffer the harmless vanity of the new-comer to evaporate in peace. The most sanguine of the returned emigrants cannot indulge a hope of restitution, although our worthy Chronicle labours most assiduously to propagate and maintain such hopes for the purpose of keeping the parties balanced, or at least of exciting such a degree of confusion, as shall give *interest to news*, and promote the sale of the paper.

The many changes which have taken place in what is called national property, make *actual* restitution absolutely impossible. The losers may at a future time perhaps be allowed pensions, but their lands can never be restored. It is singular that the French parliament should have committed so great an oversight, and so manifest an injustice as to order (in the year 1814) that all confiscated property *unsold*, should

be given up to the original proprietors: so that some have got back the whole, and others nothing; for it happened that many of the estates were, from their position or magnitude, unsaleable, or they did not admit of being divided; or it was more profitable to the Government to retain them in its hands, and let them out at rent. Of this nature is the Palais Royal, which though confiscated twenty years, had never been sold, but the Government had let it to respectable tenants, and received an annual rent. This was returned to the Duke of Orleans, and many other large masses of property have been restored in the same manner.

I believe it was Marshal Macdonald who brought forward a proposition to sell all which remained yet in the hands of Government, and to divide the product in equal proportions among the sufferers by the Revolution. This, though a very equitable plan, was strongly objected to from the asserted insuperable difficulty of ascertaining the amount of the respective claims.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of all the bad men on both sides of the water, I feel convinced that France will sink gradually into order and happiness, unless a quarrel amongst the Allies, or any mistaken views of economy, should induce them to shorten the period of coercion, which has been laid down as necessary. Only restrain the bad by force, till the

good have had time to take precautions, and furnish themselves with weapons, and there is then no fear of the consequences. The latter have suffered too much, ever to let the former regain their ascendancy.

The personal character of the King will go a great way towards producing this desirable consummation. It is to be hoped, that he will live long enough to accomplish it; for of all the presumptive successors to the throne, there is not one, but against whom there are great objections. The Comte d'Artois is older, much older in constitution, than the King; he is bigotted, and absurdly monarchical in his ideas. The Duke of Angoulême is a better man, but has the same defects; and the Duke de Berri is a sensual profligate. The only one of the family against whom the French would have nothing to object, is the Duke of Orleans; but although his character is irreproachable, and his talents universally acknowledged, yet he is so much the child and champion of the Revolution, that his return would probably destroy the tranquillity of all Europe.

Having alluded to the French clergy, I must take the opportunity of expressing my sentiments respecting them, as I had considerable intercourse with them, and was also enabled to correct my own impressions, by the testimony of many of my countrymen. No one

can have a more sincere disgust for the doctrines of Popish Catholicism, than I have; and I am quite of Swift's opinion, who stated as one of the strongest arguments against the abolition of Christianity, that it would inevitably introduce Popery. Yet I can reverence goodness, humility, benevolence, and piety, however erroneous the creed. I can even admire and respect that mistaken submission to the supposed will of God, which does not suffer the intellect to shake off the fetters of superstition; provided, at least, that this feeling be not carried so far as to destroy charity and toleration; and the French clergy, though Catholics, are *not* Papists. I know some men of strong minds, who admit scarcely any thing short of mathematical demonstration on every other subject, yet who believe, or *think* they believe, the most monstrous contradictions in their religious system. The fact is, they have so great an awe and reverence for every thing which treats of the relations of the creature and the Creator, that though perfectly capable of forming a correct opinion, if they chose to let their mind expand, they think it wrong to enter into the investigation.

I was once conversing (in England) with a Catholic clergyman, whose head I honour, and whose heart I love, on the subject of transubstantiation. I remarked that men of sense possessed nearly the same opinions on all such

subjects, that a man of his profession might not think it right to *confess* doubt or disbelief of *any part* of the doctrines of his church, lest it should weaken that claim to infallibility, which was so strongly asserted; which infallibility was the most comfortable conviction that a man could feel; and, (if we could ensure a succession of perfectly virtuous priests,) would be the happiest and best mode of managing the consciences of the world; it would give decided and unvarying motives of action, and quash the spirit of enquiry on religious subjects, into matters out of the reach of human intellect. I added, that it was actually impossible for any human being in his senses, to think the bit of bread he was eating, was really raw flesh, or the wine, blood. He might confess it in his creed, and say it was his belief, but that it was no more in his power to feel conviction of it, than to believe that seven and five, added together, made nine. The premises being once understood, the proposition was self-evidently false and impossible. My friend replied, (with a countenance which expressed his sincerity), “Why, Sir, the words of the Scripture are positive and distinct; Christ says, *this is my body, and this is my blood.* He does not merely say *this is a type of my body, and this of my blood.* And if we are to call his expression figurative, what becomes of other parts of his doctrine, and why may we

not suppose that his other precepts are figurative also, and thus get rid of all the obligations of Christianity at once ; besides," added he, " the Church of England asserts the doctrine of transubstantiation most unequivocally, and in the children's catechism, it says, that " the body and blood of Christ are *verily* and *indeed* taken and received by the Faithful in the Lord's Supper." I could make no reply to such a quotation, and immediately dropped the subject.

I relate this anecdote to shew the truth of what I have before asserted ; that a man may be virtuous, sensible, charitable, and sincerely pious, with the most preposterous creed. The man I speak of, is an honour to human nature, and fulfils the duties of his station with most exemplary fidelity ; and from all I have seen, I believe the Catholic clergy to be much more virtuous than the Protestants concede to them. In France, they appear to me to be a very *respectable* set of men, and those children entrusted to their care for education, are brought up in every respect, better members of society, than such as are taught in the modern philosophical schools. Absurdities of doctrine are shaken off as men grow up, and mix with the world, (unless their being destined to *teach* such absurdities should prevent it) ; but if habits of piety, of humility, of self-restraint, and of submission to the will of God, be not *very* early

impressed on the mind, there is little chance of their being thoroughly engrafted on the disposition, at a later period of life. Our passions make us *wish* so strongly to *disbelieve*, that the only chance of success, is to enforce the belief before they are developed.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRANCONI'S THEATRE. — THE CORN MARKET. — TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE PLACE DE CAROUSEL. — BUONAPARTE'S COLUMN TO THE GRAND ARMY. — BON MOT OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

FRANCONI's theatre is much like Astley's ; a circus for horsemanship, and a stage for pantomime. I only visited it once, and that for a very short time, and was extremely pleased with the performances. The horsemanship was not at all superior to what I had seen in London, but the pantomime was excellent : it represented a piece of Scottish history, and was a great favourite with the Public, on account of the extraordinary attraction of Scottish habiliments. They knew that the Highlanders had been amongst their bravest enemies, and their barbarous dress was the subject of everlasting witticisms ; every body was mad to read Ossian, and see Mr. Franconi's pantomime. The music was very good, and the whole performance entertaining. I paid only four-pence for my seat, which was in a very good part of the theatre. A rainbow, which was the concluding scene, was excessively beautiful ; I know not, at all,

how it was contrived, but it appeared too light and transparent for painting. A young daughter of Franconi, who exhibited extraordinary equestrian feats, invariably rode astride. The entertainment concluded by sending up a balloon, to which was attached a car, containing a tame stag. When up in the air, the car which was composed of fire-works was lighted, and enveloped the poor animal in fire, who bore it with perfect indifference.

The *Marché au Blé* is a very fine building; it is very large, and of a circular form, surmounted with a most elegant roof of iron, extremely light, and covered with copper. A circular window of plate glass in the centre of the roof, admits abundance of light; the whole building forming one immense dome, of about an hundred and thirty feet in height, has a noble effect, and appears almost too grand for its purpose. There is an additional outer circle of building, which consists of extensive granaries on arches, and answering the purpose of buttresses. In the centre of the building, bags of corn and flour are piled up in heaps thirty or forty feet high, of all shapes and sizes. The National Guards have always a picquet on duty here. I could not learn the diameter of the dome, but I think it must be at least as great as St. Paul's; the area which it encloses appears immense.

A great waste of labour is produced by the mode in which transfers of corn are made here; all of it being sent hither from the country, and re-distributed to the purchasers; so that it has probably to travel back very often to the spot it came from. I could scarcely make my French acquaintance believe, that in England these transfers were made with so much greater facility, on the faith of a few samples, carried in the pocket.

The triumphal arch in the great court of the Tuilleries, is blamed by almost every visitor as insignificant and in bad taste, and quite unworthy of the occasion. I do not think so, and nothing appears to me injudicious but its position. It stands in the centre of a square, more than four times as large as Lincoln's-inn-fields, which is divided nearly in the middle by a handsome iron railing, about fifteen feet high, of which the bars represent spears, with the tops gilt, and ornamented with a gilt tassel: the larger masses, which answer the purpose of posts to strengthen the fence, are the same spears gathered into a bundle and fastened with a gilt band. One side of this fence is called the Court of the Tuilleries, and the other the *Place de Carousel*. The division of the square into two, seems to have no motive, as the buildings on each side are a mere continued line of the

same architecture, and seem to form a *whole*. One side of the square is formed by the palace of the Tuilleries; the opposite, by that of the Louvre; the side next the water, by that immense range of building called the Gallery of the Louvre; and the fourth side by the new erections by Buonaparte, intended to correspond. All these buildings are very lofty, and highly ornamented. The triumphal arch then is nothing more than a gateway in the centre of the railing, for which purpose it seems much too large, and the railing prevents it from striking the eye as an insulated monument, for which, indeed, it is much too small; and this is the whole secret of its apparent insignificance, when it is really a very superb piece of sculpture, beautifully executed, and in the best taste. It is about fifty feet high, and about twenty-five deep in passing through it, but seventy or eighty feet in the direction of the railing. It has three arches, of which the middle one is fourteen feet high for carriages; another arch forms a passage parallel with the railing, and cuts the former three at right angles; eight columns of red marble with bronze capitals and pedestals, support a kind of entablature, on which are statues representing all the different uniforms of the French army. They are very minutely figured, and the sculptor has contrived to give a picturesque and elegant air even to the stiffest

costume, by a graceful disposition of the mantle.

On the top of the building is the car with the four gilt figures of Fame, which remain to hold the bridle of horses which are gone back to Venice. The idea of having a "Fame" to each horse, is rather whimsical, as the lady is usually described as a single personage, and though supposed to possess a kind of ubiquity, and to be in a thousand places at once, it seems strange that four of her *selves* should by accident be together.

Had this arch been made an entrance to a street, or to the garden of the Tuilleries, in a confined situation, where it would have been only viewed near, it would have been more admired. A tomb which strikes one as magnificent in Westminster-abbey, would appear contemptible if placed in the centre of Russel-square. The only fault I find in the construction of this monument is, the variety of the materials — there are stone, bronze, red marble, and white marble; gold, granite and various other things which destroy in some degree the singleness of the object. Nevertheless, had it been called a Gate instead of an *arc de triomphe*, it would have escaped condemnation.

The first time I saw the column in the *Place Vendôme*, I was rivetted to the spot with admiration. The same kind of pleasure is de-

rived from viewing this monument, as is given by a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture; it is not so much an admiration of the plan as of the execution; the quantity of the labour, and the excellence of the skill; and though the Gothic style is only an amplification of the *minute*, yet when there is magnitude sufficient to satisfy the mind, the effect is beyond comparison more impressive than the mathematical *fitness* of the Grecian; this too, is perfectly independent of that gratification which is derived from the early association of ideas, by means of which we connect such buildings with the age of chivalry and romance. I do not recollect ever to have felt a similar and equal pleasure from any work of art, except Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster-abbey, and King's College chapel at Cambridge.

This column has been so often described, that it is almost as well known by those who have not seen it, as by those who have. I shall not, therefore, attempt to run through a detail of its different parts and dimensions, but merely observe, that exclusive of the statue of Buonaparte, which has been taken down, it is about one hundred and thirty English feet in height, is built in very close imitation of the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome; and that the great mass of the pillar is stone, but that it is entirely covered with bass reliefs in brass, composed of the

cannon taken in the German war of 1805. At each corner of the pedestal is a most beautiful figure of an eagle holding a garland, which reaches all round, and of course forms a festoon on each side. The pedestal itself is entirely covered with representations of cannon, wag-gons, swords, cartouches, spears, lances, bay-onets, muskets, sashes, helmets, caps, coats, man-tles, feathers, gorgets, epaulettes, standards, trumpets, and every thing else relating to the dreadful art of war. They are arranged with great judgement; are in very bold relief, and so exquisitely finished, that the epaulettes are as minutely and as delicately worked as the originals they are meant to represent. In va-rious parts we see F. II. (for Francis the Se-cond,) on the colours which are supposed to be taken from the Emperor of Germany, and which that gentleman suffered to remain on his former visit to Paris. They are still there, and it is said, are to remain, though all the pictures on the subject, in the various public buildings, have been defaced. In a spiral scroll, all round the pillar to the top, are represented the series of actions which led to the extraordinary success of that war. The figures are about two feet high, and there must be at least three thousand distinctly sculptured, besides those indistinct masses which represent regiments in the dis-tance. The embroidery on their clothes is

worked very minutely, and the whole is finished in a most superb stile of elegance. I have stood an hour in admiration of it, tracing out the subjects, and my attention has been so completely absorbed, that I was scarcely aware that I had been ten minutes. The bass-reliefs represent every *action* and even *act* of importance, during that wonderful campaign of three months, from the departure of the troops from the camp at Boulogne, to the fatal battle of Austerlitz.

Just over the door which leads to the staircase in the inside, (by which you ascend to the gallery on the top,) is the following inscription :

Napoleo Imp: Aug: hoc monumentum belli Germanici anno MDCCCV trimestri spatio ductu suo profligati, ex ære capto, gloriæ exercitûs maximi dicavit.

Before I left Paris, however, they were effacing all these fine words, and at present the tablet will be left blank, to be filled up as occasion may serve, with any other name or names which may be most acceptable to the French at the expiration of five years; when the Allies are to leave them to the uncontroled expression of their sentiments. Buonaparte's statue, which formerly stood on the summit of the column, had been taken down on the former visit of the Allies, and replaced by the white flag. During his second reign the tri-coloured flag again superseded the white one, but in the present day

the plain banner of the Bourbons once more floats over a monument erected by their greatest enemy. There is a nothingness about the white flag, which is far from agreeable, and as it becomes dirty in a very short time after it is displayed, it certainly forms a most undignified emblem of national grandeur.

When the Emperor of Russia passed through the *Place Vendôme* on his first entry into Paris, he pointed to the statue on the summit of the column, and said, “ if they had placed *me* so high, *my* head would have turned giddy as well as his.” This *bon mot* was exactly suited to French taste, and was accordingly communicated with the rapidity of lightning, and gave a very favourable impression of Alexander’s abilities. I have heard it quoted an hundred times, as if it contained the very quintessence of all the fine things that ever were said or could be said on the subject of Buonaparte’s downfall.

The following pasquinade was once affixed to the base of this monument, in allusion to the statue on the top : —

Si la Place étoit pleine du sang qu’il a versé
Le cruel pourrait y boire sans se baisser ?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LOUVRE. — REMOVAL OF THE WORKS OF ART, —
CULTIVATION OF THE FINE ARTS IN FRANCE. — EX-
PRESSION OF LOUIS XVIII. TO LORD WELLINGTON.

BEFORE I had an opportunity and leisure to visit the Louvre deliberately, it was already despoiled of its principal glories, and exhibited a sad scene of confusion. Packing cases — workmen's tools — mortar — straw — chips, and fragments of marble, lay scattered about the lower rooms. There remained, however, a most magnificent collection of statues, well worthy of their noble habitation; indeed, comparatively few of them have been removed, and it is chiefly in the picture gallery that the ruin has been complete. There are amongst the statues some groups by modern French artists, which require only *age* to be placed on a par with those which have been taken away. There is one of "*Zephyr enlevant Psyche*," which is superior to any thing I have ever seen; the attitudes are so elegant and so beautiful, and the figures so exquisitely formed, that it appears to me the *ne plus ultra* of sculpture. A great number of valuable re-

mains of antient art are left, and I should think that those which have been removed are not above a fortieth part of the whole. There are also a very considerable number of splendid pictures remaining, and the exhibition, even yet, is superior to any other in Europe; it must have been most magnificent when complete, and I am not surprised at the intense feeling of mortification which the French have recently displayed. They say with some plausibility, "if you had taken them from us in the first instance, we should have acquiesced quietly, but having left them, and made a treaty of peace with us; you did thereby virtually acknowledge, that, however they had been acquired, they were now our property; and if they are taken away from us now, it ought to be confessed, that it is by 'right of conquest,' and then the acquisition of them by us, in the first place, is justified." It is in vain to reply, that they were never intended to remain, and that France having acceded to the first treaty, had received benefits, to which her relative situation by no means entitled her, on condition of an absolute renunciation of Buonaparte and his whole system and adherents; that by once more joining herself to his cause, she had really cancelled the former treaty entirely, and that the Allies had then a right to treat her according to the established usages of warfare. My usual argu-

ment was very short; if the works of art are a legitimate object of military plunder, those in the Louvre become the property of the Allies, in consequence of the battle of Waterloo: if they be *not* the fair spoils of war, then the French had no right to them; and they ought to be restored; but this is like arguing with a man who has just broken his leg, that all is for the best; which, however true in the abstract, is not exactly the best topic of consolation to the sufferer. If the works of art had not been removed from Paris, certainly the French would never have acknowledged that they were in any respect conquered; it was a shock more grating, as shewing the power of the victors, than from the value of the prize in question.

Even in the picture gallery, there remain a great number of fine paintings, among which "the Deluge" shines forth pre-eminent. There is also one of "the Dream of St. Ambrose," which seems to me impossible to be excelled in all the grand requisites of the art. The light in this great gallery is by no means well adapted to its purpose, as it comes in on both sides, and there are so many windows that the glare is very disagreeable. Many of the best pictures are absolutely invisible, except in particular parts of the room, and the effect of the whole exhibition is rather *astounding* than delightful. It must have been absolutely impossible to judge

each picture separately amongst so great a number, and those which exhibited the most glaring colours and contrasts, had alone a chance of attracting notice. The perspective of the room is more magnificent than can be conceived; the immense length of the gallery makes the extremity appear like a point, while the decorations of the room, the marble pillars, the mirrors, the gilding, the fretted ceiling, with all that good taste and unbounded expense could contrive for effect, make the *tout ensemble* splendid beyond the powers of description.

In the lower rooms I observed some exquisite specimens of Mosaic work, from Roman baths, &c. an admirable piece of sculpture representing Romulus and Remus suckled by a wolf, in jasper; a chair of porphyry, formerly belonging to Pius the Sixth; with an almost infinite number of sarcophagi, busts, small columns, cenotaphs, &c. besides a variety of beautiful statues; fragments of the Parthenon of Athens, and many other objects of curiosity, too numerous to specify.

There is a curious echo in one of these saloons; it is produced by two immense ancient vases, which stand at a considerable distance from each other; they are shallow and very smooth. If a person, standing on the outer side of one of them, speaks into it, he is heard distinctly by another person placed at the outer

edge of the other ; although perfectly inaudible to a third, standing between the two vases, or to any body in any other part of the room. This echo is evidently the result of the reflection of the voice to the ceiling, and thence into the other vase ; if the position of the two vessels were altered, even a few inches, the echo would be destroyed. A similar thing was exhibited some years ago by a travelling conjurer, and the same principle was probably in use with the ancient oracles. These, and a variety of such phenomena, prove incontestibly, that sound is not produced by the vibrations of the air, but of some much more subtle fluid which is contained therein.

It cannot be denied that the Fine Arts are more generally and more successfully cultivated in France than in England. The statues and vases which are exhibited in such profusion in the gardens and palaces of France, would each of them be an object of pilgrimage, if placed in England. Some of the vases in the gardens of Versailles, are so exquisitely sculptured, that had they been dug up from Herculaneum, instead of being the efforts of modern artists, they would be deemed to possess a value beyond calculation. The French estimate modern and living talent much more fairly ; and though they are certainly not deficient in admiration of the ancients, they render full justice to their contemporaries. It is

a common saying among artists, that they must go to England for money, but to France for honour and estimation. The very high respect paid to excellence in the fine arts, is a much stronger motive than mere emolument. The previous studies of a well-educated artist, generate a feeling of independence almost incompatible with sordid motives; and perhaps the greatest incitement to progress, is the hope of elevation to a higher grade in society. There is a sense of gratifying exultation in the reflection, that your own talents have levelled the prescriptive barriers of hereditary rank, and placed you on an equality with those who, but for such acquirements of yours, would have been your superiors: and as such superiors are usually possessed of better education, and more liberal feelings, they are by so much more desirable for familiar intercourse.

A number of strange stories are told of the remonstrances which passed between the French ministers and Lord Wellington, on the subject of the seizure of the objects of art in the Louvre. Every one persisted in believing that the finest specimens were to be carried to London, and, as a corollary it was said, that King Louis, after having argued the point a long time with the Duke of Wellington, said, "Very well, my Lord, the Prince Regent will have a dozen statues the more, and one great man the less," (*"Douze*

statues de plus, et un grand homme de moins.”) It was in vain that I asserted the improbability of such a thing; they were sure of it, and indeed most of them had their account from the ministers themselves. I was at first staggered with these positive assertions, but soon found that “direct from the minister” was like Lieutenant Bowling’s ladder to the Lords of the Admiralty, that is, they had heard it from a man who was first-cousin to the laundress that washed for the minister’s second gentleman. I was often told very gravely, that it had been agreed the statues and pictures should be sent first to Rome to save appearances, and thence shipped for England. Nay, they went so far as to assign stations to them.—The Apollo to decorate the stair-case at Carlton House, and the Venus de Medicis to take her station in the British Museum. I always answered, that England had acted consistently, and with dignity hitherto, and I did not think would disgrace herself for a few paltry statues.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ECRIVAINS PUBLICS.—BRIDGES OVER THE SEINE.—
 CURIOUS CUSTOM AT THE STALLS IN THE STREETS.
 — THE CRIES.—THE PAVEMENT.—THE FOUNTAINS.

IN most of the great streets in Paris, are to be found a number of stalls, sometimes made of boards, sometimes only of painted canvass, like the booths in a country fair, or travelling habitation of a tinker. They are the permanent residence of a class of men unknown in any other part of the world, except Turkey, Persia, and China, called *Ecrivains Publics*. It is a singular circumstance that such men are found only in countries of the lowest and highest degree of civilization, or at least of inter-social structure. Their office is to give “the wretch’s aid” to those unhappy beings, who either cannot write at all, are too busy, or who never can write well when the wind is in the east. These gentry who thus offer their services, keep a very extensive stock of love-letters, ready written, and a disconsolate dustman has only to select that which best expresses the ardour of his passion; it is immediately sealed with flames and darts, and

sets off to assure Fanny the fish-girl, that he is her *adorateur tres humble et tres respectueux*. Not that M. L'Ecrivain is at a loss for an extempore piece of eloquence, but as most of his applicants are under the painful necessity of trusting to *his* talents in composition; and as he knows from experience, what collocation of soft words will melt a milk-maid, and what a *soubrette*, he takes care to have a sufficient stock in hand to cause as little delay as possible. All this important service is performed for the very trifling remuneration of *three-pence* (six *sous*).

When you go into any public building, church, or indeed to an ordinary exhibition, you are not allowed to carry your cane with you; a man at the door receives it, and returns it when you come out; for this service the regular remuneration is *one penny*, for which you are entitled to a low bow and respectful thanks.

The *Pont des Arts* is a very light and elegant bridge, made of iron, and covered with planks; it is about thirty feet in breadth, and about four hundred in length, (one-third the length of London bridge;) it extends more than twice the width of the river, as it reaches from one quay to the other. Each side of the bridge in summer is covered with flowering shrubs, by the pro-

prietors of the toll, who make it a kind of market, and it forms a very pleasant and fashionable lounge — The toll is a halfpenny.

The *Pont d'Austerlitz* is also of iron, and is much larger; the mode in which it is supported is strikingly elegant, and it is certainly the handsomest bridge on the river. The *Pont de Jena* is of stone, remarkably plain and substantial, but in exceedingly good taste. It has a very bold cornice, and the piers are adorned with the eagle sculptured in bold relief, holding the thunder. Except these, it is totally devoid of ornament. The Prussians were unable to do any serious mischief to it, though they laboured very hard to blow it up; but it is built so well and so substantially, that they had not time to accomplish their object before the entrance of the other Allies deprived them of the opportunity.

In general all the bridges of Paris are much wider in proportion to their length, than ours are, and the *Pont au Change* is, I should think, twice as broad as Blackfriars; the parapets being very low, you see the passengers without obstacle, which gives a more animated appearance. The foot-paths, or "*trottoirs*," are covered with stalls, and they seem about the best stations for such gentry; but these encumbrances give a shabby appearance to the bridge, when you are upon it, and would be an intolerable nuisance, but for the very great width. — The

Pont Neuf is disfigured by a parcel of beggarly shops, in all the recesses over the piers.

A curious custom is observed at all the little stalls in the streets of Paris; viz. that of selling every article at the same price; the proprietor stands by his little cargo of varieties, and bawls out "the livelong day" the same set of words without intermission, "*cing sous la piéce,*" — "*Huit sous la piéce,*" — "*Vingt sous la piéce,*" or whatever may be the price of his various articles. I bought at the same stall a cane, a map of Paris, a clothes-brush, a large tumbler, and a purse, each for twenty-five sous. The same stall contained toys in great numbers, books, slippers, spurs, and a thousand other things. There is a great advantage in this practice; you are not under the necessity of marketing, and of course cannot be cheated but by your own want of skill and judgment. It is disagreeable not to buy in a shop when one has asked the price of an article, but as all the various wares are here exposed at once to view, you give no trouble by looking them over, and if you think them too dear, you can walk away without ceremony. In general, the things are sold exceedingly cheap at these places; the men have no taxes to pay, and a very small profit is sufficient for their very humble expences. It is surprizing how much of this irregular kind

of traffic is carried on in every street in Paris. I believe that the shops do not depend much on chance custom ; if they did, they would wage war very unequally with these industrious vagabonds. Although this mode of carrying on trade has a very uncommercial air, it contributes much to the interest excited by the appearance of the streets of Paris. My first exclamation was, that the town resembled a glass bee-hive — each could see what all the rest were doing. A modern traveller makes the same remark, and all who have been at Paris will acknowledge, how completely it conveys the sensation excited by a ramble through its bustling avenues — the hubbub of London is as silence in the comparison.

The cries exceedingly resemble those of London. Water, which is retailed through the streets all day, and employs a great number of men, is heard under the sound of *glieu* (meant for *l'eau*,) and is prolonged for half a minute with an exquisite *ad libitum* cadenza — it struck me as exactly the same as *milk* in London, which we all know resembles the *word* milk about as much as the fluid itself does the reality. The other exclamations are perfectly unintelligible, and are only understood (like our own) from association of ideas, by which we can connect contrarieties as easily as resemblances.

The mode of lighting the streets is certainly

better than our own, till the introduction of gas. The lamps are large, and suspended in the middle of the street by a rope from each side; they are let down by means of a pulley, one end of the rope being shut up in a box in the wall, of which the lamplighter keeps the key; they are hung very high, and are furnished on each side (up and down the street) with a reflector, like the section of a funnel. I remember seeing one of the same kind at Patrick's in Newgate-street; by means of this reflector no light whatever is lost, as it cannot escape upwards; whereas, in our mode, one half of the light is absorbed by the dark-coloured wall to which the lamp is attached; the white houses of Paris also make *the most* of the light thus given them, while those of London give back none at all.

It is hardly necessary to mention a fact, so generally known and so universally complained of, as the absence of side-pavement in the streets of Paris. Carriages, horses, and foot-passengers all mingle together in one promiscuous mass, and the only guard for the weak consists in a set of low stone posts placed against the walls, to prevent carriages from breaking the windows. When you are very hard drove, you retreat to the wall, and fixing yourself close to one of these *bornes*, you have the pleasure of kissing the upper edge of the wheel as it passes by, and

covers you with mud, thus ascertaining, to a hair's breadth, how near you can go to a waggon without being crushed. Accidents are continually occurring, and very often prove fatal; yet it is impossible to convince the people of the practicability of adopting the English plan. The reason they assign is the number of coach-gates in every street, so that the pavement must be interrupted every sixty feet; but although this is a reason for not being able to make a continued pavement, it is not a reason for having none at all, and as stone is so exceedingly cheap here, Buonaparte might have given the Parisians the comfort and advantage of the plan for not much more than he laid out in useless monuments. However, he best knew the taste of his subjects, and that he should please them better by monuments of glory than of utility.

The fountains, which are the subject of extravagant praise, are certainly elegant and useful, but in point of real value they will not bear a comparison with the mode in which London is supplied with water. Perhaps the scarcity of this article at Paris may account for, and in some measure excuse, that neglect of cleanliness which is so offensive to the senses of an Englishman. You buy water at a penny a bucket-full (*voie d'eau*), and this being a tax which it is possible to *evade*, many choose to give the three or four pence for a cup of coffee, rather

than for so many pails of water. Buonaparte built several new fountains, some of which are worth notice; that on the *Boulevard du Temple*, near the *Porte St. Martin*, is composed of several circular shallow vases, one above another, gradually diminishing to the top; they are beautifully and most classically sculptured, and the abundance and transparency of the water, as it falls from one to the other, produces a very charming effect. At the base are eight Egyptian lions coupled, which throw the water from their mouths into another circular reservoir at the base, of considerable size, within reach of the water porters. This fountain being in the centre of a very public promenade is a conspicuous object, and in fine weather is surrounded with people who stand to admire it; the trees add to the effect, and the whole is a judicious specimen of good taste; it is the only fountain in Paris, I believe, which supplies water faster than it can be emptied; in general, we see the porters standing round for a considerable time before it comes to their turn to dip. As mere objects of ornament, fountains are certainly very beautiful appendages to a great city, but their utility has a sad drawback in winter, when they are covered with ice, and all the streets round about are almost impassable from the water slopped from the pails and frozen, making it almost impossible to keep on one's feet, and very

dangerous for horses and carriages. During the latter part of my stay, they were all frozen up, and the porters were obliged to bring ice from a distance as a substitute. With the facilities we have in London, what beautiful ornaments of this nature might be erected at a small expence; but Englishmen in general seem too easily satisfied with comforts only, and they despise appearances further than good sense requires. There are many fine situations for ornamental fountains in London, though if they are to be erected in the same taste as that hideous thing in the Green Park we are certainly better without them.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARRIERS. — THE QUAYS. — THE MODE OF WASH-
ING. — COOKERY. — THE FLOWER-MARKET. — COFFEE-
HOUSES. — PALAIS ROYAL.

THE Barriers of Paris are nothing more than toll-gates, but larger and more ornamental; they are about the distance from the mass of the town that Kennington Common, or the cross road at Islington, is from London. Walls run from one to the other, and completely environ the town, so that it is impossible to bring any thing in without paying the very heavy tax which is laid on here. All articles of food and general consumption, wines, spirits, &c. pay a large sum, which indeed forms a considerable source of revenue to the state. Those who wish to drink wine at half price must go outside the barriers, where there are plenty of public-houses for that express purpose, which are frequented on Sundays like the White Conduit House and Bagnigge Wells.

The Quays, as they are called, do not join the river, but are a raised road, formed by a very substantial stone wall, at about thirty or

forty feet from it on each side. The goods are landed on that space, and not on the quays, which are only carriage-ways and foot-paths. The parapet is always covered with second-hand books, which are spread along almost the whole length. These quays are certainly of great public utility, and the best of Buonaparte's undertakings.

The edge of the water inside the quays is lined with a row of washerwomen. I observed them even to-day, (Novem. 19.) in great numbers, though the ground is covered with snow, and the air intensely cold. All weathers are these poor creatures thus exposed. They kneel in a little machine like a wheel-barrow with two legs in front, instead of a wheel, and sit half in the water. The washing consists only of dipping the clothes into the water, pulling them half out, and thumping them over the edge of the barrow with a short wooden spade. The clothes are previously soaped at home, otherwise, I should not think them much cleaner for such washing. These rows of women, all with red checked handkerchiefs on their heads, form a curious spectacle.

An Englishman is surprised at the kind of music which he hears in the streets; ballad-singing perambulation seems to be practised here by quite a different class from those who annoy us in the streets of London. They ge-

nerally sing very well, and with a considerable knowledge of music, always accompanying themselves on some instrument, as the guitar or harp. I have heard some voices in the streets of Paris, which are not to be equalled on the London stage, except by a small number of the best. French music is very scientific, very *chromatic*; but by no means pleasing. It is only when they play German pieces, that one can receive much pleasure from it. This art is cultivated much more generally than in England, and I have often heard the people at work in the fields, singing in concert extremely well.

Almost all the shops and restaurateurs' dining rooms are ornamented with a profusion of the most beautiful plate-glass, in mirrors, &c.; they are often, however, left with two or three summers' fly-marks upon them. The people seem to think, that if they have once been fitted up in high style, there needs no future care and cleanliness, and accordingly the walls are allowed to become abominably dirty; this too seems more conspicuous from the splendour. Marble tables and side-boards, silver plates, dishes, basons, and soup-tureens in astonishing abundance, in what appear to be only second or third rate houses. I was astonished at the quantity of plate in common use. Some houses are punctiliously clean, notwithstanding the fashion; as *Very's*, *Massinot's*, and *Café de*

Milles Colannes, &c., and in all, you have linen of snowy whiteness, without a spot. Every one is furnished with a clean napkin, and the whole economy of the table is a striking contrast to the negligent and dirty appearance of the walls and floor.

In general, I admire French cookery very much. But those dishes which are peculiarly pleasing to French palates, are in my mind the worst. The variety is astonishing; I have seen bills of fare, in which two hundred and eighty different dishes were enumerated. At first, I supposed them to be like Boniface's larder, but my friend soon convinced me that they really had all this Heliogabalan variety ready to put on the table; ten or twelve kinds of soup; fish of six or eight kinds, dressed each in as many different modes; beef in twenty ways; mutton and veal in similar fashions; poultry, vegetables and fruit, tarts, &c. &c. &c. The name of the dish has very little to do with its merits, as the sauce makes a savoury dish out of cocks' combs, chickens' feet, or pigs' ears.

One of the dishes I was very fond of, (till I learnt the mode in which it was made,) *omelette soufflée*. Each person's allowance comes in about the size of a quartern loaf, and resembling a batter-pudding, but two or three blows with the back of a spoon, reduce it to the size of an egg. A spoonful of batter, I

understand, is put into a frying-pan, and while cooking, is blown up to that enormous size, by means of a long pipe and the cook's lungs. I could not reconcile myself to it, when once I understood the *manufacture*, though we eat veal in England which is served in the same manner; and make no qualms on the occasion.

Warm plates are a luxury totally unknown; and you cannot persuade a Frenchman that they add to the comfort of dinner; the coldest day in winter it is impossible to obtain one, and they think it perfectly ridiculous to wish for such a thing.

The *Marché aux Fleurs* is an oblong square, on the banks of the river, planted the whole length, with four parallel rows of trees, which are yet but young. There is a broad walk along the middle, the flowers and shrubs being arranged on each side in splendid profusion. In the middle of November I saw abundance of roses, tulips, mignonette, and ranunculus, in the highest perfection. They tell me there is some mode here of forcing these sorts of flowers into an unnatural state of health and beauty, by means of lime. I noticed, at least, that all those which I, or any of my friends bought, were presently dead; and pots of ranunculus which seemed to have a succession of flowers to last a considerable time, were quite withered in a week. A long row of orange-trees in full

bloom, formed part of this exhibition, and scented the air all around. I have often had occasion to notice the attention of the French Government, (under all its changes,) to take all opportunities of making every thing that can be called *public*, ornamental. This *Marché aux Fleurs* forms a very delightful promenade; draws a great number of customers, and is in no respect more expensive than the confused jumble of stalls and rubbish at Covent Garden; a place where a respectable woman can hardly make her appearance, while the same establishment at Paris is an ornament to the city.

The number of coffee-houses at Paris is really astonishing; yet they seem all well filled. For what they call a *demi tasse de café*, (but which is really a good sized cup and *saucer* full,) they charge 8 sous, and they give you sugar enough for half a dozen cups. The custom is to put as many lumps into your coffee as it will dissolve, and pocket the remainder. The first time I saw this trick, I set the man down for a shabby rascal, and mentioned the circumstance to my friends: they laughed at my barbarous notions on the subject, and said it was universal. I had proof enough afterwards, having seen men of the highest rank do the same thing, and, in short, though it is impossible to use all the sugar they give you in your coffee, I never saw any body leave a single piece behind them;

and the waiters seemed to give a contemptuous glance of pity on my squeamishness, which would not allow me to follow the example.

The universal custom at Paris, is to take coffee without milk, immediately after dinner, and always to finish with a glass of *liqueurs*. This last is furnished in small glasses, about half the size of a wine-glass, and costs six, eight, or ten sous. The glass is always filled till it runs over and fills the little stand. I found this very disagreeable, as it was sticky and dirty to the fingers; but Frenchmen seem always determined to have as much as they can for their money.

The *Palais Royal* is the place of paramount interest to all strangers visiting Paris. It is a very large and high building, forming an oblong square; like all others in this great town, it is built of very handsome freestone; a row of pilasters support the upper stories and form piazzas on the three sides of the building which are finished; the fourth is composed only of temporary wooden sheds to complete the quadrangle. The square thus enclosed is a garden; and rows of trees down each side with a space in the centre for flowers and flowering shrubs. The shops under the piazzas are the gayest in Paris; they are divided in general into very small compartments, but are fitted up with great taste and expence.

Here live the most fashionable jewellers, cutlers, perfumers, tailors, watchmakers, goldsmiths, hatters, and booksellers: here are the handsomest coffee-houses and restaurateurs. A great number of exhibitions of all kinds find here their supply of visitors. The story above is composed of club-houses, gambling-houses, brothels — more coffee-houses and restaurateurs — higher still, the same or worse.

Every thing which Paris contains is here to be found. It is one vast “Exchange” of vice and vanity, and forms a kind of metropolis of itself. From seven in the morning till twelve at night, this great square is thronged with visitors of all descriptions; thousands are always walking about, lounging in the shops, promenading the piazzas, or sitting under the trees in the garden eating ices, and reading newspapers and pamphlets. Amongst the loungers, we observe great numbers of a description that are never seen walking for pleasure in London, except on a Sunday, but very often, when you enquire, you find them “all honourable men.” The Allies of course add very considerably to the bustle in this extraordinary vortex. I have seen more than five hundred Prussian officers in the place at once.

The continued movement — the noise — the succession of brilliant objects — the music — altogether produce a strange feeling of delight.

ful confusion. At night, when every window in the whole building is illuminated, the scene is exceedingly beautiful, and in some degree resembles Vauxhall, but that the crowd is so much greater in proportion to its size. It seems a little world of itself, and to one who does not know, or who does not at the moment reflect, of what materials this motley assembly is composed, it is really a most interesting spectacle.

I have been told of many detestable exhibitions which this place contains; but having no wish to ascertain facts so disgusting and so humiliating to human nature, I cannot speak from my own knowledge, nor can I admire the inverted sense of delicacy in those who seek out proof, on purpose to display pious indignation, at that of which they ought ever to be ignorant.

CHAPTER XX.

CELEBRATION OF HIGH MASS AT THE CHURCH OF ST. ROCH.—THE FEELINGS WHICH IT INSPIRES.—TENETS OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.—AURICULAR CONFESSION.

I HAD frequently attended the celebration of high mass in England, and had often admired it as a fine and imposing spectacle, but never saw it in so great a degree of perfection as on a festival at the church of St. Roch. I do not remember the occasion, but am not likely ever to forget the ceremony or the feelings it inspired. I had been previously harassed with unusual fatigue; had passed several nights of broken rest, and had pursued my studies with a degree of assiduity and intensity which had quite unhinged my nerves, and left me in a state of body approaching very nearly to hysterical agitation. Under a feeling so oppressive and distressing, I looked about anxiously for something to turn the current of my thoughts, and tranquillize the painful irritation of my brain. The church of St. Roch was open and illuminated with unusual splendour. I passed in, and hiring one of the little chairs, of which

many hundreds are always ready, seated myself and waited patiently for the commencement. The long preparation added still to the effect, the organ swelled out its majestic tones with the most exquisite modulation I ever heard. The music of the Romish ritual is exceedingly fine, and here it was heard to the fullest advantage — the venerable air and magnitude of the building — the great numbers of the communicants — the gorgeous habiliments of the long train of priests — the splendour of the prolonged ceremony — the exquisite chanting of the singers — altogether were infinitely impressive. I was so overpowered with my own emotions, that I could scarcely stifle the hysterical sobs which rose in spite of my exertions ; I felt a sensation of awe, of reverential awe, which made me almost dread to lift up my eyes, lest I should encounter the reproofing glance of an offended Deity. My conscience brought before me all the faults I had ever been guilty of, and I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own unworthiness and reprobation ; forgetting for the moment, that I was assisting at a communion of which I was not a member ; I knelt down and received the sacrament with as sincere a devotion as ever influenced the breast of the most bigotted believer in modern miracles. I thought not of the peculiar tenets of Catholic or Protestant, and only reflected on the power and

the mercy of the Creator, and on the miserable impotence and unworthiness of human nature; I thought on that PERFECT MAN who sacrificed his life for the benefit of his abandoned fellow creatures; and I ate the bread in reverential commemoration of His sufferings. My feelings were excited to a degree of intensity, which could not long have continued without causing madness. I wished to retire, but had not the power to remove myself; on a sudden some quarrel at the door respecting a dog which had been admitted into the church, turned the whole course of my ideas, and all the pomp and magnificence which had before produced so strong an effect on my mind, faded into nothingness and folly. I returned home dissatisfied and disappointed.

When I "communed with my own heart in my chamber, and was still," I reverted to the occurrence of the day. My body was now renovated by rest and refreshment, and I could calmly review my feelings and the cause of them. How did all the magnificent spectacle I had witnessed, sink into nothing, when compared with the humble prayer of a contrite heart. I was angry and dissatisfied with myself, at the conviction that pressed itself upon me, that the feelings which were at the moment so sublime and overwhelming, were really the result of corporeal, and not of intellectual impressions, and

that the same ceremony would have had no such effect had I been in health and vigour; yet the highest enjoyment of these blessings would not have incapacitated me from relishing and sympathizing with the ardent unaffected piety, the saint-like purity of devotion which characterized the late Hugh Worthington; a man, whose religious tenets I know not, but whose lively, influential faith, whose energetic performance of his duties, whose exquisite simplicity of heart, and overpowering eloquence, rendered him a worthy member of the ministry of Christ, and an honour to human nature.

When I considered more deeply the nature of the feelings which I had just experienced, I recollected how often I had witnessed a similar enthusiasm in ignorant and uninformed minds, excited by the senseless rant of a Methodist preacher; how often I had seen a degree of devotion bordering on insanity, produced by a foolish and unmeaning collocation of words, which to *me* conveyed no ideas at all; I felt humiliated at the reflection, that with my boasted advantages, I had been at least equally excited by a ceremony which was in itself as unmeaning and ridiculous; and I was more and more convinced, that the simple, unaffected utterance of the real feelings of an humble and repentant spirit, must be more acceptable to the GREAT GOD OF NATURE, than all the pomps and cere-

monies which the mis-directed ingenuity of man has ever contrived. Had I been assisting at a sacrifice in the Temple of the Sun, or in the palace of Jagerhaut, I should perhaps, have experienced equally vivid emotions, and been equally abstracted, and incapable of forming a reasonable judgment.

The sublime is a very short distance from the ridiculous, and the more splendid and magnificent a ceremony, the more easily is it turned into ridicule. Human nature cannot long bear great elevation, without a certain consciousness of insignificance obtruding itself on our most pompous abstractions, and the higher we have risen, the more rapid and profound is our fall. Let us then make our humility, our pride, and we shall not fear the transitions which are so fatal to the opposite system.

The King of France, who has himself experienced the consolations of religion, is sincerely anxious to re-establish it in his dominions. It is a great misfortune to him, that the religion of his forefathers, in which he has been educated, is a religion of pomp and show, which at the same time makes larger demands on credulity, and even on self-government, than most men are willing to allow. Had it been his lot to have professed the Protestant, or rather any other still simpler form of worship, he would have had much less difficulty in restoring his nation

to that state of religious feeling which has been by every mode discouraged for the last five and twenty years. His processions and his masses excite only ridicule, and many are disgusted with the thing itself from the contempt which the forms of it inspire. This is the opinion of the most intelligent and respectable men in France, and has often been a subject of regret and disappointment. No one doubts the necessity and advantage of restoring religious habits and feelings, but most of them doubt or deny that the mode now adopted is calculated to produce the intended effect. Men have been set a thinking, and the mummeries of catholic pageantry are no longer impressive. By association of ideas too they are connected with the age of tyranny and oppression, and in reviving the old forms of worship, people fear the revival also of that arbitrary system of government, which it was the object, and the legitimate, object of the Revolution to destroy.

Religion itself is so consoling, and so delightful a resource from the unavoidable miseries of Nature, that no man of sense and feeling but would wish it to be the ruling principle of his fellow-creatures. The excellent Dr. Beattie, says, in speaking of the philosophers who would shake our faith in the justice and omnipotence of the Deity. — “ Caressed by those who call themselves *the great*, engrossed by the formali-

ties and fopperies of life, intoxicated with vanity, pampered with adulation, dissipated in the tumult of business, or amidst the vicissitudes of folly, *they* perhaps have little need and little relish for the consolations of religion; but let them know that in the solitary scenes of life there is many an honest and tender heart pining with incurable anguish, pierced with the sharpest sting of disappointment, bereft of friends, chilled with poverty, racked with disease, scourged by the oppressor; whom nothing but trust in Providence, and the hope of future retribution, could preserve from the agonies of despair. Will they, with sacrilegious hands, violate this last refuge of the miserable, and rob them of the only comfort which had survived the ravages of misfortune, malice and tyranny? Will they disturb the tranquillity of virtuous retirement—deepen the gloom of disappointment, and aggravate the horrors of the grave?"

How lamentable is it then, that the sincere and meritorious attempt to restore this blessing to a nation which has suffered so much, (and made other nations suffer so much,) from the want of it, should be rendered nugatory by the forms and ceremonies attached to it. Forms and ceremonies which were adapted to the age in which they were invented, but are totally incompatible with the great advancement that has

taken place in the developement of human intellect.

Perhaps one of the strongest objections to the Catholic religion in France is, the authority claimed by the priests in the article of confession, which is manifestly an infringement of intellectual liberty that cannot be tolerated in a nation so far advanced in civilization. It is a claim of superiority which we cannot fairly concede to human beings, whom we know to be subject to the same passions and weaknesses, liable to the same infirmities and frailties, the same errors, and the same crimes; and who have, equally with ourselves, need to implore the mercy of their Creator.

In spite of these objections against the practice of auricular confession, I must continue to think it an excellent instrument in the education of children; if judiciously exercised, it may be a most important means of annihilating the first rudiments of vice, and turning aside the steps, which though apparently deviating but little from the right path, will, in the end, lead to misery and crime. I have the pleasure of knowing intimately some very respectable Catholic families, and I have admired very strongly the perfect purity of thought which has been encouraged and established by this method of tuition.

It may be said that a *parent* is the best and most natural depository of a child's confession;

and that none other can be so well qualified for the office of monitor. — Not so. — The strongest motive which can actuate the breast of a child, is the wish to acquire the affection and esteem of its parents, and it will endeavour to retain these even by the sacrifice of truth. You cannot induce it to confess to *them* the petty faults and improper ideas which have been either spontaneous, or the result of evil communications, because it will always fear to lose their regard, and, although forgiven, feel itself less worthy in their eyes — an impression which should be most cautiously avoided, for self-respect is one of the strongest motives of human nature. But it may acknowledge its little transgressions to the priest under the seal of secrecy, and thus avoid the shame of exposure; and the priest, if a good man, (as I believe they are, much more generally than is allowed,) can always give such advice to the parents as shall be calculated to benefit the respective dispositions of the children who fall under his care. However, I would strictly confine the practice of confession to *children*; when they are old enough to conceive a proper abstract idea of the Creator, and no longer think him an old man sitting in the sky, they should be taught to confess and hope for pardon only from their Maker. To prolong the period of subjection to this inquisition, is either to shock and disgust their

ideas of right and wrong, or it is the means of distorting their judgment to fit the practice.

In the prayer books of Catholic congregations, I have been often disgusted to find very long and detailed censures and arguments on crimes, of which (but for such admonitions) children would generally remain for ever ignorant.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRUSSIAN ARMY. — DRESS OF THE OFFICERS. — RUSSIAN ARMY, THEIR VERY DIFFERENT BEHAVIOUR. — DUEL BETWEEN A RUSSIAN AND A FRENCH OFFICER. — CONDUCT OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH RECIPROCALLY.

I CONFESS myself very much disappointed in the Prussian army, and especially the officers. I expected to find the former, stout large men, well-disciplined, with iron visages: and the latter had always been described to me as elegant, martial figures, and peculiarly dignified in their deportment — how widely different was the reality! The men (except the King's body guard) were almost without exception small, sickly, mean-looking, undisciplined rabble, and more like a band of robbers than a regular army; and the officers more foppish and fantastical than any caricature could possibly do justice to. They are drawn in at the loins like an earwig, with a band so tightly fastened that they seem almost divided; and really one cannot help fearing that they will tumble down and break asunder. They are stuffed and padded over the chest, till they look like women, or craw-pigeons. Their hair is frizzed behind into a bushy

wig, and cut smooth over the forehead; their pantaloons are stuck out at the side of the leg with wire and leather, till they occupy as much space as a lady's hoop; high heels and spurs sixteen inches long, complete the lower part of the figure; the head is ornamented with a cap of which the crown is much wider at the top than next the brim, and it is kept on the head by a black strap, which instead of coming *under* the chin, as adopted by all others, crosses the point of the chin, and thus divides their comical flat faces diagonally into two equal parts. Their manners do justice to their dress, and are so insufferably insolent that quarrels daily arise with the French, and not unfrequently with the English. That blundering old fellow Blucher encourages this feeling of *conquerorship* in his army, and we all know that it is much more easy to be obeyed in such sort of commands, than in the opposite system of restraint. I never yet could exactly agree in the excessive admiration of that man which has been so fashionable. He has lost every battle he ever fought, very frequently when the time and place were his own selection, and his army considerably more numerous than his enemy. His courage and perseverance are undeniable, but the former has frequently been only the fury of revenge, and the latter obstinacy in despair. The French are especially indignant at the pre-

sent conduct of the Prussians. "Men (say they) who never could stand against us in the field, even when they were defending their homes on their own soil; who carried submission to its uttermost extreme while we were their masters, will come here, *behind the English*, and ravage the country with unnecessary, wanton, and foolish cruelty. Oh, (say they) if we ever go to war with them again, woe to their recollections of France; — only leave us to fight it out fairly, and if they ever gain one battle we will lay down at their feet in silence."

I have heard many young men of property say that they would willingly give up every farthing they possessed, and go as private soldiers for the sake of wreaking vengeance on the Prussians. Should they really quarrel with Prussia, and that power be not immediately succoured by the others, I think the French would fight stone walls, and perform "*impossibilities*" to accomplish the burning of Berlin.

Although the Russian officers imitate the Prussians a good deal in their dress, they are far from adopting that supercilious and empty puppyism of manner which makes the latter so ridiculous. There is scarcely an instance of a quarrel between the Russian officers and the French, although duels were exceedingly common between French and Prussians. The manners of officers are, of course, adopted by the

soldiers in their respective spheres of action, and accordingly nothing could form a more decided contrast than the conduct of the two armies. I know a family in whose house thirty-four Russians were quartered for several months, to whom they were obliged to furnish three meals a day *gratis*; a little straw was all the bed which was required, and *washing* quite supererogatory. During the whole time, and with several changes of inmates, they never committed the least disturbance, — took care not to make any noise, and were constantly apologizing for the inconvenience to which they subjected the family, — voluntarily performed every household office, and executed little commissions in the markets, &c. with scrupulous fidelity. They rapidly acquired the French language, and spoke it without a foreign accent. Some of them were Tartars from the frontiers of China, and some of them Cossacks from the banks of the Don; yet they were all equally mild and gentle in their behaviour. I have often asked Russian officers by what art they were enabled to retain such a set of half civilized savages in the bonds of good order and morality, and the reply has generally been the same. “By love for the sovereign.” “You cannot conceive,” said they, “to what a degree of enthusiasm they carry their affection for Alexander — there is scarcely a private soldier in the

whole army who ever drinks without mentioning his name, or goes to bed without a short prayer for his safety; they know his wishes, and they strive to fulfil them. — Such a character as that of our beloved Emperor will do more to civilize the empire than could be accomplished by authority in ages.” As far as I had an opportunity of judging, they are correct in their opinion. Mildness of character, if it be accompanied by personal courage and contempt of death, is the most “taking” quality which the commander of an army can possess, and even the rough soldier admires gentleness in his commander. Alexander has many real claims on the love of his troops; he visits the wounded and the sick with an air of interest and of compassion which is not affected; he is anxious to reward merit, and carefully seeks out the examples of it; at the same time he has that happy art of conferring a favour which so very few can attain, which enhances tenfold the gift, and reconciles those who are less fortunate to the success of their comrades. He is often called a “weak man,” which is to be interpreted a man with some degree of conscience. Happy had it been for Europe, if the thrones of every state had been filled with such weak monarchs for the last century.

One instance of duel between a Russian and French officer did however occur during my

stay at Paris. Captain B. was breakfasting at the *Café Montansier*, in the Palais Royal, with Captain R., an officer of the Legion of Honour, and formerly aide-du-camp to Carnot, in his defence of Antwerp. A Russian officer came in, who had been taking his breakfast with a friend by invitation, and had drunk two bottles of Champagne with it (a common article at breakfast here;) he swaggered about the room for some time, talking loudly of a recent success of the Russians in taking some town on the frontiers of France; from this he digressed to the campaign of Moscow, and becoming more and more inflamed with the glorious recollections which rushed into his giddy brain, at last marched up to B., and taking hold of the order of the Iron Crown, which appended to his button-hole, stammered out, "Did - - - you get this at Moscow, Sir."—B. started up, struck him a violent blow on the ear, which sent him to the other side of the room, and replied, "You got that at Paris, Sir," Of course the business could not rest here, — a coach was called, — B. got into it with R. as his second, while two Prussian officers, who happened to be in the room, accompanied the Russian, to perform the same office for him. They reached the *Champs Elysées*, and having selected a retired spot, the parties prepared for action. In a very few passes B. perceived that his adversary was

completely at his mercy, as the wine he had drank had now made such progress in confounding the intellects of the Russian, that he could no longer parry or thrust with the least chance of success. A generous man, under such circumstances, if he would not have deferred the contest, would at least have been satisfied with inflicting such a wound as would disable his opponent without destroying his life; but B. *had* been at Moscow as well as his second, and had, like him, left a few toes behind him, the *mortification* he then experienced would be satisfied with nothing less than summary revenge; he therefore passed his sword through the belly of his antagonist, with the edge turned outwards, and cut through the whole length; the Russian fell instantly, and his bowels protruded shockingly. Captain R. then said, "Come gentlemen, which of you is to finish the affair with me." "Why Sir," said one of the Prussians, "you must have observed, that we did not countenance or encourage this gentleman in the insult he gave to your friend. We allow it to have been gross and unprovoked, and we only accompanied him hither from a sense of duty, as the two nations are allied, and, of course, have a right to expect mutual succour. We have no quarrel with you, Sir, unless you choose to think so, and in that case you will have the goodness either to select your man, or we will

draw lots which of us is to have the honour of fighting you." "Indeed," said R. "I have not the least inclination to fight for fighting's sake, therefore I will simply request you to take care of the wounded man to the Hospital of St. Louis, and I will give orders that he be well attended to." — This was done. On the following day, the surgeons informed the poor man that he could not survive, and begged to know if he wished to see any one before his death; he asked for B. and R., they were sent for immediately, and, on their appearance, he addressed the former to the following effect: "I forgive you my death from the bottom of my soul. Still, I think, it would have been more honourable in you to have delayed the punishment of my folly, and had you waited till my recollection returned, I think I should have made an apology for the insult I first offered *you*, rather than have wished to resent that which you gave to me. — I am dying. — I have maintained a fair character hitherto, and I hope it will not be dishonoured by your report of me. You know the anxiety the Emperor has always manifested, that his officers might exert every mode of conciliating the French, and you may suppose the mortification which my friends would feel at my being convicted of a gross and deliberate insult to a man who had given me no cause of offence. — Assure me, that you

will not let my name be made public, and I shall die in peace." This of course was promised, and he expired in a few hours afterwards.

In the neighbourhood of Paris there were very rarely quarrels between English and French officers; but in the provinces, and more especially in the south, where the people were thought most partial to us, quarrels and duels were frequent. It was much more common, however, for disputes between them to be settled after the fashion of school-boys; and I know several instances, where English officers have had immediate recourse to fists, on receiving an insult from French officers. This mode of deciding a quarrel is peculiarly offensive to French feelings; a blow is considered by them as the climax of disgrace and shame. There was one advantage attending it however; it made them much more cautious of giving offence, as the punishment was immediate and inevitable, and the remote chance of wiping off the disgrace by a successful duel, was but a very scanty consolation for a pair of black eyes, and a skin full of aching bones. The only wonder is, under such circumstances as those in which the two nations were placed, that quarrels should not arise frequently and daily, rather than that they should occur so often. So many idle young men, with the constant indulgence

in wine to excess, with the haughtiness of victory on one side, and the humiliation of defeat on the other, could not be expected to come frequently in contact, without frequent collision; and it is but justice to both parties to say, that English officers shewed in general a very persevering spirit of conciliation, and that French officers behaved to them with mildness and respect.

The French, after having exhausted themselves in invectives against our terrible Government, descend to the praise of our army with equal enthusiasm. It is acknowledged by all, that no army ever conducted itself more humanely, or with more strict discipline. In the hands of a gentleman high in office under the French Government, I have seen letters official and demi-official from every part of France. Some were in the nature of petitions, to be released from the horrible extortions of the Prussians, and to have English troops sent to them for security. Some were from towns which had not yet been visited by foreigners, asking for English to avoid their own soldiers. Many were letters of thanks for the favour of having English troops quartered upon them, and expressing the happiness they experienced at being able to go to bed in peace and confidence. The gentle, unassuming manners of the English officers, when inmates of respectable families, were so different from

what they had been led to expect, that in numberless instances, their departure to other quarters was celebrated with tears; and when our army finally quitted them, they entreated to hold occasional intercourse by letter. In most instances, the English officers refused to accept the rations which their billets entitled them to, and insisted on paying for the provisions furnished to them. Where this would not be accepted, they generally contrived an equivalent in presents. This was often the subject of amicable contention between the hosts and their guests; a thing rather unusual in modern warfare.

Walter Scott mentions that it was a common circumstance to see the Highlanders serving in the little shops where they were quartered, while the landlord was gone to the vineyard, and his wife to the river to wash. This may seem an extraordinary degree of confidence to place in the soldiers of a foreign army, but really it is not so, and I have no doubt would be the case every where, except when any peculiar spirit of revenge was the immediate motive of the war. It is surprising how soon parties thus situated, assimilate and become one family; the chief obstacle to it, is ignorance of the language, and that for ordinary purposes is soon sufficiently removed. Once convince a soldier that he cannot be unjust with impunity, punish slight crimes

with severity; and where he no longer dares to acquire respect and good offices by means of terror, he immediately sets himself about acquiring the confidence and good will of his host, by quiet, orderly behaviour, and by all those little favours which entitle him to little concessions in exchange. There are a thousand ways in which the one may annoy the other without giving cause for a formal accusation, and if the soldier dares not *enforce* obedience, he has no alternative but to *exchange* civilities, or go without them. However this be, it is certain that the circumstance above alluded to, was exceedingly common, and not confined to the Highlanders alone, though their good conduct was conspicuous, but it was the same with other regiments of the English army, and very common indeed with the Russians.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONSCRIPTION LAWS.—ABUSES AND CRUELITIES IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THEM.—A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE FRENCH CONSCRIPTION AND ENGLISH IMPRESSMENT.

I WAS anxious to ascertain how far the tyranny of Buonaparte had operated on French opinion to contribute to his overthrow, and I had very extensive opportunities for this purpose, as my professional character, and the great number of letters of introduction which I took out with me, gave me access to many societies, from which my travelling countrymen, (and especially the military,) were strictly excluded. One could not but respect the feeling which induced the French to refuse any intercourse with foreigners under the circumstances of public calamity they were placed in. It was so difficult to gain admission, that many of my compatriots went away with a most erroneous impression, and either attributed that to national character, which was only the result of accidental circumstances, or else felt too much offended at the exclusion, to do justice to such parts of the structure of French society, as

they *were* acquainted with. I supposed, (and indeed the advice was strongly urged upon me before I set out,) that it would be necessary to keep a strict guard on my tongue, lest I might get into embarrassment by shocking the political opinions of those with whom I might converse. I had therefore made a kind of vow before leaving England, that nothing should induce me to argue either on politics or religion; supposing very naturally that the irritable feelings of a conquered nation would be more than usually susceptible of offence, and that delicacy alone ought to restrain me from giving utterance to any sentiments which should wound their feelings, although they might be prejudices. I soon found, however, that such precautions were not at all necessary, and that if I would not talk politics, I must be silent altogether. My being an Englishman never seemed to be any restraint whatever on conversation, and my only difficulty lay in answering the multitudinous questions which were put to me by half a dozen at once. I found some very intelligent men who would take the trouble of going into detail with me; and from an attentive comparison of a variety of opinions, I think the following may be depended on as a tolerably correct statement of public feeling.

The conscription, although oppressive almost beyond endurance, was yet tolerated from its

absolute impartiality. In vain did a young man try by every stratagem to evade the law, and by dint of bribery corrupt the officers appointed to conduct the conscription; nothing could avail. He might purchase his freedom for a few years by providing a substitute, but that could not be done for less than five hundred pounds, and all incidental expences paid. Even this did not secure them long together, as, after a severe battle they were again drawn, and had the same to do over again. It was in vain they pleaded their exemption, signed by the Emperor's own hand; the reply invariably was, "the Emperor thinks the present posture of affairs too serious, and his grand projects must not be impeded for a few trumpery certificates." I know one young man whose *freedom* was thus purchased three several times by an indulgent father, at an expence of more than two thousand pounds sterling. His health was so delicate, that every one knew he could not survive a campaign, and he had abundance of certificates from the most respectable medical men to that effect. They were only laughed at, and when a physician who accompanied him to the Council of Inspectors, stated that he would never be able to reach the Rhine, they replied, "then let him die on the road; if he is so sickly, he is of no use to the Emperor;" accordingly he went, was laid up at Frankfort with a severe fever,

which nearly cost him his life, and when emaciated and reduced to the brink of death, obtained permission to return home only by dint of bribery, to the amount of two hundred pounds more.

I have had hundreds of similar instances, well attested, related to me, and many, many families were absolutely ruined: yet some still continued to purchase their exemptions time after time, in the hope that each successive certificate, (which was given each time with increased formalities,) would be held more valid than the last; but in vain. Even after a large sum of money had been thus repeatedly extracted for the "wants of the state," there remained some few thousands of young men, whose large fortunes had enabled them to escape Buonaparte's fangs; and as he very naturally suspected that they did not retain so ardent a love for him, as those who had "covered themselves with glory," he hit upon that notable expedient, his "guard of honour," by which he was enabled to carry with him to the battle of Leipsic about twenty-five thousand hostages for the good behaviour of the families he left behind, and these hostages were first sacrificed.

This impudent violation of faith throughout all the acts of Government, is the most remarkable feature of Buonaparte's system, and it was pursued with a *nonchalance* that was perfectly

unique. If a man made a contract for a given time, he was dismissed without ceremony or apology, when he asked for payment; and all such creditors were obliged to bribe through a phalanx of ministers to get their bills paid at all; then to enable them to bribe high enough, they were obliged to charge proportionably higher, for which reason the public paid nearly double for every thing; while the Princes, Dukes, Marshals, and ministers, put by something for "a rainy day." So that although such large sums were received from other nations, whom the success of their arms had rendered tributary, yet the Government was always embarrassed, always in arrears, and its wants were supplied by such audacious impositions as surely no other nation could have tolerated. If any one presumed to complain, there were the new prisons established purposely, (as the official decree stated,) for the confinement of those against whom it was not thought proper to prefer a public accusation. "The faithful" did not immediately *feel* these acts of tyranny, and the *victims* never had an opportunity of complaining of them. This has been too much the case always in France, each has directed his attention only to those oppressions which affected himself, so that each suffered in turn, without the power of exciting compassion or resistance.

However severe were the provisions of the conscription laws, they were not in themselves unjust; their abuse is a different consideration, but they were impartial; they took in all classes of the community, and they were inevitable, and this caused them to be submitted to, as to the physical evils of nature, earthquakes, storms, or inundations. Conceding the *necessity* of an armed force to such an extent, the mode was not to be complained of, and was certainly a less violation of the rights of man, than our system of impressment; a system so detestable, that nothing but prescriptive custom and false reasoning could have continued it so long. Like the law which rendered every man liable to arrest who was found out of his parish, (and which law was in force but a few years back,) it was continued, not because it was in itself just, but because it was thought to be seldom exercised unjustly, and because it affected a class of men who were incapable of making their case known to the clear judgment of the public.

Oh! say the advocates for this worse than slave trade, surely you have never read Judge Foster's arguments on the legality of impressing seamen — if not, you cannot be a fair judge of the merits of the question. — No, I have *not* read them, and it is for this reason that I *am* an impartial judge. I *will not* read them, if

they are to have such an effect: there is a conviction which supercedes argument, and I feel it in this instance. To hear reasons assigned for so monstrous a violation of justice, would be a voluntary abandonment of the Creator's best gift to man. Should I listen to an orator who told me he would prove that murder was no crime? We may be entangled and embarrassed by logical subtleties, and our understandings may be confounded by false reasoning, but no conviction can be more complete after ten millions of arguments, than that which I feel at this moment—that the thing is unjust and wicked, and ought to be abolished.

But how would you man your navy? Would you suffer foreign powers to obtain the supremacy of the ocean, merely to avoid a slight infraction of the liberty of the subject? Necessity has no law, and the glory, and even safety of old England, could not be maintained without it.

Then I would reply, they ought not to be maintained on such terms. We are not under the necessity of impressing captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen. Why not make the situation of the common sailor as advantageous, with reference to the class of men from which he is taken, and give him sufficient inducement to volunteer?

But we could not afford it—the expence would ruin the nation.

Indeed? Then we ought to relinquish our maritime dominion, if we do not think it worth paying for, instead of compelling one part of our fellow subjects to fight for the glory of the other.

But say the advocates again — You will remember, that none but the lowest classes are liable to this hardship; they never impress any but idle and disorderly fellows, and it is a great advantage to society that the police should have the power of removing such characters.

Exquisite logic! Are not the lowest classes then under the protection of the same laws as the highest; and shall we give to the police of a free country, an authority greater than was ever claimed by any civilized tyranny? Even under the various despots of France, some *forms* were at least necessary before a man was punished, although a *trial* was not allowed. The *Lettres de Cachet* were granted on a petition from the members of the culprit's family, and Buonaparte himself thought right to alledge a crime before he incarcerated his victims — but in the affair of impressment, the men have in general committed no infraction of any law whatever, and the magistrates are authorised to send off all such as have no *visible means* of obtaining a livelihood.

If the consequence of intrusting these extraordinary powers to the police, were the perfect

security of persons and property, if it would rid us of the gangs of thieves and pickpockets who infest this great city, we might have some plea for acquiescence; but when our police is notoriously the most defective in Europe, we can no longer rest any thing on this kind of expediency, and we are forced to resort to the last argument which I have ever heard started; viz.

You cannot make sailors without many years' of maritime education, and landsmen are quite useless on board ship. When war takes place suddenly, you must have recourse to weapons of defence with the least possible delay, and before you could man your navy by volunteers, the enemy would be on your shores.

No. — If the enemy have only the same means for maritime warfare that we have, why should he be ready sooner — and what reason is there to suppose that a nation possessing a greater number of seamen than any other nation in the world, should be more at a loss to man her ships of war than others, who in peace have so little commerce, that if they took all their seamen to fight, their navy would still be insignificant? In fact, the change from peace to war throws out of employment so great a number of seamen, that the necessity for impressment is less than at the subsequent periods of the war.

Be it remembered, that if all the arguments which are urged, were allowed to be valid, there

would still be no plea for impressing any but seamen. If the permanent necessity, or at least the permanent expediency of so large an armament be acknowledged, then let us adopt a mode that will at least equalize the burthen among the different classes of the community. Let there be a conscription by lot as for the militia, and if the case be still thought so urgent as to require it, let the conscription be of *children*, of such an age as that they may be qualified to learn the art of seamanship to advantage.

If this plan be impracticable, and cause too much delay, let every man be informed, when he enters the merchant service, that in being allowed to practise so lucrative a profession, his country considers him as liable to be called upon to defend it in case of war, and then let the merchant seamen be chosen by lot, even if the navy should require three-fourths of the whole number.

Above all, let the time of service be limited, let the sailor at least have a definite period to which he can look with confidence, and he will bear the hardship with fortitude. — “ Hope delayed, maketh the heart sick ;” and it is a disappointment beyond endurance, to have the expectations successively raised and destroyed, as after each successive cruize they return to their native shores, only to be again dragged

away to the opposite side of the world; as I have often known the case—from the West Indies to the East, and from the Indian Ocean to the North Sea.

Let the recompence for such compulsory service be liberal, and with these regulations I believe the “crime” of impressment may be superceded, or so modified as no longer to pollute our political code with its barbarous violation of the social compact.

But I am not bound to furnish a perfect plan, because I object to one that is unjust and oppressive, and unworthy the noble character of my country—this is the duty of statesmen—Oh, how I envy the glory and the heartfelt satisfaction of that man whose eloquence, and whose integrity shall be the means of rescuing his noble country from the continuance of this disgrace; that shall wipe out this blot on the bright page of her annals; this *solecism* in politics, which, in a land of freedom, suffers one class to endure hardships unappreciated and unrewarded, in order to promote the security and the glory of the others!

No period could be so favourable for the discussion of this great question as the present, when every navy in Europe has ceased to be formidable. As to a thought of danger from the encreasing strength of our revolted colonies, it is too remote to have much weight, but such

as it exists, it is increased by the dread of our oppressive system, sending British seamen into their service.

Few years have passed by since the slave trade was advocated by many men of talent and humanity. Now thank God it is infamy to defend it, and I hope to live long enough to see the subject of this digression viewed in the same light; but do not let the cause be taken up by the mountebank liberty-mongers, and the arguments addressed to the feelings and passions of the populace; let it be debated with moderation and honesty, in the sole arena worthy of the cause—the House of Parliament.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRENCH OPINION OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT. —
THEIR BELIEF THAT IT HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF ALL
THE MISERY OF EUROPE. — MILITARY COURAGE.

OTHER countries, as a modern writer remarks, have had their Nelsons and their Wellingtons, but where will the historian find another example of a nation which, in the very zenith of glory, and plenitude of power, preferred mercy to extended empire, and asked nothing so earnestly from the Government she had supported — the Allies she had rescued — and the people she had conquered, as compassion to the unfortunate, justice to the oppressed, and humanity to the wretched in the most distant parts of the world! This is, indeed, a triumph to England far beyond the glories of Waterloo — a triumph which even France may admire and imitate in future days, when her present perverted system of morality, and general state of demoralization, shall have given place to that “single-ness of judgment” which results from honesty of intention, and which scorns to erect even national glory on a false and wicked basis. At present, such

a consummation is more to be wished than expected : — there is an obliquity of mental vision, a kind of *moral squint*, throughout the nation, which can only be conceived by those who have witnessed it, and which prevents them from viewing any of the great political questions in their true light. This it was that rendered them incapable of appreciating the mercy which was exercised towards them by injured and insulted Europe ; a mercy of which their subsequent conduct has proved a large part of the nation to be unworthy, and has, at last, subjected them to a punishment in some degree proportioned to their offences.

Making every allowance for the feelings of irritation and of mortified pride, and for the humiliating apprehension, that they were objects of contempt to their conquerors, — that they had ceased to be respected the moment they ceased to be feared : — taking into account also, the distress occasioned by the pecuniary punishment inflicted on them by the Allies, of which they knew neither the extent or duration ; and the bitter reflection, that, had they but remained quiet, they might have reaped all the advantage of Buonaparte's triumphs, while the disgrace of his cruelties would have attached to him alone. Giving the French the benefit of these allowances, there was still something monstrously absurd and ridiculous in the pertinacity with which

they continued to attribute all the misfortunes of France and of Europe to the English Government. The English, individually, or as a nation, were certainly respected and admired, but their Government was considered a Pandora's box, from which had sprung all the evils which have desolated the globe for these thirty years. To listen to Frenchmen of the new school, the monster Pitt organized and directed the Revolution — sustained each party in turn to keep up the equilibrium, and prevent them from returning to habits of order and peace. The English Government promoted the success of Buonaparte — fed him with victories, and led him on to those acts of extravagance and folly which ended in his destruction — kept him long enough in power to exhaust all the nations of the continent, and render them tributary to England, with the conviction that they could put him down and crush him at any time it should so please them. That finding France not yet sufficiently exhausted, and the French fast returning to happiness and the arts of peace, the English Government urged Buonaparte to return from Elba, and thereby afford a pretext for ruining the country, by drawing down upon it the vengeance of all Europe. — That, fearing from some accidental circumstances which transpired, that their plans would be detected and exposed, they were under the

necessity of destroying him at Waterloo much sooner than they had intended, but they keep him alive (contrary to every idea of justice and policy,) to be used "*in terrorem*" to the King of France, if he does not submit to a disgraceful peace and a ruinous treaty of commerce. It was in vain to argue with them on this subject: — "trifles light as air," were to them "confirmations" much stronger than "proofs of Holy Writ." Whether they did really feel the conviction they expressed, or only affected to feel it as a veil to another still more mortifying, I cannot pretend to say; but I found that all my reasoning was thrown away, and only produced a storm of words uttered too rapidly to be understood or refuted. I generally concluded such disputations with observing, that if they persisted in attributing such diabolical motives to a Power which had shewn as much mercy, humanity, and forbearance, as could be paralleled in History, England would do well to act as their accusations merited, and leave them to the charity of their continental friends; in which case, I saw no possible termination to the contest, than utter and irremediable destruction: — that England was the only Power from which they could expect their re-establishment as a Nation; and that the greatest punishment we could inflict on them, would be to leave them entirely alone. Their exaggerated ideas of our power, wealth,

and intellect, might have gratified one's vanity under different circumstances; but it fell dead on the ear like the praise of beauty from a blind man, from the consideration that the orators were too ignorant to know what they were talking about. The French have been so long shut up from political intercourse with other nations, by the arbitrary authority of their Government, that they are as completely unconscious of the sentiments of foreigners as if they were inhabitants of a different planet; and as it is their national maxim, never to take the trouble of ascertaining a disagreeable *truth*, they remain ignorant of many things on which it was very possible for them to have procured correct information. I have met with many men of education, and of respectable station in life, who had never heard of the battle of Salamanca, and not a few who knew not that there was such a name as Vittoria in the world. This may seem incredible to those who have not had much intercourse with Frenchmen, but others will immediately bear testimony to that happy art of *unthinking* which they carry to so great perfection. "We knew perfectly well," have I been often told, "that the bulletins were lies, but they were pleasant lies; and if misfortunes had occurred, we knew also they would be remedied, as far as human means could avail. If we wished to form an estimate of the *facts*, we

divided the enemy's loss by ten, and then multiplied our own in the same proportion;" but this was a painful piece of ratiocination, and not often resorted to. In general, they preferred the pleasant picture, even against conviction. Even the day that the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived in Paris, the disastrous result of which was even exaggerated by report, the theatres were more than usually full, and at each, the audience demanded the favourite national air of *La Victoire est à nous*, which was received with such enthusiastic transports of applause, that any stranger would have imagined they were just rejoicing for some great victory, instead of deploring the loss of a battle which annihilated a fine army, and left their country to the mercy of the Conqueror, who was expected every hour at the gates. When I remonstrated against this childish violation of decency, I was always answered, "Oh, what would have been the use of doleful lamentations; the song we had been accustomed to, excited pleasant sensations a little longer; and even those who *could* not produce the illusion that such things *were at that time*, recollected that such things *had been*. At the time the Allies were bombarding Paris (in 1814), when the cannon resounded on all sides — when fifteen thousand men were killed and wounded in one day at Montmartre, (a place not further from Paris than Islington from London,) and

the streets thronged with the wounded who were being carried home on litters, the theatres were all open — every exhibition was in unusual activity; and there was a masked ball at the opera, brilliantly attended. I knew many young men who were in the corps of volunteers, and who confessed that they went out several times in the course of the day to fight — came in to dine at a *Restaurateur's* — went again to Montmartre to oppose the enemy — ran into the city just to take a peep at the ball, and see one act of the play, and again went to take their turn in fighting. From the manner it is described, one would suppose it to have been a game at cricket or foot-ball, instead of a bloody battle. The indifference with which the modern French encounter death is really incomprehensible, and would be heroic, but that there is so little dignity attending their courage, that one cannot help considering it incongruous, indecent, and ridiculous.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE. — SOURCES OF NATIONAL WEALTH. — THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. — PROGRESS OF SOUND THINKING. — STATUE TO THE LATE ALDERMAN BECKFORD.

IT is allowed by all parties, that France is richer and more prosperous in the present day, than at any former period of her history. The revenues of the state must be much larger than the Government has ever confessed to the Allied Inquisitors; for notwithstanding the terrible contest in which they have been engaged, and the unheard-of burthen of more than *twelve hundred thousand* foreigners at free quarters in the country, besides their own immense armies — the contributions have been regularly paid, and the public salaries are scarcely at all in arrear. How is this to be accounted for. One should expect that so dire a calamity would have extinguished industry, and in its place have substituted despair, but it is not so. — Every one labours in his vocation, and with an alacrity and chearfulness that deserve honour. Yet if we are to credit the arguments of all the great writers on political economy, the present system of minute division of property in France, must be unprofitable to the state, and injurious to the individual.

There is no doubt that the larger the masses of property are in a nation, the greater proportion of it *can* be spared to the government. But is that the state in which the largest portion *will* be so spared? The possessors of great wealth have necessarily great influence in the formation of fiscal laws, and they will not tax themselves to the highest point they are able to bear, while they can evade it, or lay the burthen on others.

It appears wonderful that a nation can sustain the enormous exertions which we have witnessed so often within the last twenty years, when the expenditure has been more than the fee-simple of the whole property in the kingdom. We know that if an individual possessing ten thousand pounds, spend five thousand, he can have but five thousand left; but a nation will go on for a considerable time expending half its annual income, and be richer at the end of the period than at the commencement.

I would resolve it all into MOTIVE:—almost every man *can* do more than ever he attempts to perform, if he have a sufficient *motive* to impel him forwards. We have frequent instances of men walking to see the object of their affections, a distance, half of which would have destroyed them, had they been urged to perform it contrary to their inclinations; and this is the reason why men can continue their exertions for a

much longer period than brutes, which possess greater strength of body; because to the latter you cannot convey *motive*.

In a state of war, great numbers of human beings, who were satisfied with such a degree of exertion as should just procure a subsistence, find themselves compelled to part with a portion of their earnings, to answer the necessities of the state; but when thus induced to additional labour, they are not satisfied with performing just enough to answer the additional demand, but often go beyond this point, and produce a surplus which encreases their original stock of wealth. Thus have I observed very often amongst farmers—the man who was starving when he paid an hundred a year rent, would save a fortune when he was compelled to pay two hundred.

A very large proportion of society do not exert themselves to the extent of their powers. Wealth is evidently, in all its ramifications, only the produce of labour:—a man who possesses a moderate portion of it, labours to greater advantage than another who has no such accumulation; and in a state of warfare, a great many of the former class are called again into action, who would otherwise have remained idle and satisfied. He who in time of peace possessed three or four thousand pounds, would retire and live upon the income of it; but when war de-

mands great taxes, he finds that it will not procure him the necessaries of life, and the comforts to which he has been accustomed, and he is compelled once more to enter on the stage of exertion, and encrease his stock by his personal industry, or sacrifice his enjoyments to his leisure. Most men prefer the former, and thus a great number of *sleeping* partners are again made *active*.

Moderate taxation then encreases the wealth of a country, for the man thus compelled to part with some of the produce of his labour, does in the end receive a portion of it back again indirectly, while the same impelling motive that induces him to work for the purpose of paying his taxes, also induces him to accumulate the surplus, and form it into a fund for future wants.

In this way is war *beneficial*, but then there are so many drawbacks on its advantages; it produces so much vice and misery, that the boasted calling forth the virtues of courage, devotion, self-denial, and all the other effects of excited energies, weigh as nothing in the balance; and if taxation be carried beyond its proper bounds, it produces apathy and despair. — A small quantity of opium is a delightful stimulus to the nerves — you may encrease it, till it produce stupor, delirium, and death.

The perfection of legislation is to substitute

for the stimulus of war, the stimulus of national pride, and to turn into the channel of public utility, the various energies of the nation. Public monuments, canals, bridges, roads, enclosures, and a thousand other things, are so many resources for a good government, and if properly made use of, we need never resort to the horrible and unchristian alternative of warfare.

But to return to the state of France. I have made this digression, to explain its anomalous prosperity, which I attribute entirely to the strong *motives* which have been acting on the mass of the population, for the last twenty years.

Another source of national wealth in France, deserves notice — the industry of the women. Among the lower classes universally, they work as severely as the men. You see them ploughing, harrowing, and sowing, and attending to all the operations of agriculture by themselves: even in the middle station of life they are abundantly more active than the same class in England. The most respectable tradesman has his wife at the desk and in the shop. If a man have an appointment in a public office, his wife also keeps a "*magazin*." By this means the nation has the benefit of nearly twice the labour with the same population. There is another consequence of this system too, which might be ex-

pected. — *Frenchwomen are men in their virtues and in their vices.*

I have been often asked since my return, if I do not think that, on the whole, the French revolution has been favourable to the progress of the human intellect. I answer, yes; but by no means in the degree which is generally conceived, and asserted by its advocates. Like an injudicious friend it has done mischief to a good cause, by over-weening zeal. It has shewn the dangers along with the advantages of innovation, and has laid most emphasis on the former, as Sir Francis Burdett and his followers have unintentionally been the strongest friends to corruption, and have prevented that moderate reform in Parliament, which would otherwise have been called for, and compelled by the progress of *opinion*; because they have disgusted all the real friends of liberty, and induced them rather

“ ————— to bear the ills they have
Than fly to others that they know not of.”

The absurdities and atrocities of the French Revolution, have in like manner chilled the ardour of patriotism, and thrown doubt and discredit on every attempt at reformation. It is my firm belief, that the sole cause of the present deplorable state of Spain, and of the disgraceful submission to the tyranny of Fer-

dinand *the Beloved!* is the horror of change produced by the French Revolution, which, to many men, has *proved* that the chance of benefit from a radical change, is not equal to the risk, and that it is better to wait for a good King, than punish a bad one.

The energies, however, that have been called forth by this great event, though like a volcanic eruption they have overwhelmed the unhappy beings, who immediately surrounded the crater, have fertilized and invigorated others who, (placed at a greater distance,) received only the slighter and beneficial influence of the tremendous visitation. Many wholesome prejudices have been torn up by the roots along with others which poisoned the soil; but men have been set *thinking*, and when the passions, the hopes, the fears, and the apprehensions of the present day shall have passed away as a dream, the world will reap the benefit of the change, and the next generation receive the reward without suffering the punishment.

To a man who loves to watch the progress of knowledge, it is gratifying to observe the change that has taken place within the last fifty years in the advance of sound thinking; and though the aberrations of human intellect are in themselves at all times painful objects of contemplation, yet for the purpose of comparison, when the comparison is so much to our advan-

tage, we may dwell on them with a degree of pleasure.

I do not here speak of the minor subjects of congratulation, but will just observe *en passant*, that chemistry has done much towards removing some of our grossest physical prejudices. We no longer hear of pounding white cats in a mortar, and distilling their animal spirits to make an elixir, (a receipt which I have seen in the hand-writing of a noble author no longer in existence,) nor of those many other follies which disgraced the family journals of our country gentlemen, whose whole life was, fifty years ago, spent in travelling from one mansion to another, and communicating these important prescriptions.

But I allude to political and social ideas; and I cannot give a more pertinent illustration of the change on which I congratulate my countrymen, than to speak of the statue erected in the Guildhall of the city of London, to the late Alderman Beckford.

At the beginning of the reign of George the Third, the citizens presented a petition of grievances, or rather a remonstrance on some of the public acts. The King, who was at this time surrounded by a set of profligate and worthless advisers, received the petition rather cavalierly, and Beckford took on himself to make an extemporary speech to His Majesty on

the occasion. It is inscribed on the pedestal of his statue, and was at that time considered the boldest and most energetic appeal which had ever been addressed to "the Lord's anointed." Yet the speech thus praised is so fulsomely humble, and so circuitously deferential, that if a Lord Mayor in the present day were to make a similar harangue to the Sovereign, he would probably (when he returned to his constituents, to give an account of his mission,) be kicked out of the room for his meanness.

I think we have nearly attained that happy degree of independence which gives to the *station*, all the respect which the station demands, but gives to the *man* no more than he deserves. We reverence the chief judge, while his conduct is consistent with his office, and even a little longer; but when he is notoriously a disgrace to it, although the welfare of the state will not allow us to remove him, we take care to let him see that he is an object of scorn and abhorrence, and that the sole mode in which he can obtain our respect, is by deserving it.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARSHAL NEY ACCUSED OF TREACHERY IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. — CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING HIS EXECUTION. — HIS APPEARANCE.

WHEN Marshal Ney was under trial, I was astonished at the great interest which seemed to be taken in his fate by the very men who had all along wished him hanged for having been the cause of their losing the battle of Waterloo. Not willing, of course, to suppose it possible for Englishmen to beat Frenchmen by fair fighting, they were under the necessity of assigning a cause, which could alone reconcile the contradiction, and Marshal Ney was every where openly accused of treachery. He was the first who in the senate raised his voice against further resistance; he declared that it was no longer possible to make head against the conquerors; that submission was the only mode of averting absolute destruction, and that Buonaparte's removal was a step which it behoved them to take as a preliminary, without which negociation would be totally unavailing. "The bearer of bad news," as Shakespeare says,

“hath but a losing office,” and after so disagreeable a truth, Marshal Ney had little reason to expect that his tongue would ever again sound pleasantly, or his name excite any but painful feelings. Nobody had a doubt, or at least every one affected to have no doubt, of the truth of the tale, which said that he had made an arrangement with the King previous to the battle, and that he had been the immediate cause of keeping back the corps under the command of Grouchy, which corps alone was wanting to complete the annihilation of the Allied armies. I have been told by many soldiers, that they had carried all the intrenchments but one, and had very nearly accomplished that also, when the treachery of Ney made it necessary to sound a retreat. The waiter at M. Meurice’s had been a private in Buonaparte’s *Garde du Corps*, and when the conversation of the guests seemed inclined to give the English the credit of the conquest, the man always took the liberty of interposing with a “*demande pardon Messieurs*,” and an assertion that he himself, along with his corps, had carried three distinct lines of works, and that they were on the glacis of the fourth, when they were ordered to retreat. The man had told the lie over and over again, so often, that at last, I am sure that he believed it, and I dare say, would have encountered the same risk again to prove the truth of his assertion. It was, how-

ever, quite certain, that our army had no entrenchments or fortification whatsoever to support them, except walls of flesh and blood, which, by the bye, have ever been found most difficult of access. Marshal Ney was at this period the object of execration, and indeed, till his trial before the Council of War, his name was never mentioned, but coupled with the most opprobrious invectives. When his guilt was made too manifest to be denied, the tide of popular favour instantly turned, and he was regarded as a bold honest fellow who meant no harm, and had only given way to the "force of circumstances." Mr. B. one day said to me, before a large party. "Why does not the King send him out of the realm, and make him give his word of honour not to enter it again?" "And is that really your opinion of a French Marshal, and above all of Marshal Ney?" I replied, — "you differ much from the inhabitants of other nations in your estimate of their honour. I was not aware that they were esteemed for *any thing* but *courage*, even in France, and I can assure you, that in England, the idea is, that it would be necessary to lock up your silver spoons before one of Buonaparte's Marshals paid you a visit."

I heard the report of the musquets when he was executed, but was not aware of the cause; he was not found guilty, or at least sentence

was not passed on him, to a late hour of the night, and the general opinion was, that he would either be conducted to the "*plaine de Grenelle*," if he were to be shot, or to the *Place de Grève*, opposite the *Hotel de Ville*, if he were allowed the "privilege" of decapitation; so that very few were actually present at his death beside the immediate agents. I was soon informed of the circumstance, and ran up to the spot from a feeling which I cannot describe — it was not curiosity, it was not certainly a wish to witness the sufferings of a fellow creature. I had never been present at such a scene in England, because I never could sympathize with the *energies* of thieves and pick-pockets, but I could not suppress a wish to ascertain in what manner a man, who had so often braved death for the sake of glory, would meet it under the feelings of ignominy. Not that I think it any test of a man's real disposition, the being able to encounter death with firmness when he has plenty of witnesses. There is a pride which sustains even cowards at such a time, and we have not on record an instance of more perfect heroism, than that of Louis the Sixteenth, whom even his best friends allow to have been weak and timid to excess. Whatever might be my motives, I used every exertion to see him before his death, but was too late. They were carrying him off the ground, and his blood was the

only evidence of his fate. He was shot so close to the garden wall of the Luxembourg, that the balls had all lodged in the chalky stone of which it was composed, and I fancied that I could even perceive the stain of blood around the orifices they had made. I took my knife, and tried to extract some of them, but it being but a very small one, I found it impossible to accomplish it. I returned after the lapse of a few hours, with one that was better adapted to the purpose, but they were all gone; somebody had anticipated me, either out of regard to the memory of the unfortunate man, or perhaps, from a feeling similar to my own. I asked the by-standers how he had borne his fate, and was answered, "*Comme un soldat Français.*" The young gentleman near me exclaimed bitterly against the officers who were appointed to superintend the execution; he said, they went up to the body immediately that he fell, and without waiting his actual death, one of them standing over him, addressed the other, with "He was a well-made fellow by G—, was not he?" To which the other answered, "Yes; he has got his deserts at last." The dying man lifted up his eyes, and regarded them steadily for a moment, and then expired without a groan.

This event was a terrible death-blow to the hopes of the factious, and every *Salon de Lec-*

ture and coffee-house in Paris, exhibited a gloomy set of faces which was not at all in unison with the ordinary appearance. According to the hopes or fears of the individual who made it the subject of conversation, the event was either lamented as a necessary, but painful sacrifice to justice, or condemned as an act of unnecessary revenge. In so far, however, as it shewed both the inclination and the power to punish, it had a salutary and beneficial effect, and I never afterwards heard that open and impudent defiance of the government, which had often been the case before.

Returning over the *Pont Neuf* a few hours afterwards, a fish-woman addressed her companion with "what is the cause of all that bustle at the Luxembourgh to-day?" Why replied the man, "The Ogre was hungry, and wanted some more flesh; they have given him a good breakfast this morning on Marshal Ney, but he'll soon be hungry again." I have often had occasion to defend the conduct of Louis the XVIIIth towards Ney, against the accusation of breach of treaty, which has been so strenuously urged both by Frenchmen and foreigners. The arguments which were generally made use of by the King's friends, have always appeared to me to weaken the cause, and I think the matter admits of a very simple and unanswerable defence. People choose to

confound the occupation of Paris by the Allies, with the submission of the rebel army, whereas that army remained powerful and united for a considerable time afterwards, and all those who have been punished as rebels, continued in opposition to the government of the King. The article of the treaty, on which so much stress has been laid, could only allude to those who were left in Paris to the mercy of the conquerors, and certainly not to those who, by retiring with the rebel army, took the chance of another change in the position of the two governments; a change by the bye, of which they did not despair long after the British had taken Paris, and even after the King returned to it. If after that period they found it impossible to keep together an army sufficiently formidable to negotiate an unlimited pardon, (and they tried very hard to accomplish both the one and the other,) they necessarily were compelled to unconditional surrender, and were entitled only to so much mercy as it should please the King, and the other parts of the Government to exercise.

I never saw a man whose appearance was less calculated to excite sympathy than Marshal Ney. He looked gross, vulgar, brutal and mean, and his countenance was not at all that of a gentleman. I have the less scruple in saying this, because he was really a man of acknowledged

bad character. I should have guessed him more likely to have earned his death by picking pockets, or coining bad shillings, than by heading a revolution; yet the deliberation with which his trial was conducted, and the test it seemed to afford of the stability of the new government, gave a painful and paramount interest in his fate. When parties and party feelings shall have ceased, I do not think he stands any chance of going down to posterity as a martyr.

It is my firm opinion, that if the council of war had, in the first instance, declared him guilty, and condemned him to death, the King would have pardoned him in spite of the remonstrances of the royalists; but after the violent and indecent exultation which was shewn by the disaffected in the event of his first trial, it would not have been safe to extend mercy to him. I know many respectable men who were in the first case anxious for his safety, but who, afterwards declared, that they should consider his pardon as the signal of another revolution, and that the King must now be compelled to sign his death-warrant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GALIGNANI'S LIBRARY.—STATUES OF VOLTAIRE.—THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY OF PICTURES BY RUBENS.—PREPOSTEROUS MIXTURE OF FACT AND ALLEGORY IN HIS PRODUCTIONS.

GALIGNANI'S library is a place of great resort; it is a very large, and I should suppose a very profitable establishment; the proprietor edits an English newspaper, which is extensively read, and is found on the tables of almost every coffee-house in Paris. Perhaps this may be principally on account of the number of Britons at present here, but I understand it had a great circulation, even during the time of Buonaparte's greatest rigour against them; it is generally used as a lesson by those who are learning the language, and I have been often amused by French gentlemen reading it aloud to shew their erudition; certainly it sounded like any thing rather than English. However, great numbers of Frenchmen have learnt our language grammatically, who have not the least idea of the pronunciation — it is becoming every day more general, though for the tranquillity of France, I could wish the ac-

quirement were deferred a little longer. The inflammatory paragraphs in some of our popular newspapers lose much of their effect by being spelt over deliberately, with a memorandum of every tenth word to be searched in the dictionary at leisure. If the fermented poison prepared for them could be drunk in copious draughts, intoxication and desperation must be the inevitable consequence.

In the entrance hall of the Theatre Français is a most exquisite marble statue of Voltaire. He is represented sitting in a loose night-gown which gives free scope for exhibiting the skill of the sculptor without violating decency: each hand rests on the arm of the chair, and displays his long and skinny fingers with anatomical precision. He is so thin, that you may distinguish the tendons. His face expresses more vigour and vivacity of mind, with extreme debility of body, than I should have supposed the chissel could have represented. Instead of the broad and uniform eye-ball which gives such a deadness to the countenance of statues in general, the artist has cut very deeply the pupil of the eye, and left just a pencil of stone, of which the round or polished end is towards the spectator, and produces that reflection of light which the painter usually represents by a spot of white, or by a small pearl.

There is another statue of the same person,

in one of the rooms of the library at the Institute. It was erected by his fellow members, and represents him nearly at the same period of life as the other. It is considered a much finer specimen of sculpture; but except Boydell's plate of Silenus, I never met with any thing so thoroughly disgusting. The sickly skeleton figure of the old man is quite naked, and has a most nauseous and loathsome appearance. It does not speak much for the taste or delicacy of *Messieurs les Membres de l'Institut*.

The Luxembourg being closed during Ney's trial, I had not an opportunity of visiting the gallery of pictures by Rubens, till afterwards. I had heard much of them, and was impatient to form an opinion. My disappointment was excessive; and if my mind were not tolerably clear of the correctness of my ideas on these subjects, I should be ashamed of saying how completely I was disgusted with the whole of them. The fault of his day, (that of mixing allegory with reality,) he carries to the most absurd extreme, and to me there seems nothing in the *execution* of his pictures, to make amends for the wretched incongruities in the *composition*. *Mary de Medicis* in one of them is represented in her chamber, immediately after her accouchement, with the pain she has undergone the moment before, still expressed in her countenance; while various gawky women, under the

names of Fortitude, Justice, Valour, &c. &c. are washing and dressing the child!! In another picture, the Queen is walking along dressed in an embroidered satin gown, her hair frizzed and powdered, high cap and lappets, hoop and fardingale, followed by a nasty looking, naked woman, with the monstrous peculiarity of four pair of breasts from her neck down to her hips. This is meant for Dame Nature!!! I could particularize many still more and more preposterous, but have said enough to shew the strange obliquity of judgment and taste in a man who has been so highly praised; for after all, there is a coarseness and an unfinished appearance in his works, which induce his admirers to rest his reputation principally on the skill of the "Composition." I am aware that I am now uttering heresy, and that I shall be censured for an ignorant wretch, who has no soul for the sublime art of painting, who does not understand "breadth" and "depth," and "light" and "shade," and "tone" and "colour," and "warmth" and "chiaro-oscuro," and the Lord knows what beside. Surely there is more cant among painters, than amongst any other class whatever. If the merits of a picture be such as can neither be felt nor relished by men of liberal education, warm feelings, and perfect eye-sight, what is the use of the art? Is painting like heraldry; a mere combination of arti-

ficial marks, which but by chance become beautiful? which can only be understood by those who have studied the science, and which are "gilt gingerbread" to the uninitiated. If painters only paint for painters, they might save themselves some trouble, by instituting a set of masonic signs, and let the pictures be transmitted by description. That I am not totally devoid of unadulterated and unprejudiced taste on such subjects, I am sufficiently convinced of to satisfy my own *vanity*, and am further made easy on the subject, by observing that there are some celebrated pictures, whose beauties I can feel as enthusiastically as the most perfect pedant that ever ruined himself by purchasing spoilt canvass.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PHYSICIANS. — COMPARISON OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH
PHYSICIANS. — STATE OF MEDICINE TWO CENTURIES
AGO ; — ITS IMPROVEMENT. — MEDICAL EDUCATION
AT PARIS.

THE word physician (*physicien*) is used by the French in its primitive sense only, of a man “learned in physics,” and is by no means considered as indicating a medical man, for whom the usual term is *medecin*. A watch-maker, chemist, mathematician, or mechanic, who has displayed more science than the ordinary proportion belonging to his respective class is called a *learned physician*, while the medical practitioners are rarely honoured with the term. Robertson, who keeps the mechanical exhibition, (of which I have spoken,) is always called *un physicien*. Garnerin the aeronaut, is called also a *physicien*, but the medical physicians are, (I fancy,) not often entitled to the term. They form a very different body of men from the same class in England; they are by no means so respectable, or held in such estimation; and as to practice, are more than a century behind them, having all those exploded and absurd

notions about fluxions, humours, revulsions, &c. which made the practice of medicine at that period, so complicated and so absolutely useless or mischievous. Established errors are not easily eradicated, and though in the present day anatomy is cultivated at Paris with great assiduity and success, and physiology every day advancing, there is the most curious and absurd mystery regulating the practice of physic which can be conceived, and every really important medicine is absolutely excluded as a "poison;" a word which saves a great deal of argument.

The severe sarcasms of Molière on the practice of medicine and its practitioners, were (I have no doubt) perfectly applicable and fair in his day, and really remain so now to a very great degree. Yet there is such a great progress made within these few years, that in the natural course of things, it cannot long remain so. When we have once passed beyond a certain point in the acquisition of knowledge in any science, we cannot retrograde; each successive student has the advantage of the labours of all those who have preceded him, and actual *knowledge* produces a *conviction* which cannot be unlearnt.

As an instance of the futility of medical practice in Paris, I will adduce one which occurred to myself, and which is grossly palpable. A lady with whom I visited on terms of intimacy,

asked me to prescribe for her ; the complaint, a chronic obstruction of the liver ; a disease, which, unlike many others, has *no* disposition to cure itself, and produces symptoms too clear to be mistaken. A gentle mercurial excitement kept up for some time, would have cured her as certainly as Peruvian bark cures an ague, and I accordingly wrote for such medicines. I tried several places to have it compounded for me, but the preparation I wanted, (which by the bye, is the most simple and most efficacious of all,) was unknown. I at last went to an apothecary employed by the family, and described the mode of making it. He promised to do it without delay ; sent it home, but accompanied with a message to the lady, guarding her in very serious terms against the dreadful poison which the foreign gentleman had been prescribing. The lady was much offended at my presuming to administer so dreadful and disgusting a medicine, and sent immediately for a French physician of eminence. It was in vain that I asserted the efficacy and safety of my plan, and assured her that in England such medicines were given daily ; she persisted that my having sent such a prescription with her name attached, was a most indelicate and thoughtless insult. Her fears and my expectations were equally unnecessary and nugatory, for observing that the medicine had not the expected appearance, I subjected

them to several tests. I found that the Pharmacien had taken especial care that they should do no mischief, for there was not a particle of mercury in them. The physician was sent for, and after an attentive investigation of her case, he did not doubt the existence of the disease, but preferred a milder mode of treating it, and accordingly ordered her a *tisane*, or light infusion of orange-flowers, lime-flowers, and elder-flowers; which important medicine was ordered to be very strictly attended to, as he expected the greatest effects from it. The consequence was as might be expected; the complaint has continued to the present day, and has since produced a very severe fever; the natural progress. She has narrowly escaped with life, *owing to the very extraordinary care of her physician*, and will now carry with her to the grave, a painful and oppressive disease, which might have been cured in the first instance, without confinement or restraint of any kind.

I have seen one of the most eminent physicians of Paris attempt to cure an acute inflammation of the brain by a leech applied to the foot, without the aid of any internal remedy more active than a grain of rhubarb; but I reserve what I have to say on these subjects for my professional memorandums. I will only remark here, that the *surgeons* of Paris are a

better educated set of men by far, and that all who have been instructed by the improved means and system adopted since 1799, are superior by much to those of the former school. The contest for public favour is now carrying on between Charlatanerie, on one side, and Science on the other. Give them free play, and we need not doubt of the result.

Even in England, the land of mental freedom, where every species of knowledge and of genius has free scope for developement, and where the public mind is perhaps less influenced by prejudice and deference for authority than in any other country of the world — even in England, only thirty or forty years ago, it was no uncommon thing for a physician to be asked to join a consultation, to which some advertising water-doctor was a party; and many are the instances of men of rank and education discarding the best advice which the then state of knowledge could supply, to place themselves in the hands of a man who knew not the difference between an artery and a nerve.

The doctrines of medicine a century, or a century and a half ago, were about on a par with the doctrines of religion. The public had equal faith in both, and each was equally a mass of prejudice and error.

I have in my possession a book called “ Directions for the Cure, as well as Prevention of

the Plague, set forth by authority," in the year 1665, and composed by the College of Physicians, which shews the state of medical knowledge in those days not in the most favourable light. Among other medicines on which great stress is laid; walnuts, figs, and bole armeniack, seem to hold a high rank. The whole work is a jumble of the most preposterous and contradictory advice, and must have had about as much effect in arresting the disease, as in correcting the air, or regulating the course of the winds.

Another important medicine therein "set forth," is literally as follows: — "Take of bole armeniack a dram, juyce of orange half an ounce; of white-wine an ounce; mix them, and give it as soon as the party suspects the disease."

I have also another curious book, entitled, "The Englishman's Treasure, with the true Anatomie of Man's Body; compiled by that excellent chyrurgion, Mr. Thomas Vicary, *Esquire*, serjeant chyrurgion to King Henry the 8.; to K. Edward the 6.; to Queene Mary, and to our late Sovereigne Qu. Elizabeth; and also chief chyrurgion to St. Bartholomewe's Hospitall."

A book so published, and so sanctioned, may fairly be considered evidence as to the then state of the art; and, if that be allowed, then I must be of the opinion of M. Jouy, that so great a

blessing as medicine *may* or *might* be, it has, on the whole, injured and destroyed more than it has benefitted and saved.

One of the prescriptions in this book is a medicine "to kill dead flesh!" — another, an infallible remedy for "an inward ayle!" — and another, "to purge and amende the heart!!!"

Thank Heaven, those days are gone by; and though there remains, and probably ever will remain, a great deal of error, and a difficulty sometimes of ascertaining whether a patient has recovered *by the aid*, or *in spite of* the physician, yet possessors of infallible remedies, and self-taught geniuses, are now only resorted to by the very weak and the very ignorant.

The high reputation which British physicians have acquired is of a nature to wear well, for it is earned by a degree of study and application which no other profession can equal. I include in my panegyric the higher class of surgeons, who are at least equally entitled to public confidence; because, with them, it is still more impossible, (if I may use the expression,) to enjoy reputation without merit.

I believe there is not in Europe a class of men so uniformly respectable in talent, character, and general information on all subjects which come within the compass of human understanding, as those of whom I have been speaking. Certainly the other learned professions do not equal them,

except perhaps in that brightest acquirement of the mind, *eloquence*; yet, although their avocations do not call into play this talent, I could yet mention some who are even in this respect scarcely inferior to the highest characters of the Pulpit, the Bar, or the Senate.

The political rank assigned to this profession in England does not seem to me adequate to its merits. Those who arrive at eminence in the Law, in Divinity, in the Army or Navy, or indeed in any other department but Physic, look forward to "Peerage and Pension" as their right, and it is bestowed on them liberally and judiciously; whereas a knightship is considered sufficient reward for the most successful exertion of superior genius or talent in medicine. Surely no unprejudiced man will contend that the other professions require more intellect or industry, or that they are more beneficial to society.

The only mode of explaining such neglect is the general ignorance of the public in this science. A man of education would be ashamed to be entirely ignorant of law. Every one thinks himself a competent judge in divinity and politics, and we can all criticize the operations of a Wellington or a Nelson; tell them where they were wrong, and how they might have done better!! but in the medical branches of knowledge, no one thinks it a disgrace to be convicted of the grossest ignorance, and not to know whe-

ther nerves are things of imagination or tangibility; yet there is no object of study more useful, more gratifying, and more necessary, than one's own structure. If any kind of learning can be strictly called *knowledge*, it is this; and it ought to form an essential part of every liberal education. This would add much to the difficulty of successful imposture, and we should no longer see the Brodums and the Solomons carrying away the rewards due only to real acquirements.

The fees in Paris are so small, and the estimation in which the public holds the profession, is so low, that a *gentleman* can hardly enter it with reputation. The class of students is of a much lower description than in this country; a large portion of them are quite rabble. A friend of mine, who lodged in *Rue Bourbon*, at a barber's, pointed out to me a young physician in the shop, whose face was familiar to me at the *Ecole de Medicine*; he had passed through all the gradations, but not yet received his diploma. He had for many years obtained his living by shaving and hair dressing, and very naturally lauded the present system of medical education, which enabled him to get his degrees without any expence. This might be very well for the individual, and highly honourable to his industry, but does not add to the respectability of the profession.

A physician of some merit, whom I knew, said to me, " my father was a day-labourer, and my mother a washer-woman ; have I not reason to praise the Revolution, which opens so many paths to Genius!!! " I *could* have replied, that as we cannot all be at the top, for every one who rises from the lowest station, another must go down to it, or we must soon have too large a supply of *Gentlemen*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BOXING. — DELICACY OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH. — SENTIMENTALITY OF THE FORMER. — THEIR FEELINGS TOWARDS FOREIGNERS.

AMONG the amusements of the English officers were regular boxing matches, and some of the most notorious bruisers were brought over from England to exhibit their prowess at Paris. I perfectly coincided in the disgust which this practice excited in the French, and cannot but think it highly disgraceful to those who encouraged it. I used occasionally to remark to my military friends, that they were exciting a very unfavourable opinion in the minds of our national rivals. The reply generally was, “who the devil cares what *their* opinion is; we shall follow our inclinations.” However I might admire the independent spirit which dictated the reply, I was not the less an enemy to the practice, it is always defended on the ground of promoting courage and confidence in the lower classes, which qualities render them so terrible in battle; also, that if they had not that mode of deciding their quarrels, they would have

recourse to knives and daggers. I don't believe either one or the other. No one will surely assert, that the French peasantry are deficient in courage, or that they are addicted to the practice of assassination, yet no public boxing matches are known among them; and I am sure the habits of such of our peasantry as are addicted to this amusement do not speak much in favour of it — they are generally brutal and ferocious — treat their wives and children with cruelty, and are often brought before the tribunals to answer for serious crimes.

But my strongest objection to the practice of boxing, is, that it makes the triumph of a cause depend on the strength or skill of the party, and that a little man or a weak man, may be insulted with impunity. Besides, every man of common delicacy must be disgusted at the entire oblivion of rank and proper dignity which takes place on these occasions. I have seen noblemen and men of fortune sitting down to dinner with a set of black-guard, “gentlemen of the fancy,” the highest of whom had never been in a station of life more respectable than the keeper of a pot-house in an obscure alley. I have always observed too, that celebrated boxers are depraved, worthless characters, addicted to drunkenness and every species of practicable vice, and that those who encourage them are very little better. To look at the set

of men collected together on any of these important occasions, excites in me a most mortifying sense of "the dignity," of human nature; and I feel humiliated at the reflection that such beings belong to the same species as myself. Those who have never seen an assemblage of this kind, in the vicinity of London, are not aware of the full extent of the expression, "dregs of the people," for really the mass of *gentlemen* who usually attend these exhibitions, are as much inferior, and bear as little resemblance, to the respectable part of society, as the pole-cat to the lion. They have two legs, are unfeathered, and have the gift of speech, but the likeness reaches no further; and it is by taking in only a very few parts of the complex idea that we can call them human beings.

The French and English are continually knocking backwards and forwards like a shuttle-cock, the reproach of dirtiness, while at the same time neither party adheres to the general habits as a test, but fixes on some of those customs which are *mere* customs, and as much the result of fashion, as high or low collars or petticoats; or at least, they mix these complaints together, as if they were all equally important and characteristic. For example, the Englishman exclaims, "look at that dirty fellow, he wipes his knife on his bread before he attacks the *public loaf* with it, instead of asking for a

clean one; he spits on the floor and wipes it with his foot; he comes down to breakfast with a great coat, unshaved, unwashed, and without his breeches and stockings; he goes into a dress party of ladies with pantaloons, and a coloured handkerchief round his neck; in short, the French are a set of filthy slovens." The Frenchman says, "there you see an English party; they wipe their lips and fingers on the table cloth; half a dozen drink from the same glass; and they wash their mouths and spit into a bason placed on the table by the side of their fruit plate. Oh, what barbarians!" Each might take a good lesson from that which disgusts them in others, and I really believe that those who have much associated together, do generally relinquish the indelicate habits of both. The last accusation against the Englishman is a serious one, and I have been really sickened very often with the sight of it; however, it is now pretty generally discontinued.

Nevertheless, I must confess that I claim for my country-men generally, and especially for my country-women the palm of superior delicacy. French-women make the same accusation against English-women that Swift alludes to, where he says, "a delicate man is a man of indelicate ideas," and they say, that an English-woman's imagination must be extremely turbid if she cannot talk before men of her "shift," and of

“going into the bath,” without blushing. I do not know which is the best system of defence to adopt for my fair country-women, and I will not do mischief by injudicious zeal in their cause. I will simply say, that I think them very superior to their Gallic rivals in genuine modesty, and that I prefer the quick sense of *indelicacy* which carefully avoids any allusion that can suggest such ideas, to the bold delicacy which utters them in defiance. Let me also do justice to the other party, by stating, that where French-women really *are* modest, they have much more merit in it, as from the state of society their modesty can *never* be merely the effect of ignorance or prejudice, but must result from a deliberate conviction of the judgment. With every disposition to do justice to my country-women, I must confess that the contrary is sometimes the case here. The French Revolution called forth instances of female virtue, which have not been excelled in any age or country; the fidelity, the chastity, the heroism, and the pure affection exhibited on numberless occasions, are in the highest degree honourable to the character of French-women, and shew what I have often asserted, that there are materials in France for a noble nation, but hitherto they have never been properly arranged and made use of.

My readers will be surprised to hear that of

all English authors the most popular in France is Dr. Young. — His Night Thoughts are in every body's hands, and the editions are almost as numerous as those of Shakespeare in England. They are constantly quoted in conversation, and the strain of sombre melancholy in which they are written, is in perfect unison with the sentimental taste of Frenchmen; nor is this extraordinary. We always observe most levity in those who give way without restraint to their feelings; and they who are elated by trifles are also depressed from causes as insignificant. I believe that this rapid alternation of feeling is perfectly *natural*, as we uniformly see it in children till they become artificial beings. The Frenchman goes to the Theatre immediately that he has lost a valuable friend, and he does so to turn the current of his thoughts, which are too painful. — So would the Englishman very often, if it were not for the opinion of society. Let the latter receive afflicting news at a distance from home, where his person and his character are equally unknown, and he will run to a public place of recreation to divert his attention. — This I have often witnessed.

There is a *degree* of affliction which extinguishes all relish for amusement, and there is also a species of grief of which the indulgence is a luxury; sometimes too, the mind has a feeling which counteracts the pain, although ashamed

to acknowledge it. — “ Thus did Rasselas mourn
“ over his misfortunes ; yet derived consolation
“ from reflecting on the delicacy with which he
“ felt, and the eloquence with which he be-
“ wailed them.” These kinds of distress are
not what I allude to, and though I cannot ap-
prove the levity of the Frenchman, I still think
him a more natural character. There is, how-
ever, a dignity resulting from consistency of
conduct, which can only be conceded to the
Englishman ; and which is perhaps more con-
ducive to the good of society than the habit of
giving vent to all the evanescent feelings of
the mind.

If I say that the French are the most *sincere*
nation in the world, my assertion will be attri-
buted to the love of paradox — yet nothing is
more true. A Frenchman gives way to the first
impulse of his soul, and makes protestations of
attachment, and offers of service, without reflect-
ing that on a further acquaintance, he may find
the former undeserved, and the latter impracti-
cable : nevertheless he is sincere when he utters
these sentiments, and I believe generally feels
the affection which he expresses : but then his
sense of the ridiculous is so very obtuse, that he
has little embarrassment in retracting his ex-
pressions ; where an Englishman would be ashamed
of again encountering the object. The lat-
ter is more slow in uttering such declarations

of regard, because he expects to be bound by them ; but the former allows the same liberty that he takes, and considers them as only intended to give a zest to the intercourse of society. —

Yet gentleness of manner, and the non-assumption of superiority in a foreigner, do certainly call forth from Frenchmen a very grateful return, and nothing is considered by them as enough to shew their sense of such conduct. I speak from experience, and from the experience of many of my friends. — I never found these little concessions thrown away, or unappreciated, and was often surprised to find that what was merely the result of common politeness and delicacy towards their political feelings, was requited by real obligations ; they would suffer their attentions to me to interfere very materially with their engagements, and put themselves to trouble and expense on my account, which really embarrassed and distressed me. Such I believe was the invariable conduct towards all who did not grossly offend their self respect. I have often heard of their rudeness to the English, and the Morning Chronicle teemed with reports of quarrels, some of which were stated to have taken place where I happened to be at the time, and had seen the most perfect tranquillity. I often heard British officers speaking of the insolence shewn by the Parisians, and indeed the

mass of Frenchmen towards the English. When I asked, "Have you ever encountered such behaviour personally?" It was always, "Oh! no, I can't say but they have always been very civil to me." Ask whom I might, the reply was still, "Oh! no, they have certainly behaved with propriety and civility towards me." "Then for God's sake gentlemen," I rejoined, "speak of them as you find them,"

" Nothing extenuate

" Nor set down ought in malice."

And make some little allowance for the natural irritability of the human mind, when its highest hopes have been quashed by heavy calamity; and when it is compelled to be always in contact with the cause.

The French are very sentimental, and this feeling can be indulged with less alloy, from the absence of that tact for the ridiculous which, in Englishmen, often defeats the most strenuous attempt of an author to excite the sympathy of his readers; any incongruity is immediately perceived by the latter, and produces bathos, while the former sees nothing but the pathetic. The difference between the two nations is perhaps more remarkable on this subject than on any other, however trifling it may appear.

It is no uncommon thing to see advertisements for situations, where the applicants describe themselves as possessing an agreeable, or indeed handsome countenance, with pleasing manners and address, and with a disposition which will inspire the most perfect confidence. Perhaps all this may be even *within* the bounds of truth, and if so, it seems not to be thought ridiculous in France, but in England the very idea of its being self-praise, excites only disgust or laughter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TRAGIC THEATRE. — DUCIS' TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE. — MACBETH. — TALMA AND MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

HAVING several times visited the theatre called "*par Excellence*," *Theatre Français*, I am enabled to form some opinion on the comparative merits of the two nations, with respect to dramatic talent both of authors and actors. Mr. Talma (who enjoys a reputation on the French stage quite equal to that which Garrick maintained on ours) is the *Magnus Apollo*; and as all excellence is relative, I do without hesitation assign him the highest rank in his profession in France, and considering his disadvantages, perhaps in Europe.

French tragedy is a thing *sui generis* — and French acting is as much limited and impeded by it, as is a dancer who shall wear clogs, or put on fetters. The best French authors adhere most rigidly to the unities of the Grecian drama, and therefore to compare them with the English, would be as absurd as contending which was most beautiful, — a horse, or a piece of em-

broidered satin. There is in fact so little similarity, that the two things do not admit of comparison. At a French theatre, you have an exquisite piece of versification (I will not say poetry) recited with appropriate gesture and scenery; every line is admirably worked up, and the words so arranged, that they shall follow each other melodiously, and without hiatus, — every line *tells* — every line means something, and is really concise prose — bold images are not allowed, but highly wrought descriptions, pathetic narratives, and sound reflections abound in every part; the rhyme assists the memory of the actor, but adds still more to the *artificiality* of the composition, and the whole excites admiration of the same kind as that which is created by a man who violates the laws of gravitation, and walks along the cieling, or the still greater merit of another who, having formed the letters of the alphabet into a column, writes a poem of which the lines shall commence with the respective letters in succession. All is *art*, and the admiration is excited by difficulties overcome — as such, the French stage has its merits, and with these great disadvantages, I allow the actors all the talent for which they claim credit. How different is the English theatre, where the illusion is perfect, — where the mixture of the heroic and the ridiculous is too intimate for our self-esteem, but by no means con-

trary to nature ; and where the language is such as the agents *might* use under the influence of strong passions ; each kind has its respective excellencies, and we can only estimate the degree of merit by ascertaining how far each is calculated to answer the end proposed. To see the stage change from Athens to London, or from Rome to Milford-Haven, produces on a Frenchman the impression described by the poet — “ *Quodcunque mihi ostendis sic, incredulus odi;*” — while the Englishman is at least equally disgusted with the succession of plots, love-scenes, murders, and intrigues, all taking place on the same spot, which is at the same time too public to admit of any of them. Each is right and each wrong — there is no judgment without appeal with regard to dramatic merit, and I conceive *that* to be the best which produces respectively the strongest effect on the nation for which it was intended. The taste for dramatic beauties is necessarily formed very early in life, from the perusal of our native authors, and from the exhibition of their works on the stage, and like orthodoxy in modes of religion, that which deviates from the code we have first acquired, becomes necessarily wrong in our estimation. If we proceed to study foreign authors, we read with a certain mental reservation which makes us incapable of appreciating many of the beauties of a different

system ; and as every system has some real and indubitable errors, those first strike the observation and increase the prejudice against the whole. The excellencies of the French tragedy can only be felt and appreciated by those who have received a certain degree of education, in which education were mingled some prejudices ; but the most illiterate and uncultivated of nature's sons can enjoy the plays of Shakspeare, with almost as high a relish as the perfect scholar (obsolete phraseology is a distinct consideration). Part of the admiration excited in the former, is directed to the *art* of the poet, while the latter gives himself entirely up to the influence of his feelings. There are in our dramatic works, and especially in those of Shakspeare, such outrageous violations of probability, and even possibility, that the author's genius alone can reconcile us to them — the difficulty of transfusing the beauties into another language, makes the incongruities more palpable ; and I am far from joining my countrymen in the condemnation of French tragedy, or in their contempt of the French taste for not being able to admire ours.

A London audience can receive a very high and enthusiastic gratification from hearing Mrs. Siddons recite Collins's Ode on the Passions ; and even the lady who copies her so closely, Mrs. Bartley, can attract a large house by the same piece of recitation. I never had the pleasure of

hearing Mrs. Siddons on such an occasion ; but I know many good judges who assert that she could alternately excite terror, and melt to tears by it. Just such is the species of pleasure derived from seeing the representation of the plays of Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire. Such actors as Talma and Mademoiselle Georges can overcome all the disadvantages inseparable from rhyme and “the unities ;” and I have been as highly excited by those exquisite performers, as by Mr. Young or Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kean or Mrs. Siddons.

There is another disadvantage which the French tragedians have to overcome ; a species of canting whine, up-and-down, up-and-down, which has been so long and so firmly established on their stage, as the real, genuine, right, and orthodox mode of reciting verse, that an actor who attempts an alteration, and who would give his auditors the benefit of a more natural inflexion of the voice, is immediately overpowered by public censure, and obliged to relinquish the attempt. Before we condemn this feeling too earnestly, let us consider what would be the effect on a London audience, of consulting common sense, and leaving out that monstrous piece of tangible absurdity, the ghost of Banquo. Macbeth’s guilty conscience can much more easily be conceived to *see* a ghost where it is *not*, than that the *actual, real, fat Mr. Pope*, can

be seen by us and Macbeth, and yet be invisible to all the rest of the company. The fact is, that fashion, in dramatic performances, though it does not vary so rapidly and so frequently as fashion in habiliments, will yet tolerate equal absurdities, and make beauties out of real violations of good sense and right reason, quite as monstrous as hoops, perriwigs, and pigtails.

M. Ducis, the best poet of the present day in France, has translated, or rather adapted to the French stage, several of the best plays of Shakspeare; Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth, and, I believe, some others. I shall select the last named as that in which he has adhered most closely to the original, and as being most popular at Paris; but the alterations will be found so numerous, and so important, that it may almost be considered as an original composition of M. Ducis, with considerable plagiarisms from Shakspeare.

The play opens with a representation of a forest, rocks, precipices, and caverns, and the sky dark and threatening. Duncan, the King, and Glamis, (whom the author makes first prince of the blood,) are in earnest conversation; in which the King explains that his motive for bringing Glamis to such a place is, that he may be a witness and counsellor in a conversation which is going to take place with Sevar, who has brought up the son of Duncan in the solitude of the

forest to preserve him from assassination. The replies of Sevar are almost translations of the old man's account of the two sons of Cymbeline, in the play of that name. The young prince, who is called Malcolm, is ignorant of his rank, and supposes himself the son of Sevar: he is described as possessing all the qualities necessary to form a good man and a good king. Duncan now decides, that if the battle he is about to give should terminate in his favour, Malcolm should be made acquainted with his high destinies; but, if otherwise, he shall for ever remain ignorant of them. He describes the distracted state of his kingdom, and that he has no hope of success against Cador, (the successful rebel), but in the talents and devotion of Macbeth: he at the same time expresses his suspicion even of him, as he has been so often deceived by others who appeared as faithful.

The second act commences with a soliloquy by Lady Macbeth, (called in this play *Frédégonde*). She is exulting at the glorious successes of her husband, who has just vanquished Cador, taken off his head in triumph, and totally dispersed his army. Macbeth enters with a distracted air, and with his mind intent upon a vision which has appeared to him on his return home through the forest of Inverness. He is preceded by the trophies of his victory: he dismisses his officers by various orders, and remains

alone with *Fredegonde*. The latter remarks his agitated manner, and urges him to explain the cause of it, being so different from the glad countenance she had anticipated. After much persuasion, he describes to her a dream which had distressed him on the night after the victory. This speech is the most beautiful in the whole composition, and is, in my mind, infinitely more impressive than the scene of the witches, as represented on our stage. Indeed, I never remember to have witnessed that scene at our theatres without its being accompanied by peals of laughter from the audience. —

* * * * *

“ Je croyais traverser, dans sa profonde horreur,
 D'un bois silencieux l'obscurité perfide ;
 Le vent grondait au loin dans son feuillage aride,
 C'était l'heure fatale où le jour qui s'enfuit
Appelle avec effroi les erreurs de la nuit
 L'heure où souvent trompés nos esprits s'épouvantent,
 Près d'un chêne enflammé devant moi se présentent
 Trois femmes. Quel aspect ! non, l'œil humain jamais
 Ne vit d'air plus affreux, de plus difformes traits.
 Leur front sauvage et dur, flétri par la vieillesse
 Exprimait par degrés leur féroce allegresse.
 Dans les flancs entr'ouverts d'un enfant égorgé
 Pour consulter le sort leur bras s'était plongé ;
 Ces trois spectres sanglans, courbés sur leur victime,
 Y cherchaient et l'indice et l'espoir d'un grand crime ;
 Et ce grand crime enfin se montrant à leurs yeux,
 Par un chant sacrilège ils rendaient grâces au dieux.
 Etonné je m'avance. “ Exister-vous, leur dis-je —

Ou bien ne m'offrez-vous qu'un effrayant prestige?
 Par des mots inconnus ces êtres monstrueux
 S'appellaient tour a tour, s'applaudissaient entre eux —
 S'approchaient, me montraient avec un ris farouche
 Leur doigt mystérieux se posant sur leur bouche :
 Je leur parle, et dans l'ombre ils s'échappent soudain,
 L'un avec un poignard, l'autre un sceptre à la main
 L'autre d'un long serpent serrait le corps livide
 Tous trois vers ce palais ont pris un vol rapide.
 Et tous trois dans les airs, en fuyant loin de moi
 M'ont laissé pour adieux ces mots ' Tu seras roi.' ”

Fredegonde exclains, “ T'ont-ils reveillé?”

Macbeth replies, “ Non. Ma langue s'est glacée.

Un exécration espoir entrain dans ma pensée ; —
 Si loin du trone encore, — comment y parvenir ?

Je n'osais sans trembler regarder l'avenir.

Enfin dans mes exploits, dans ma propre innocence,

Ma timide vertu trouvait quelque assurance :

Je cherchais dans moi meme un secret défenseur,

Et déjà du repos je goutais la douceur.

A l'instant j'ai senti sous ma main dégouttante

Un corps meurtri — du sang — une chair palpitante ;

C'était moi, dans la nuit, sur un lit ténébreux,

Qui perçais à grands coups un vieillard malheureux.”

The metaphor in the line marked in italics was too strong for French taste, and it never escaped a hiss ; for a Parisian audience does not tolerate any thing which *we* should call poetry. M. Ducis, on another occasion, used the following expression,

“ Voyez ce point de rocher que le soleil dévore.”

A London audience would have thought it an

exquisite idea, and would have applauded it accordingly; but the Parisians condemned it as monstrous and intolerable, and after many vain attempts to procure a revocation of the edict, M. Ducis thought proper to withdraw it, and expunge it from the play.

In uttering the line

“ L'autre d'un long serpent serrait le corps livide,”

Talma imitated with his hands the act of crushing with the nails the slippery serpent as it tries to escape, and he did it with such admirable pantomime that the audience shuddered with horror. Garrick used to display a similar stratagem. He would, in company, take a napkin from the table, and folding it into the shape of an infant, pretend to be playing with it while leaning out of a window. On a sudden, letting it fall, he uttered the shrieks and lamentations of a parent who had negligently killed his child, and this, with such an admirable semblance of reality, as to draw tears from all who were present, though their first impulse had been that of laughter, when they saw him making the preparation.

Talma pronounces the word *non* with a desponding fall of the voice, and at the same time dropping both hands, which had been elevated while talking of the witches. It contrasts admirably with the violent exclamation of *Fredgonde* which precedes it.

Macbeth has scarcely ended this sublime speech, when Duncan enters, and claims his hospitality for the night, intending in the morning to make him acquainted with the existence of Malcolm, and with his intention of resigning the throne to him. Presently Duncan retires to rest, and the scene which follows between Macbeth and Fredegonde, is very similar to the same scene in Shakspeare. Some fugitive bands endeavour at this moment to surprize the castle, when Macbeth, whose ambition was previously worked up by his wife, takes advantage of the confusion and murders the King and Glamis; it passes for the act of the insurgents, who are repulsed; and Macbeth is praised for his supposed unsuccessful bravery in defence of the man he has destroyed.

Loclin next brings Macbeth the books of laws, to which he is to swear fidelity in accepting the crown; while Macbeth is signing it in presence of the people, he fancies that he sees the ghost of Duncan, and starts back in horror. Lady Macbeth argues with him on the folly of his conduct, when he exclaims that he saw written in the book, in letters of blood, "No pardon for assassins!" This is a simple, but natural incident. Macbeth may be supposed to have opened the book at that part which treats of murder and its punishment.

He becomes at last more calm, and takes hea-

ven to witness that he will pursue the murderer of Duncan for ever, and revenge his death. On a sudden he starts aside, and makes that beautiful address to the phantom which appears to his imagination, that *Shakspeare's* Macbeth makes to the ghost of Banquo; the translation of this passage is quite literal. Confusion arises in the assembly, and Fredegonde dismisses them with expressing her compassion for Macbeth's disordered intellect, the result, as she says, of the strong attachment he bore to the King and of horror at his murder.

The audience being dismissed, Macbeth recovers his recollection, and asks very earnestly if he had betrayed himself. Fredegonde assures him that he is yet unsuspected, and points to the crown as a consolation for his unnecessary anxieties. At this moment enters Sevar, leading Malcolm, and claiming for him the crown. Lady Macbeth, on recovering from the surprize excited by the news, gives secret orders that they may be detained, and then boldly acknowledges the youth's title. Sevar retires with him, not suspecting the guilt of Macbeth. In the conversation which ensues between Macbeth and Fredegonde, the latter tells him, that having dared to seize the crown, at least he should dare to keep it; and as Duncan's letter, which Sevar has delivered to him, is the sole title, he may destroy it, and no one will dare to question

his power. Macbeth retires, and Fredegonde, (who had only hinted this gentle mode of disposing of the pretender, because she dared not propose another murder to Macbeth in his present frame of mind,) determines to assassinate Malcolm herself.

In a scene between the young Malcolm and Macbeth, the former declares that he will not be a king, but will go back to his native forests, where he shall be more tranquil. Macbeth, however, persuades him that it is his duty to accept the throne, and endeavour to make his people happy. Malcolm, alluding to his father, says,

“ Si le ciel plus propice eût caché son destin
Il n'eut jamais senti le fer d'un assassin.”

Macbeth. “ Plaignez les criminels — le remords les déchire.”

Malcolm asks with happy simplicity,

“ Qu'est ce que le remords.”

Macbeth starts and replies,

“ Je *pourrais* vous le dire. — Ignorez le toujours.”

There is a great deal of skill in the management of this scene. In painting the duties of a good sovereign, Macbeth becomes warmed with his own emotions, and exclaims with transport,

“ I am myself again ;”

he bursts into tears, and utters the ejaculation,

“ Je te rends grace, ô ciel! tu m'as rendu les larmes.”

Next follows the scene in which our great actress, Mrs. Siddons, is so sublime. Fredegonde dreams of her intention, rises from bed in her sleep, and comes on the stage with her lamp and poniard; — she retires to the chamber of her infant son, and murders him by mistake. She rushes into the state-room where Macbeth has summoned the assembly to give the crown to Malcolm with the proper formalities, and, after entreating them to kill her, sinks down senseless. Loclin says she shall live, that she may be punished by the constant recollections of her crime, and that death would be a mercy she is undeserving of. Macbeth feels his conscience relieved by the reparation he is making to the son of Duncan; and after stating that he has discovered the murderer, declares they shall see his blood shed on that spot, — acknowledges himself the author of the horrible deed, and immediately destroys himself by plunging his poniard into his breast.

It will be seen, even from this very brief and imperfect sketch, that the plot of M. Ducis is more regular and more natural than that of Shakspeare. Macbeth also is rendered more heroic, is a more noble and interesting character. We are so accustomed to regard Shakspeare as infallible, and his mighty genius casts so vivid a glare on his productions, that we do very often take his defects for beauties;

even those passages which he had neglected through idleness, or disdained to retouch as subordinate, become in the hands of his commentators equal to his most laboured compositions. The same genius which can invent, can also improve after invention, and we ought not to criticize too severely the performance of a man who *wrote to live*, and not merely *lived to write*.

Ducis attempted to introduce the witches on the French stage, but it failed absolutely and entirely, although managed with a great deal of caution and skill. I transcribe the part which was originally represented, but which has since been cut away in compliance with public opinion. It is at the end of the first act, after Sevar has described with enthusiasm, the virtues of the young Prince Malcolm — a long groan is heard in the forest — Glamis exclaims, — “*Tout mon cœur se déchire.*” Duncan. “*C’est celui d’un mortel, au moment qu’il expire.*” Glamis says, — “*Si c’étaient ces trois sœurs.*” At this point of time, the three witches come forth from behind the rocks — the first has a poniard in her hand — the next a sceptre, and the third a serpent. The first exclaims, “*Le charme a réussi — le sang coule, on combat — resterons nous ici.*” — The second says, “*non, je cours de ce pas — éblouir ma victime.*” The first who holds the poniard says, “*Et moi frapper la mienne.*”

The third who holds the serpent adds, "*Et moi, venger ton crime.*" The three then repeat in succession, "*Du sang!*" "*Du sang!*" "*Du sang!*" and immediately disappear from the eyes of the spectators. Glamis exclaims, "*Quel présage odieux!*" Duncan replies, "*Séparons nous Sevar, Soumettons nous aux dieux.*" This ends the second act.

One would think it impossible for the most fastidious audience to be shocked with a scene so sublime and so admirably managed; such, however, was the fact, and instead of that breathless anxiety, which the tragedian meant to have excited, a loud burst of laughter convinced him that (as we phrase it) he had "mistaken his man," and that he must change the ideas of his audience before he ventured to introduce a new species of dramatic interest. Thus it is in every thing — in the sciences, in the mechanical arts — in legislation — in poetry, the man who outruns the age he lives in, has the obloquy of failure, and it demands the most stupendous genius to reconcile us to those changes which we afterwards find perfectly consonant to common sense. Galileo was condemned for asserting that the earth moves round the sun, and a man who should have shewn the effects of a Galvanic battery a hundred years ago, would probably have been burnt for a conjurer. Even Shakspeare was not ap-

preciated in his own time, and very many of the defects we find in his writings, were only compliances with the errors of his day, to bespeak indulgence for those innovations which ought not to have needed any. To anticipate the effects of time, either in the fine arts or science, demanded always a great degree of discernment; and although the wonders which have been rendered familiar to us in the latter, have in a great degree reconciled us to any novelties, however repugnant to received opinions, I believe, that in the former we still retain prejudices as monstrous and as absurd as any thing which have been yet eradicated. Even the scene which I have already spoken of, where *Fredegonde* enters with the lamp and poniard, and is supposed to be asleep; even this would not have been tolerated but for the extraordinary talent of Mademoiselle Georges, although both in the original and in the translation, it is certainly the finest in the play. This lady comes nearer to Mrs. Siddons than any actress I have seen, and in some parts I really thought her superior. In the scene where Macbeth is relating his dream, she listens in simple horror, till he arrives at that part of the description where he mentions the three witches, one with a poniard, another with a sceptre, and the third with a serpent — her countenance becomes gradually animated; she passes her hand

across her brow — thoughts seem to be rushing into her brain faster than she can arrange them, but when he ends with “*Tu seras roi,*” her tumultuous joy knows no bounds, she lays her hand hastily on his shoulder, and exclaims, “*T’ont ils reveillé.*” I never saw so fine an expression as her countenance exhibits at this moment — her exclamation is a kind of shriek, and it completely electrified the audience. In the sleep-walking scene, she is, I think, fully equal to Mrs. Siddons, and the best proof of her success, was the absolute breathless silence of the audience; this added still more to the effect; as she was not under the necessity of speaking louder than a whisper, every syllable of which was distinctly heard. Her countenance very much resembles that of Mrs. Siddons, though it is less harsh, and more capable of expressing the gentle passions; but she is certainly not so graceful in her attitudes. However, had I not seen Mrs. Siddons, I should have considered Mademoiselle Georges as nothing short of perfection.

With respect to Mr. Talma, I have much to praise, and much to blame. The mode of recitation which I have condemned as unnatural and disgusting, he carries to excess; and I cannot forgive a man of such consummate skill, for not possessing fortitude enough to set a better example. He is the only man on the French

stage who has influence sufficient to introduce such a change. In spite of this, he does sometimes produce an effect greater than any actor I have ever heard; his exclamations of grief and of despair, are so inexpressibly heart-rending, that I can hardly tolerate to hear them; it goes beyond illusion, and produces pain; you forget the actor and his art, and feel an anguish which destroys the pleasure of the scene. Kean is sublime, in spite of a voice like a raven, and Talma is sublime in spite of a countenance like a barber's wig-block. It is impossible to conceive a face less adapted to a tragedian; it is broad, flat, coarse, and vulgar; but he has by long habit acquired such a power over its muscles, that he can make it represent any thing. I saw him in the play of *Cædipus*, and was really frightened at the intensity of feeling which seemed to have taken possession of him. I do not at all wonder at his popularity at Paris, and only lament that he cannot represent some of our English tragic characters, where there would be no drawback on the effect of his exertions, but where he might give free scope to his conception of nature.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OR GRAND OPERA. — DELICACY,
OF THE FRENCH STAGE. — COMPARISON WITH THAT
OF ENGLAND. — FARCE OF RICCO.

I CANNOT express the very high gratification I received from my first visit to the Great Opera, or, as it is called, *L'Academie Royale de la Musique*. I had often heard this theatre spoken of in high terms of praise, and knew that it was considered one of the chief glories of Paris, but had no conception that so magnificent a spectacle was in existence, and all my attempts to form an idea of it, from a knowledge of our own, proved very inadequate to the reality. The piece represented, was one of the best compositions of *Sacchini*, and the words by the *Abbé Pelegrin*. The orchestra was composed of nearly two hundred performers, and I think there could not be less than three hundred on the stage in the ballet which followed, called *L'Enlevement des Sabines*.

The salon, or interior of the theatre, is an oblong, with all the four corners cut off; the eight angles thus formed, being each ornamented

with a handsome Corinthian pillar; this contracts the stage, or rather proscenium, to a proper size, while it forms the handsomest shape for the audience part. The pillars are hollow, and contain boxes, the occupants of which have a view of the stage through the fluted interstices. The fronts of the boxes represent satin drawn up in festoons, and the predominant colour of the whole decorations is light blue; the seats rise very much above one another in the pit; the two first rows are furnished with backs, and are called the orchestra; they are let at a higher rate than any other parts of the house; the last six rows are also divided off, and called *Premières places*, and are considered the next best situation in the house. The whole has a clean, light, and elegant appearance, and shews off the gay dresses of the ladies to great effect, and the whole spectacle is splendid and imposing in the highest degree. The music, the dancing, the scenery, the richness of the dresses, the perfection of the machinery, the wonderful accuracy of the chorus, which seemed to be animated by one soul, every thing seemed to me absolutely perfect, and formed altogether a more exquisite treat to the eyes and ears than I ever before enjoyed. The nasal sound of the French language is quite lost in the opera, and the harmony is admirable.

I afterwards went several times, and each

time with increased pleasure. In many of the favourite pieces represented at this theatre, there is a great deal of sound sense and meaning; for the first time I ceased to think an opera ridiculous, and could almost fancy a world where the inhabitants conversed in music, and moved to sounds of harmony.

Of course so large an establishment cannot be kept up by the prices of admission alone, and accordingly the Government contributes a very large sum in aid of it, whilst all the other theatres pay a portion of their profits to this; so that it is strictly a national theatre. Although so expensive, I never heard it complained of as unnecessary; because it adds to the glory of the nation.

It has been remarked, that of all the pleasures of sense, music is the only one which leaves no pain behind it, and produces no ill effect, even when indulged to excess. It cannot, however, be strictly called a pleasure of sense, and it certainly belongs, at least equally, to the intellect. Simple melody produces delight, merely from its effect on the organ of hearing, but harmony, and especially the concord of *many* sounds, is chiefly relished by those who have learnt the principles of the science. The gratification they receive then, is from the degree of skill in the composition, and from observing how nearly it corresponds with the rules laid down, and

generally acknowledged. I know some great proficient in this art, who contend, that they can receive nearly the same pleasure from *reading* a piece of music in score, as from *hearing* it performed by an orchestra. This species of pleasure I am incapable of feeling and of appreciating, but do not, therefore, deny its existence. To the man, however, who contends for the superior beauty of simple sounds, it is a triumph to observe what passes in the theatre very frequently. While the orchestra is doing full justice to the grandest chorus of Winter, the audience are talking, laughing, and exchanging compliments — doors are shutting and opening, and every thing expresses that the great majority are totally uninterested in what is going forward — but when a flute or female voice commences a plaintive air, all is instantaneous silence — those who *are* restrained by good manners, and those who *are not*, equally join in silent admiration, and the mouth unconsciously half opened, expresses the pleasure which is thus received. I do not merely contrast the effect of an intricate piece of music with the effect of simple sounds, but of duets, and in general of *vocal* music, which is never very complicated. The pleasure we receive from good music is indefinable; a croud of confused ideas over-run the soul, as Madame de Stael expresses it, and we seem conscious of an addi-

tional existence. “ Il semble qu’en écoutant des sons purs et délicieux on est prêt à saisir le secret du Créateur, et pénétrer la mystère de la Vie.”

The same admirable writer remarks, that “ La justesse admirable de deux voix parfaitement d’accord, produit dans les Duo des grand maîtres d’Italie, un attendrissement délicieux, mais qui ne pourrait se prolonger sans une sorte de douleur ; e’est un bien-etre trop grand pour la nature humaine, et l’âme vibre alors comme un instrument à l’unisson que briserait une harmonie trop parfaite.”

It is impossible to express more justly or more elegantly, the sensations excited in the mind of every one possessed of sensibility, by this delightful science. Even when the words are indistinctly heard, or when the sound is produced from a wind instrument bearing resemblance to the voice, we are not the less gratified. “ Les paroles que l’on chante ne sont pour rien dans cette émotion ; à peine quelques mots d’amour ou de mort dirigent-ils de temps en temps la réflexion, mais plus souvent le vague de la musique se prête à tous les mouvements de l’âme, et chacun croit retrouver dans la mélodie, comme dans l’astre pur et tranquille de la nuit, l’image de ce qu’il souhaite sur la terre. La musique soulève doucement le poids qu’on a presque toujours sur le cœur, quand on est capable d’af-

fections sérieuses ou profondes. Le malheur dans le langage de la musique est sans amertume, sans déchirement, sans irritation ; il n'y a plus de vide — la vie est remplie.”

No where, certainly is music apparently relished so highly as in France, if we may judge from the enthusiastic commendations of it by all parties ; yet French music is, to my ears, very bad, and I should not have supposed it *à priori*, capable of exciting such emotions as I have described ; it is very complicated, and generally executed with great precision, but sadly defective in pathos ; yet, although this fault runs through almost every piece of French composition, they enjoy the works of the best Italian masters as thoroughly as any nation, and the excellence of the *Academie de Musique* is a proof of genuine taste and discernment. Except our Philharmonic and Concert of Ancient Music, I suppose there is nothing in England which deserves to be made an object of comparison.

In comedy, I really think the French unrivalled, and their comic actors are exceedingly good ; in the broader farce I have never seen any thing equal in England, except from Liston and Mathews. The comic theatres are so much encouraged, that they can afford to pay well for superior talent, and they have it in perfection.

There is a peculiarity on the French stage which I know not how to account for, viz.; a strict regard to decency. An indelicate equivocate is hissed immediately, and a modern writer would ensure the damnation of his piece by any attempt to introduce those indelicacies which are tolerated and applauded by a London audience. I would willingly take refuge from the mortification of making this acknowledgment, by contending for that pretty theory which says, that as nations become more depraved, their public amusements become more delicate; but I scorn to adopt such a subterfuge, because I disbelieve it altogether. As nations advance in *refinement* and *civilization*, their public amusements become more delicate I allow, and if a bad government, or a series of bad governments, have made no effort to check the concomitant evils of such a state, vices will encrease at the same time; but I will not, cannot allow, that the general diffusion of education and good principles, and a relish for those refinements of language which keep down all the grosser ideas, (and what else is civilization?) can *necessarily* be connected with depravity. We may practise the vice and not talk of it, but we are not the less likely to practise the vice from making it the constant subject of filthy witticisms.

As men form a more perfect society, the less are they privately and individually inclined to

punish such vices as do not seem immediately to injure others, and accordingly the sensual propensities are thus allowed to pass unchecked; but this has nothing to do with the open sanction of immorality; and I must do the French the justice to say, that their theatre is in this respect much more pure than our own. You do not see on their stage such pieces as the *Beggar's Opera*; yet without doubt, if wit were allowed to palliate such violations of decency, there is no lack of it in their authors. A filthy alteration of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, written by the profligate Dryden to gratify the depraved taste of Charles the Second, is allowed, in the present day, to supercede the beautiful original; and we have two additional characters, which totally spoil the structure and interest of the piece, introduced solely to give occasion for foolish and indecent equivoques.

Almost all our modern plays have witticisms of the same nature. I am surprised that vanity alone does not prevent an author from such a confession of imbecility, because we all know, that it is exceedingly easy to raise a laugh by such means without any wit at all; and we have abundant proof that it is very possible to be extremely witty without the aid of indecency. — Garrick's play of the *Clandestine Marriage*, is one which I should be most happy to give as a specimen of English Comedy: there is neither

obliquity in the moral, nor indelicacy in the language; yet there is wit enough to satisfy the most exorbitant critic. — *Si sic omnia!*

French Comedy, however, like the English, gives abundant encouragement to many of the faults and follies which, in real life, are visited with heavy punishment. As in our best plays, a young girl taken to the theatre, sees that it is extremely proper, and very “funny,” to cheat an indulgent old father, and run away with a swain whose name, station, and character, are unknown to her; — that a father, so deceived and robbed, must be a brute indeed, to feel any resentment on the occasion; and that he will, of course, kiss and forgive her, when she puts on a penitent and pathetic look, and goes gracefully down on one knee. Oh, how I hate this prostitution of talent — as if the real incidents of life, the real sympathies of virtuous love, and all the rational passions of our nature, were not sufficiently interesting; as if prudence were incompatible with warm feelings, and common sense with love. If such plays have any effect on the minds of youth, it must be to teach them, that a man who has the exterior of virtue is a hypocrite; but that the gay, careless, unfeeling, selfish rake, is open-hearted, generous, and estimable, and will amply reward the love of a virtuous and modest girl; though she must previously sacrifice her own self-respect to unite her

fate with a man whose mind is polluted, and whose person is impure.

It will be seen that I bear in mind, more particularly at this moment, one of our most popular plays — the *School for Scandal* — a comedy, of which the wit encreases the mischief. Happily Mr. Sheridan's life formed a running comment on his play, and thus diminished its effect. Misdirected genius does more injury to society than admits of calculation or reparation. The lighter French Farces are exceedingly laughable; and I do not think there can possibly be a better remedy for chagrin, than to visit the representation of any of the modern favourites. They are generally things which will not bear deliberate reading, but are adapted to the respective peculiarities of the performers. One of these which I recollect, (a piece called *Ricco*,) produced a greater number of piquant situations, and more laughable stage-effect, than I ever remember to have seen. *Ricco* is an innocent, but rather arch country lad; has been lately dismissed from the service of his master, for overturning the carriage in a ditch when acting in his capacity of postilion. — He comes on the stage weary and hungry, exclaiming in a tone of whining despondency, —

“How every one brushes by me as if they knew that I have not a penny in my pocket! — O poor Ricco, thou'st made a pretty piece of

business of it. I am ready to sink with fatigue, sleep, and hunger. Let us sit down here a-bit—ten leagues at a stretch in wooden shoes, one may well be knocked up. What the devil shall I do?—my costume is not very imposing, and, I must own, I look rather like a postilion turned off in a jiffy. I am very sleepy—I may take a nap here, I suppose—the landlord won't ask for the reckoning when I wake; but, alas, no body will come and say to me, 'Dinner is ready.' O, what a delightful sound! Well, of all penitences, the hardest is that of having nothing for the tooth. I have been running after fortune for these ten years, and the little devil always keeps out of my reach. An old lady, who fancied herself a witch, told me I had a lucky face; she dealt out the cards, and foretold, that, before long, the fall of a great man should be my elevation.—Postilion to a nobleman, one half of the prophecy is accomplished, for I have tumbled his Lordship into the ditch; but when I begin to rejoice at it, my master stops my wages, and has me kicked out of the house for my pains. Well, I'll take a nap."

While he is asleep, the supposed fatal event of a duel makes one of the combatants anxious to escape; Ricco, having taken off his hat and coat that he may sleep the easier, the gentleman takes them for a disguise, leaving his own uniform coat in the place, with the hat and sword. When he is

gone, Ricco, who has been once more dreaming of the prophecy, wakes and finds the change in the clothes. After some consideration, he can explain the matter no other way than by supposing that the good fortune which was predicted has arrived during his sleep, and, having put on the uniform of the colonel, he determines to maintain the character with dignity. He calls out lustily, "Hallo! hallo!—nobody waiting there:—where are all my rascals?" Frontin, the servant of the colonel, who has a pique against Ricco, (though unknown to him,) in consequence of an ancient amour, determines to punish him, and accordingly keeps up the joke to bring him into embarrassment. The guards arrive to arrest him, when he thinks it too serious, and declares he is not the Marquis; but Frontin persists that his misfortunes have turned his brain, and he is carried off to the castle as the duellist. Some exquisite scenes follow, between him and the father of the lady whom the real marquis wished to marry. The old gentleman, who only knew him by name, and hated him from a family quarrel, is quite astonished that his daughter should have fixed her affections on such a man. The distress of all parties is most admirably worked up, and an *eclaircissement* and reconciliation take place, but not till the error has produced a succession of the most laughable equivoques and mistakes that

can be conceived. The man who performed Ricco was much like Liston in his mode of acting, but with a countenance still more comic. I never saw a specimen of acting more perfect in its kind; and am surprised that, with a set of actors so admirably adapted to the purpose, this piece has not yet been received on the English stage. I have no doubt of its acquiring a popularity which would abundantly repay the trouble of getting it up.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OCURRENCE AT THE THEATRE. — POPULARITY OF THE KING. — PROBABLE CONDUCT OF THE DISBANDED OFFICERS. — COMPARISON OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH. — DIFFERENT SENTIMENTS ON THE NATIONAL FLAG.

I WAS one night at the *Theatre des Variétés*, when the orchestra, instead of commencing with the overture to the piece about to be represented, played the beautiful slow air called "*Charmante Gabrielle*," and then (by a cadence from the leader) made a very elegant transition to "*Vive Henri Quatre*," the national song of Frenchmen, or at least, of all those attached to the Bourbon dynasty. The most brilliant pleasure seemed to pervade the whole audience; and it was rapturously encored. — After a repetition, the house again rang with cries of *Bis, Bis*, and a third time it was performed with additional acclamations. A ferocious looking officer who sat near me had evidently been on thorns the whole time. His dark face deeply scarred by small-pox, as well as by the casualties of war, had been convulsively working into an expression of the most superlative contempt during the second repeti-

tion; it was hardly finished, when he started up and exclaimed, "Enough, enough, gentlemen — now the overture, if you please." A sober citizen placed just behind him, construed this into a want of loyalty, and, after looking him steadily in the face for a moment, cried with vivacity, "*Vive le Roi.*" All the house had heard the impertinent address to the orchestra, and the *Vive le Roi* operated like an electric spark: instantly the cry of loyalty resounded from all parts of the theatre with an enthusiasm which I never before witnessed an example of. Many voices cried out "Buonapartist;" "Rascally Buonapartist." "Turn him out;" "Turn him out." The officer kept his look of defiance till the tumult subsided, and then turning round to the person who had first raised the cry of "*Vive le Roi,*" he addressed him with — "Pray, Sir, is it *you* who doubt my devotion to the King?" The man did not like the manner of the querist, nor what the question seemed to imply, and he quickly made answer, — "*Oh! de tout, de tout, Monsieur.*" — (Not at all, not at all, Sir). The officer then turned about to another, and another, and another; but still the same reply of "*de tout, de tout, Monsieur.*" No one seemed willing to take up the gauntlet: so, after looking once more round at the audience with an air of thorough disdain, he added, "Very well, gentlemen, then I take my seat again: — if any

one wishes for further explanation, I am ready to give it." And quietly seating himself, the business passed off without further disturbance, except that the audience seemed determined to have their revenge, by demanding "*Vive Henri Quatre,*" between every subsequent act throughout the evening. This song is seemingly the touchstone of loyalty, and is used on every occasion by a royalist, when in company with another whom he suspects of attachment to the discarded sovereign. To hum the tune, at such times, is a safe and easy mode of conveying an insult, as the Buonapartist dares not seem to dislike it.

I could adduce an hundred instances of similar expression of popular feeling, and for myself have the most perfect conviction, that the King is loved and respected by the great mass of the population. That there are a very great number of mal-contents, is true of course. That there are tens of thousands who would be glad to overturn the existing government, for the chance of obtaining something in the scramble cannot be denied, but that there remain any considerable portion of the nation who wish to see Buonaparte back again, is what I utterly deny. I believe that if the battle of Waterloo had never been fought — if Europe had done nothing more than deny the validity of his claim to the throne, he would have had no chance whatever of retaining

it. In every part of the kingdom, bands were forming and becoming every day more formidable; some of which professed to be fighting for the Bourbons, and others for a Republic; but all agreeing to discard Napoleon. Let it be considered, that Buonaparte's escape from Elba, from their ignorance of the nature and extent of the coercion used to detain him, and their exaggerated ideas of the power of the British navy, could be considered only as miraculous, or as the effect of treachery in his keepers. That Buonaparte promulgated every where that he had formed a treaty with England, and with Austria, and that he was come to resume his throne. Notorious as was his character, it seemed impossible for impudence to reach so far, and no one thought even *him* capable of so monstrous a fabrication, and one which, if false, must be so soon detected. In the confusion which ensued people knew not what to believe, till the declaration of congress opened their eyes — it was too late — they had suffered him to take the weapons before they thought of resisting his power, and they saw their error only when its punishment hung over their heads. I speak now of the *honest* part of the nation, many of whom were afterwards induced to acknowledge the Usurper, because they thought any thing better than conquest by foreigners. As for the farce of the "*Champ de Mai*" it imposed on no one, and notwithstanding the fine bom-

basic accounts of that ceremony, it was the topic of scorn and ridicule to the whole nation. — So little did Buonaparte reckon on the applause of the bye-standers, (without which the *spectacle* would have lost half its *éclat*,) that the directors were obliged to hire some thousands of vagabonds, at five francs a day, to cry “*Vive l’Empereur*,” and to keep Paris in an uproar: — I know two who were so hired, and who told me of many others of their acquaintance — they thought it excellent fun, and wished for another repetition of it; — but even these men spoke of the scene as a vast pantomime of vagabonds.

About fifty thousand officers are now turned loose on the nation, by far the greater number of whom may be considered as totally destitute of support. They have no half-pay in consequence of their revolt, and colonels are glad to obtain the post of clerk in a coach-office. Is it to be supposed that such men will remain quiet? — they can lose nothing but their lives, and that is no greater risk than they have encountered from the time they came into the army; any change must benefit their condition, and if accident should favour their attempts, a considerable rebellion might be apprehended. The body of the nation is so exhausted, that they would probably submit to the assumption of power by *any* party, rather than encounter the fatigue of resistance. The Allies therefore have acted

wisely in retaining possession of the fortresses, which will enable them to interfere, should their assistance be necessary. Of this I have not the least expectation however, because their vicinity must make any attempt appear hopeless to those who are likely to undertake it, and the better-disposed population will exert themselves to the utmost to repress them, from the consideration that if the Allies should take it on themselves, the whole nation must suffer the punishment. That France will ever become again an absolute monarchy, is almost impossible. The heavy taxes which will be so long required to discharge the contributions, will necessarily keep up a state of irritation, which will gladly vent itself when the foreign troops are removed. Almost all concessions from sovereigns have been extorted in times of severe public calamity; and the year 1821, when the restrictions cease, will probably give the King of France quite as unmanageable a house of deputies, as any which ever sat in St. Stephen's chapel. I declare, that (looking to history) were I a Frenchman, I should think my country in a fairer train for a free constitution, and the exercise of rational liberty at the present moment than at any former period of its history, not excepting the era of the Revolution. The discussion which took place during Buonaparte's pretended election — the debates in the chamber of Peers and of Deputies — the freedom of

the press, (for there is no previous restraint on any thing but newspapers and pamphlets under thirty pages,) and the general circulation of English books, altogether have given an impetus to the public mind, which no efforts of arbitrary power can ever again effectually impede. — One injudicious friend does more harm than a host of open enemies ; but these, and the seeming zeal of the pretended friends of liberty, will not present any great obstacle to its cultivation, though far more injurious to the cause, than the malice of its enemies. — *Labitur et labetur.* The nation has now a stepping-stone, and if they do not eventually settle into a rational and free system of government, it must be for the sole reason that they do not deserve its enjoyment.

Comparing the middle classes of the two countries, the most obstinate hater of England must acknowledge the great, the very great inferiority of the French generally, in manners, morals, and education. Comparing the lower classes, the difference is strangely on the other side — How is this to be accounted for? I confess that I cannot assign any cause or causes sufficient for the purpose ; but the fact is palpable as the sun, and I have never yet met with an Englishman so prejudiced, as not to allow it without hesitation. It is my firm, deliberate conviction, that the peasantry of France are superior to the peasantry of England in every respect. — They are more

industrious, more sober, more religious, more honest, more moderate in their desires, more exact in their social duties, more faithful to their contracted obligations, more civil, and more confiding in their intercourse with each other, and with strangers. Nay, they are equal, if not superior in those qualities of the body in which Englishmen think them so very defective;—they are, I think, in general taller and more robust, and look more healthy. This difference between the French and British soldiers struck me as very remarkable, and gave me a still higher opinion of British courage, which could overcome the fearful odds of number and physical strength.

I believe the dress of the French soldiers still adds to their apparent stature, as it is not cut into so many varieties as the most common British uniform. The general French uniform is nearly the same as that of our artillery, which certainly displays the figure to the greatest advantage. I remarked that even the picked regiments of guards (of which the privates are almost all above the ordinary stature I believe,) did not appear so tall as one of the common French regiments, though in reality they were considerably taller, merely because the former are divided into so many pieces, by the contrasts of their different articles of dress.

With respect to the officers, it was the remark of every Frenchman who conversed with me,

that they had never seen so elegant and fine a set of forms, and that French officers were not worthy of being compared with them, except "*pour la tête et pour le cœur.*" I felt some degree of national vanity, when I saw a number of our officers at the theatre; they appeared so healthy, so rosy, and good-humoured — had such an air of openness in the countenance, and looked so much like *gentlemen*, that they formed quite a strong contrast to the meagre, ferocious, squalid faces of the French officers who surrounded them, almost all of whom look vulgar, vicious, and depraved. If I am to believe their own account, of the state of manners and morals, from the marshal to the lieutenant, they equalled the Romans in profligacy as in courage.

I have often heard it remarked by Frenchmen, as a strange circumstance, that there should be so great a difference between the different classes of society in England; the officers being so very much above the standard with respect to personal beauty and perfection, and the men so much below it. It is a fact, however, beyond dispute. I know not how to account for it, unless by attributing it to the better food, more regular habits, and superior moral education of the former. With many exceptions since the great increase of the British army, the officers are in general taken from the

finest class in the kingdom ; where the body is sufficiently exempted from labour, but neither pampered by a luxurious and unnatural mode of living, nor subjected to those privations which impede its developement, and where the mind is cultivated in habits of order and morality, which tend to stamp an agreeable expression on the countenance. I do not mean to hold up our own officers as patterns of virtue and self-denial ; but, I believe, that, contrary to French practice, they were much more regular and correct in their conduct during the campaigns, than when in English barracks, and the strict discipline maintained throughout the army, made any great excesses impracticable. Neither do I think that they are quite so incredulous as their opponents with respect to a future state, or that they are absolutely careless of going out of the world,

“ With all their crimes full-blown.”

As far as I could judge from the conversation of a great number of them, there reigned pretty generally a sober tone of feeling, from a consideration of the uncertainty of the events of war. This did not, however, render them less courageous in battle ; and the subsequent events have shewn how very superior is moral bravery, to that which arises from vanity, desire of glory, or from revenge, which is merely physical and

corporeal. One of the reasons which may be assigned for the courage of British officers lasting longer than that of their opponents in the late warfare, is, that they were not at all afraid of treachery, and they had the most perfect confidence in the courage of each other. We may say of the officers as of the whole army, that the feeling which inspires them is very different from that which acts upon the individual, and that the bravery of the soldier is not the bravery of the man. In an army, each man fights on in confidence of support from the rest, and this is the reason why new-raised levies seldom acquit themselves well, even when instigated by the strongest of passions, because they have little dependence on each other. Take away this mutual confidence, and you convert an army into a mob. It is probably the persevering conviction, that their officers will never forsake them, never give way, and never cease to urge again and again the timid, confirm the bold, encourage the wavering, and shame the weak. It is this feeling, I say, which makes English soldiers fight longer than those of any other nation whatever. But to return to my remarks on the character of the French peasantry.

I could bring numberless instances of their honesty. A gentleman who came away with me by the Diligence from Paris, had left a

spoon behind him at his humble quarters at Montmartre. The poor man who had been his host, took the trouble of running after the vehicle a great distance, to return it; though as his rooms were immediately occupied by soldiers, he might easily have denied all knowledge of it. Another gentleman of my acquaintance hired a perfect stranger to carry a small portmanteau to St. Cloud, and soon after the man was gone, recollected that he had given him a wrong direction, and as neither party knew where to find the other again, the gentleman naturally supposed his trunk was irrecoverably lost. Two months afterwards the gentleman was trotting very briskly on the road to Versailles, when a man overtook him completely exhausted with running. It proved to be the porter whom he had sent with the portmanteau, and who had seen him pass along the road as he was at work in the vineyards; he came to say that the trunk was safe, and to ask whither he should "have the honour to carry it."

Walter Scott mentions a similar thing which occurred to himself on leaving his desk at an inn. A man overtook him with it on a hired horse; though the house, being full of foreign soldiers, it would have cost them nothing but a lie to obtain the desk for themselves. The British officers bear testimony to the great fidelity of their French servants, and I have heard and

known so many instances of honesty and simplicity, that I no longer hesitate to put it down in my brain as a general fact. The humanity of the French peasantry is also acknowledged by the whole army; the sick and wounded were left in cottages, or in little villages without apprehension of ill treatment; and although the state of war had roused all the bad passions into action, there was scarcely an instance of a straggler being murdered or abused. When I was going one day to Ruelle, the coachman observed an English soldier very lame, travelling the same road, and immediately called out to him, "*la pauvre homme, est-ce que vous êtes estropié, montez, montez.*" "Poor fellow, what are you lame, come, get up, get up, and ride on the box," and immediately gave him a place by his side. A variety of little circumstances of this nature, give me much faith in that appearance of honesty and mildness, which is generally to be seen in their countenances.

Inebriety also is considered by the common people of France as so very disgraceful, that a man runs the risk of losing "his cast" who is guilty of it. During my whole stay, I saw only one example of this disgusting habit in a Frenchman, and he was only just drunk enough to make a serpentine walk home, and display rather more loyalty than was called for by the occasion. Those who do drink to excess are at least ob-

liged to conceal themselves from public observation. This comparative sobriety of French and English, is attributed by many to the circumstance of wine being so common amongst the former as to be no longer a temptation; but wine (at least such as will produce intoxication) is not so cheap in France as beer in England; yet it is with the latter beverage, generally, that our countrymen get so gloriously drunk. National habits are unaccountable things, and confound every attempt at an explanation of their causes.

If with this kind of population the destruction of regular government gave rise to such horrible excesses, what would it have been, had a similar revolution taken place in England? There is no parallel in history to the convulsions of France, and we can only reason by analogy. An Englishman, who wished to explain every thing to the advantage of his own country, might say that the English mob, being nearer to a state of nature, the abstraction of *all* restraint would not be so great a shock to them as it was to the more civilized French; that a dog who has been chained is *mad* when he gets loose; while another who has been only restricted to a court-yard may have the liberty of the forest without danger to the other animals who range it with him.

I cannot make up my mind on this subject,

— an ingenious hypothesis is no proof, or I might raise one on the simile I have just mentioned; and perhaps that is the only way in which we can explain the change of a French peasant into a French soldier. There is not on record a series of cruelties so revolting to human nature as have been committed by the French armies; yet the officers will always tell you they have ever made war “*loyalement*,” and that the villainous Prussians are cruelly unjust to retaliate in a way so contrary to order and etiquette. I am of opinion that the Prussians would have taken a more severe and more effectual revenge, if they had at once given in a list of all the sums extorted from Prussia for the preceding twenty years, and insisted on instant repayment. Indeed, the Prussians say they should have done so, had we not prevented them by our misplaced humanity. Burnings and spoliations affect only a small portion of the people, who live near the great roads, and who are perhaps the least culpable, because they have most to dread from warfare; but taxation goes down into holes and corners, and makes every one feel most pungently the danger of those “throwing stones who have glass windows of their own.” This has not yet been done sufficiently to afford reparation to the injured.

To a man who is perfectly impartial, there is something very curious and interesting in the dif-

ferent views taken of the same subject by opposite political parties. In our own country moderate men generally deduct a *per centage* from each statement of a political fact, when they wish to arrive at the truth, and the hostility of the different parties seldom goes beyond a trial of skill at argument, except indeed with those creatures who draw their subsistence or their consequence from encouraging the errors and prejudices of all. But in France, the natural vivacity of disposition gives an earnest appearance of reality to the convictions of each party, and you are almost argued out of your opinions ten times a day. — “Behold,” says the partizan of the Bourbons, “behold the white flag, the emblem of honour, of loyalty, and of faith; a flag, which for seven centuries conferred dignity on the man who carried it — was the pride of France — the security of our friends — the terror of our enemies; — it comes back to us the harbinger of peace and reconciliation; — who shall dare to compare it with that bloody signal of guilt, discord, and confusion which has given place to it? — Thank heaven,” adds he, “for the honour of the age, the tricoloured flag has faded away into the glorious standard of purity and happiness.”

Next comes the Republican or Buonapartist; “see,” says he, “that *white rag*, which expresses nothing — means nothing — and is a type only

of its miserable restorer — but the tri-colour — the source of so many glorious recollections — the emblem of union. The Blue denotes constancy — the Red courage — and the White, honour. Their combination takes in the whole prismatic spectrum — from Lisbon to Moscow, it was the signal of victory and triumph, and for five and twenty years has been the terror of the world. O, that it could once more shine in glory as it has done; then would France resume her rank among the nations, and be what she ought to be — the model for the universe.”

God forbid! — If modern *military* France were to be a model for Europe, then should we go back at once five hundred years in civilization. The character of Buonaparte's armies is now well known, and it is so bad, that no honest and good man of any party can wish it to have been permanent. The profligacy — the abandoned wickedness of a successful French army under such a leader, would have done more to demoralize Europe in ten years, than could be accomplished by every other mode in a century.

CHAPTER XXXII.

STATE OF FRENCH SOCIETY. — CHANGE OF MANNERS
 PRODUCED BY THE REVOLUTION. — DEMORALIZATION
 OF THE FRENCH COUNTENANCE. — AN ATTEMPT TO
 EXPLAIN THE CAUSE.

THERE is in the French language no equivalent to our word *Gentleman* — a word, perhaps, which comprises a greater number of compound ideas than any other. The word “*Gentilhomme*” means a man of noble family; the expression “*un homme comme il faut*,” alludes solely to the manners and carriage. “*Homme de bien*” means a man of property, or sometimes an honest man; — but there is neither word nor combination of words to express the complex idea which means so much in England. We do not *always* imply fortune, or birth, or station in life; — not even always “peculiar” elegance of manner, and certainly not always high rank in society; — but we always mean education, good morals, an expression of mind, of cultivated mind in the countenance, and the possession of that species of mental tact in morals which may be compared to good taste in the fine arts. A certain feeling of delicacy,

of propriety, of self-respect, and of deference for the established regulations of educated society which heightens and improves all the more substantial qualifications ; and is in itself so useful and so agreeable, that it not unfrequently supercedes the want of them.

Before the French Revolution, perhaps the first term "*gentilhomme*," might be sufficiently specific; as it was rare to find a man possessing such qualities out of the class which it designated, and from the circumstance that every member (however remote or collateral) of a family possessing a title, was "noble," the term would still include a large portion of society. In the present day however no such reason can be assigned, and so offensive is the coarseness of manner produced by the Revolution and its consequences, especially among those who were then children, or have arrived in the world since that period, that a man who was inclined to be severe might say, "the want of the term arises from want of the prototype."

I am inclined to make great allowances for all those who, during the furor of the revolutionary mania, were of an age to be hurried away by the torrent ; but I cannot excuse others who are old enough to recollect the philanthropic affectation with which it commenced. — They, at least, ought to be able to separate

charlatanerie from wisdom, and the affectation of bluntness from real sincerity.

As a corollary to the above arguments, I may state a remark I have often made, (and after tolerably extensive observation,) that the most refined politeness and good breeding are met with, *not* in the highest rank, but in the classes immediately below it: the former have not enough of respect for the opinion of others to be a restraint on their conduct, and, without some degree of restraint, it inevitably loses the gloss which is so beautiful; — *their* rank is fixed, and they are not apprehensive of forfeiting it by the neglect of any of the concessions of refined good nature. But the latter, with the same opportunities of acquiring politeness, have more motives for preserving it, and the invariable practice of these graces becomes habitual; — it is adopted and continued for the sake of acquiring the *rank of courtesy*, and it is thus firmly engrafted on the disposition. The best bred people I have ever seen, have been in the families of country gentlemen educated to professions, and whose intellects have thus not been suffered to stagnate — in the families of clergymen, and, generally, amongst the higher class of merchants and professional men. I have occasionally met with the most perfect politeness and true gentility in the lowest departments of trade; and certainly the most thorough specimens of disgusting vulgarity,

and brutal disregard of the feelings of others, which have ever come within my ken, have been in very high rank.

On weak minds, the attempt to attain this kind of refinement, produces only affectation; but as there are strong intellects in every rank of society, such will be well bred wherever they have opportunities of observation and relish for the thing itself; and if this wish be excited, and opportunity be afforded, while the features are yet young enough to change their expression, the countenance will also take that character which we call the *appearance of a gentleman*. But to return from a digression which I acknowledge to be rather irrelevant.

Perhaps in no respect does English society differ from that of France so much as in this. You meet with many worthy and good Frenchmen, many that are honest, and many who are brave; many that one cannot avoid respecting, and many that deserve affection; yet with all this there is a certain want of dignity of manner, which in spite of a determination to be pleased, excites a feeling approaching to disgust that is undefinable. That self-respect which keeps each class distinct in our country, yet which does not *seek* occasion to shew itself, seems here unknown. All degrees in society appear mixt together and confounded like a shuffled pack of cards, and will require a con-

siderable time to be sorted and re-arranged. That this intermixture has improved the lower orders is generally asserted, and it is possibly true as far as respects *manners*, but that is the only class which has not suffered by the change.

I do not hesitate to say, that the Revolution has also deteriorated the "French countenance," and that the visages of the young men of the 19th century are neither so handsome nor so amiable as those of their predecessors. This may appear an assertion merely for the sake of argument, but I entreat the reader to give me his attention, while I endeavour to explain a physico-moral fact, of which I am perfectly convinced.

As passion or feeling expresses itself in the countenance, doubtless the constant or frequent repetition of such impression will in time fix the features into a permanent form adapted to such feelings. This may be done by art, as we see daily in hypocrites; and that it takes place in the ordinary course of things, we have abundant proof. Two children of the same parents shall be placed in dissimilar situations, one brought up to an occupation in which no *mind* whatever is called forth — he shall have vulgar and vicious associates, and his leisure shall be so employed as to blight every bud of promise; while the other shall be placed in educated and virtuous society, where every vicious inclination

is repressed and discouraged, and every good propensity and talent excited and rewarded. After the lapse of a few years, the features as well as characters, have assumed a form and expression so totally different, that it is with difficulty we can persuade ourselves the two beings were originally formed of the same materials — that they entered into life with the same high feelings, the same sympathy for all that is good and virtuous, and the same scorn of vice. Yet this occurs so often that the youngest among us may adduce many examples. Such has been the case in France; the bad eminence of the vulgar wretch who has so long kept Europe in consternation and misery, has tended more to demoralize the “French countenance” than can be conceived, unless we bear in mind what I have just exemplified, and consider that as a nation is made up of individuals, that which is true of the individual, is true of the whole nation. Buonaparte has for fifteen years done all in his power to repress and discourage every honourable feeling; he has patronized vice in every form in which it could minister to his purposes; the appearance of virtue has been called hypocrisy, and has been the constant butt of ridicule. We all know that there is *bad* enough in human nature, if it be but called forth by favourable circumstances, and that if the highest and the lowest classes are

most vicious, it is simply because they are least restrained by the dread of shame; the one is above, and the other beneath it. The man of fortune will have his rents paid whether he be a blasphemer, a drunkard, or an adulterer; and the peasant's day's labour is of the same value, whatever be the vices which attach to him; but in the middling station of life notorious profligacy brings with it loss of fortune as well as loss of character, and in such a sphere the man moves steadily in his course, because aberration is ruin.

Yet, from the cause above alluded to, I would say, that a long continuance in the *practice* of duties, will gradually engraft corresponding sentiments on the disposition, as well as expression in the countenance, and, therefore, is the middle class justly considered the best. This class too, forms a much larger proportion of the whole population of Great Britain, than of any other country whatever, and to this cause principally am I inclined to attribute the high moral character which it has so long sustained.

I have not sufficient national prejudice to suppose, that under similar circumstances, we should have been better than the French now are — on the contrary, for many reasons which I could enumerate, I think we should have been worse; let us then be thankful that we have escaped the contagion, and sincerely endeavour

to cure the consequences of it in our neighbours. The selection that Buonaparte made of men to fill his various offices, (and it must be recollected that in France the Government selects down to the constable and parish clerk,) was so extensive, and continued so long, that in addition to the furors of the Revolution, it had nearly excluded every decent and respectable man in the nation, and driven them down to the lowest step of society. The best commentary on Buonaparte's system of Government, is given in the appearance of his implements. Marshals, Generals, Prefects, Peers, and Deputies, appeared to me to have been almost all chosen from the refuse of the prisons; from their "seemings" no one would have supposed they had ever learnt to read and write. When physiognomy deceives us, it is generally the other way; a good countenance may disguise a scoundrel, but it is *very, very* rare *that* the visage of a scoundrel disgraces an honest man.

When morality called down ridicule on the head of its possessor, and vice alone became a passport to power, is it wonderful that the national character should have so deteriorated? Courage is incompatible however with *some* vices, and this seems to have been the sole remaining restraint in the way of such a dereliction of principle as would have totally destroyed the structure of society. I believe there

are a great number of very virtuous and very estimable characters in France, but they must be sought for amongst those who have long retired from public notice — who have felt that

“ When vice prevails and wicked men bear sway,

“ The post of honour is a private station.”

It is more to be wished than expected that the King should uniformly direct his choice to such characters. He is surrounded by a set of new men clamorous for employment, and professing Royalism to excess, who estimate their present value by what they have *not* done—who were *nothing* under the “Usurper,” because they are calculated to be *nothing* under every Government — who wish to revive all the errors and faults of the old system along with its very few real merits; and who would obliterate all the good that has been done, (not *by*, but *in spite of* Buonaparte,) along with the bad which is so justly exploded. The King, if we may believe Talleyrand, has neither *learnt* nor *forgotten* any thing during his twenty years’ exile, and were it not for that goodness of heart and perfect honesty of intention which every one concedes to him, his people would have reason to dread the prejudices inseparable from his education.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NATIONAL GUARDS. — GENS D'ARMES. — SAPEURS AND
POMPIERS. — NATIONAL SONG. — VERSES TO THE EM-
PEROR ALEXANDER.

THE National Guards are precisely similar in “composition” to our volunteers. They are the shop-keepers and respectable inhabitants of Paris; they clothe and maintain themselves, and receive no pay. They form a most respectable body of men, and now the troops of the line are disbanded, have very severe duty in mounting guard at the Palace of the Tuilleries and all public places. Their uniform is blue, with red collar and cuffs, and white facings, and their appearance very neat and respectable. The King depends a great deal upon them for the maintenance of tranquillity in Paris; a duty which they perform with great care. In this they are not entirely disinterested; being perfectly aware, that if their power be not sufficient to repress tumult, the Allies will soon do it with a very high hand; and as they (the National Guards) would be the greatest sufferers on such an occasion, they are exceedingly anxious to render the interposition of foreigners

unnecessary. They patrol the streets constantly, and mounted guard at the Palais Royal along with the English. One could scarcely conceive them to belong to two nations who had so long been enemies. They seemed on the best possible terms, and the service was conducted without any jealousies or quarrels. When Ney was under trial at the Luxembourg, eight hundred of them were constantly on guard, and only relieved once in eight and forty hours. They lay on the bare stones, and played at soldiers in real earnest.

The *gens d'armes* are the most military looking set of men I have seen; their dress the same as our Oxford Blues. They are almost invariably men above the ordinary stature, and have an exceedingly respectable air. Their office is that of our watchmen, constables, and police officers united. They attend all trials in their capacity of soldiers, and they patrol the streets at night. The police, thus managed, is exceedingly good, and the streets are very tranquil. I remember that when I saw the little piece of the Mail and Magpye in London, a number of people around me exclaimed against the absurdity of introducing our Oxford Blues on the stage, but this explains it.

There is another corps in Paris, also military, and under the controul of Government, called *Sapeurs* and *Pompiers*. They are equivalent to

our firemen, and their office is the same ; their uniform is blue with red facings, and they wear a helmet entirely of brass. They are a very ill-looking set, and seemed to have been picked out from the refuse. There is a guard of them always on the alert, but fires are so very rare in Paris, that their services are not often required. This corps was established by Buonaparte, and though there really was no plausible pretext whatever for constituting them a military body, his "mighty genius" chose to have even firemen available for military purposes. Perhaps had he reigned longer, he would have marshalled the tailors and stay-makers.

M. — when exclaiming against his "*nation pourrie*," used to remark that even their national song was a thing which disgraced them. It is in praise of Henry IV., who had certainly many fine qualities joined to many very bad ones. The author of the song selects chiefly the latter for his praise, and sings the drunkard and libertine, leaving all those nobler parts of his character, on which his high reputation was really founded, entirely out of the question. His mercy — his strict impartiality — justice — fortitude — patience — affability — his regard for the liberties of his people, and his strenuous exertions to ameliorate the condition of the poor. This last was so re-

markable that he is emphatically called *Lê Roi de la Canaille*. A popular song compares him to Buonaparte, and says, that the *Roi de Canaille* is better than the *Canaille de Roi*. The following are the words of the national song I have spoken of,

Vive Henri Quatre,
 Vive ce roi vaillant,
 Ce diable-à-quatre
 A le triple talent,
 De boire, et de battre,
 Et d'être un vert galant.

The term *vert galant* is exactly equivalent to "wencher."

On the first appearance of the Emperor Alexander at the theatre, the following couplets, in imitation of that song, were substituted for the original words:

Vive Alexandre,
 Vive ce roi des rois,
 Sans rien prétendre,
 Sans nous dicter des lois,
 Ce prince auguste,
 A le triple renom
 De héros — de juste —
 De nous rendre un Bourbon.

Alexander seems the grand favourite with the French; every thing which the Prussians really *did* is attributed to themselves, — what they did

not do is supposed to be from the influence of the Emperor of Russia. The interruption to their project of blowing up the bridge of Jena is attributed to the Emperor Alexander, whom they call the guardian angel of France. All the poets of Paris set to work in his praise, — poems were thrown into his box at the play, and put into the hands of his servants; the daily papers teemed with compliments to his wisdom and magnanimity, and every one seemed anxious to conciliate his good-will for the Great Nation. Among many others I select the following, which were written by a lady, and were recited at the theatre in presence of the Emperor.

Généreux Conquerant dont la main triomphante
 A paré les vaincus des lauriers des vainqueurs.
 Qui vient rendre au bonheur la France gémissante,
 Et borne ton pouvoir à regner sur les cœurs.
 Henri Quatre et Titus t'auroient pris pour modele,
 Que sont-ils près de toi ces héros révéérés. —
 Bien loin de toi tu laissas Marc Aurele,
 Et tous ces demi-dieux sur la terre adorés.
 Des rois — des conquérants rare et touchante exemple,
 C'est a ton bras vainqueur que nous devons la paix,
 Et lorsque loin de nous l'Europe te contemple.
 Aux Français pour tribut tu laisses tes bienfaits.
 La gloire à tes vertus sera toujours fidelle.
 Poursuis, poursuis ton vol à l'immortalité.
 Et devançant la voix de la posterité
 Nos cœurs reconnaissants parlent déjà comme elle.

In the year 1815, the same lady furnished the following on the same subject,

Grand Roi ! des opprimés le vengeur et le père,
 O toi prince adoré que la bonté des cieux,
 Envoya pour calmer les malheurs de la terre.
 L'espoir vole au devant de ton cœur généreux,
 Des Français abattus seconde Providence,
 Tu viens guérir des maux que ton bras n'a pas fait
 Dans nos murs desolés ton auguste présence,
 Est ton premier bienfait.

De la divinité *belle et parfaite image ! !*
 A ton aspect chéri j'ai vu fuir nos malheurs
 De l'amour des Français reçois le pur hommage,
 Des malheureux partout ta main seche les pleurs.
 Quel touchant souvenir embellira ta gloire,
 Que de rois ébranlés te devront leurs soutiens,
 Tu souris au vaincu — de ton char de victoire —
 Tes succès sont les siens.

Fais long tems le bonheur des peuples magnanimes
 Heureux de t'obéir — de marcher à ta voix
 Précédés de ton nom — de tes vertus sublimes
 A l'univers charmé tu vas donner des loix.
 Grand roi — de tant d'éclat accepte le présage
 D'asservir tous les cœurs tu connois les secrets
 De la Seine au Volga — du Rhin jusques au Tage
 Tu comptes des sujets.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CLIMATE OF PARIS COMPARED WITH THAT OF OTHER COUNTRIES. — MODE OF FURNISHING HOUSES. — STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING WITH REGARD TO DECENCY. — ANECDOTE OF BUONAPARTE.

THE climate of a country is generally estimated by the climate of its capital. Petersburg, London, Vienna, or Lisbon, set the nominal standard of the climates of Russia, England, Germany, or Portugal; but France is an exception; in speaking of its climate and temperature, we generally bear in mind the southern departments, which gives much too favourable an impression of Paris. The cold was more intense in that city by ten or fifteen degrees than in London at the same period. I never suffered so much from it in my life, its severity must have destroyed a great number of lives, as well from the miserable want of comfort in the habits of the people, as from the poverty of the lower classes making it impossible to procure a proper supply of fuel. I saw many people rendered seriously ill from the effect of the cold brick floors on their feet. The women always have a little chafing-dish of

hot embers to set their feet upon, and throwing their pétticoats over it, they thus become not merely warm, but hot. Independent of the injurious effect of the carbonic acid gas thus produced, the transition from this state of warmth to the temperature of a brick-floor cooled down to ten or twelve degrees of Farhenheit, is dangerous and not unfrequently fatal, yet they do not think it necessary to adopt the use of carpets or wooden floors. The dining-room is seldom or never used for any other purpose but to eat in, and is considered merely as a lumber-room; the stone-floor becomes therefore necessarily damp, and in the middle of winter produces the same effect as sitting with your feet on ice. It is considered effeminate and disgraceful for men to adopt the ladies' mode of keeping their feet warm, and for some time I submitted to the regulation, but as a severe tooth-ache was the invariable consequence, I determined to exchange that pain for the pain of being laughed at as a milk-sop.

I do not wonder that the French language contains no equivalent to our word *comfort*, for really the idea never seems to enter their heads. They shrug, and shake, and shiver, and pass the whole winter in wishing it over; thinking only of the summer which is to follow it; they submit patiently and heroically to all the miseries of cold weather, and subsist on the anticipation of

better days, without ever attempting to make the winter more agreeable. They go to the play in the evening, very often as I have heard them acknowledge, to avoid the expence of fuel at home, and when they rise in the morning, seem to congratulate themselves that another day is over, and that they are so much nearer the end of their purgatory.

At no time does the strange incongruity in the mode of furnishing the houses appear so wretched, as in a cold damp day in the middle of winter. The contrast between the elegance of some parts of the establishment, and the comfortless nakedness of others, is very offensive. A young friend of mine was quartered in the house of a widow lady of large fortune in one of the best streets in Paris, and in consequence of her attempts to drive him into the garret by unreasonable demands on his politeness, he determined to occupy the best room in the house out of revenge. This room was magnificently furnished, and communicated with a bed-chamber by large doors of plate-glass; the bed stood in a recess almost lined with mirrors; the hangings were of crimson-velvet bordered with rich gold-lace; they were drawn up into a kind of crown at the top, fastened with an elegant coronet, and surmounted by a large plume of forty or fifty white ostrich-feathers; and the coverlid was embroidered cloth. With

all this profusion of expensive elegance the floor was brick, and there was not a particle of carpet in the room.

Nothing can be a stronger proof that they make all their calculations of enjoyment for the summer. With a thermometer at ninety, a brick-floor may be very agreeable, but when it is twenty or five and twenty degrees below the freezing-point, the first glance at such accommodations makes one shudder.

I once went to dine by express invitation, with an old lady of good fortune, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Reaumer's thermometer, which is almost the only standard made use of in France, stood at seven, about equal to fourteen of Fahrenheit. On arriving at the house, I was shewn into a room, which had a fire in it certainly, because on putting my hand on the stove, I could perceive that it was warm, but did not find any effect of it on the temperature of the room itself. After shaking and chattering for half an hour, I was delighted to hear the old lady say, "that in consequence of the extreme cold, she had ordered a fire in the dining-room!!" Miserably was I disappointed, for on sitting down to dinner we found the hearth occupied by three small billets of wood, about the size of a child's wrist, and all the efforts of the servant could not produce heat enough to have roasted a humming bird.

The brick floor soon sent a memorandum to the nerves of my teeth, and I was obliged to get up hastily in the middle of dinner, and run off to the warm bath.

It is really the custom though, to have stoves in the dining rooms in good houses, but fuel is so very heavy an article of expence, that they defer the commencement of fires till winter is more than half over. These stoves are often very elegant pieces of furniture, being generally coated with a kind of white porcelaine. The coffee-houses have them with copper pipes, highly polished, and in some places of fashionable resort, they are superbly ornamented; but in private houses these stoves are even more injurious than none, because they are lighted only a short time before the hour of dinner, and consequently you sit down in a warm air with a floor which feels still colder by contrast. Servants and others, who cannot obtain such accommodations, even as these, adopt the wooden clogs, like small boats, which are certainly the best substitute they could use for a wooden floor, however uncouth and inconvenient to the wearer.

The great advantage of the climate of France consists in its regularity; they can make arrangements for a future day without risk of being disappointed, and this I suppose is the reason they are so partial to *fêtes champêtres*,

and every species of amusement in the open air. In England we can rarely calculate on the next day even, and, therefore, we do not presume to "issue cards" for a festival in a forest; but in France parties are made several weeks in advance, to take provisions and dine under the trees in the gardens of *St. Cloud*, or the *Bois de Boulogne*.

Still, I do not think the climate of Paris so healthy as that of London. I always observe that extreme cold produces more sickness than any other state of atmosphere, and what is generally called fine "bracing weather," keeps the doctor and undertaker in fullest employment. It is agreeable and beneficial to those who are in good health, but turns the scale the wrong way with such as were in equilibrium, and is decidedly injurious to invalids. The air of London is strongly prejudicial to those who labour under any pulmonary disease, but I have seen many people benefitted by it, who were supposed to be thus afflicted, but whose malady really originated only in a rheumatic affection of the muscles of the chest. Paris is very subject to fevers; London is almost totally exempt from them, and even epidemical diseases rage with less violence there than in its suburbs, and in the country.

It has often been remarked, that in countries the most healthy, and under climates the most

mild and salubrious, the general appearance of the inhabitants presents a striking contrast to that state of vigour and bodily perfection which one would naturally expect to find there. In the south of France, and the Mediterranean coast of Spain, in Madeira and at Lisbon, the number of sickly and imperfectly formed human beings, is beyond all proportion greater than in London, Paris, or Stockholm. In the former places, are to be found great numbers of wretches with watery heads, narrow chests, and diseased lungs, going about the ordinary avocations of life, in a state of bodily suffering, which shocks and alarms the traveller, who comes there from a colder and apparently less-favoured country. He expected to see none but healthy and happy countenances in a climate where the very air is balm, and every breeze brings healing in its wings, instead of which he beholds a decrepid, sickly race, who seem only calculated for an hospital. The reason is clear — such beings would have perished elsewhere in early infancy. The robust appearance of the inhabitants of colder countries is quite as much or more to be attributed to this cause, as to the superior industry and morality and temperance.

In the gardens of the Tuilleries, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, in all public places, nay even in the shops and parlours of ordinary citizens, naked statues are displayed in profusion, with what we should term a total disregard of decency. In the gardens of the Tuilleries which form the principal promenade of Paris, they are placed so prominently and obtrusively public, that an Englishman would be ashamed of taking one of his countrywomen to walk there; yet French ladies will arrest your attention on the most striking, and give a long discussion on its beauties, with the enthusiasm of an artist. I have often been exceedingly embarrassed by this claim on my judgment in the fine arts, and have been inclined to accuse them of possessing the most obtuse feelings on the score of delicacy, yet the matter has been so ably argued with me by intelligent Frenchmen, that I have been obliged to confess they had *reason* on *their* side of the question, and that nothing but experience could be adduced to prove that the system was radically bad.

I once entertained strong doubts how far this was a proper subject of legislation, and was inclined to think that the cause of morality would be benefitted, like the cause of religion, by leaving the matter to every man's own conscience. The example of France, however, has been quite con-

clusive, and my mind no longer entertains a shadow of doubt on the subject. I acquiesce most fully in the wisdom of those laws which have been enacted, and of those customs which have been established by our ancestors, to place the intercourse of the sexes under the greatest possible restraint, and to make any unnecessary exposure of the person disgraceful. What are called the "Fine Arts," or at least those two which generally monopolize the term, Sculpture and Painting, may have their value in an advanced stage of civilization, but the nations which have cultivated them most, have been also most notorious for sensual depravity; and in the purposes to which these arts are generally applied, we recognize a degree of morbid refinement which but ill compensates for the healthy but perhaps coarse tone of feeling which it supercedes.

I am sorry that I cannot, with a due regard to decency, express my sentiments on this subject with respect to French manners. Certainly the grand vice of that country is sensuality, which is carried to a degree of depravity unknown, I hope, in any other modern nation, and scarcely equalled by the Romans. I consider this as the grand defect in the French character, and the public feeling is so loose and indefinite on the subject, that these vices have full liberty to develop themselves unrestrained even by the fear

of shame. I would be understood to speak especially of the Parisians, as I learn from good authority, that the remote provinces afford a very honourable contrast. In Paris there is full scope for every possible cultivation of these vices. — You cannot go into a bookseller's shop, but you are insulted by having books put into your hands (unasked) which it is contamination to touch, and compared to which, the most obscene publication that ever called down punishment in England, is purity itself. The number of my countrymen who gave encouragement directly or indirectly to these wretches, convinces me how unsafe it is to trust to infamy for restraining them, and that the severity of our laws is just and prudent. There exists an extraordinary apathy in the most respectable characters in Paris to these violations of decency. Even Mirabeau, the admirable and intrepid advocate of liberty, as he is generally called, is not considered less respectable as a patriot, for being the author of a book so infamous, that it even makes Petronius Arbiter a moralist in comparison. These things are considered as addenda which form no part of a man's real character, and have nothing to do with its composition. In union with this feeling are the exertions of poets, painters, and sculptors: — there is an unnecessary display of the figure on all occasions by the two latter which is very offensive, and shews

a prostitution of talent for the purpose of gain, in the last degree disgraceful in a liberal profession. The same spirit which dictates a compliance with, and subserviency to the bad passions, as a means of obtaining a living, is shewn in every thing; and I cannot consider such men as in any one point of view better or more respectable than the prostitutes who annoy the streets: nay, in so far as the mind is superior to the body, in so far is mental prostitution more degrading — it is the lowest and the worst species of infamy.

Almost all the productions of the pencil and chissel which have been executed by modern French artists, present this offensive peculiarity; but the public taste seems to have been the same two hundred years ago, and at every subsequent period. In the gardens of the Luxembourg are figures of satyrs, fawns, &c. so disgusting, that one cannot but pity the distortion of judgment which could place them there in the first instance, or which can suffer them to remain. The King is known to entertain a strong wish for reformation on this subject, but he dares not encounter the storm of ridicule which such a proceeding would inevitably draw down upon him.

Among many other of those dirty stratagems which the great Napoleon condescended to make use of to produce a temporary impression, even when ultimate detection was inevitable, the following is remarkable: it has been confirmed to me by many of the parties. When the King was in great alarm at Buonaparte's rapid progress after his landing, a number of well-intentioned citizens determined to raise a subscription for the purpose of enabling the former to ensure the fidelity of the soldiers by presents, and to defray any other expences which the exigencies of the times might render necessary. In this plan they were so successful, that in a very few days several thousand pounds were collected and transmitted to the King through the prefect of the department. This gentleman knew, however, of Buonaparte's advance, and that he must soon enter Paris; he thought it, therefore, a good mode of ingratiating himself with the new comer, to divert the stream of public generosity into another channel: accordingly he presented it to the Emperor, who thought it might serve as the ground-work of an excellent joke; so he immediately published the donation, with the list of subscribers, as having been given to *him* from pure love for his person, and joy for his return. And this paltry trick produced for the time a considerable effect in favour of his cause.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JEUX D'ESPRIT ON THE SUBJECT OF BUONAPARTE'S
ELECTION. — PLACARDS AFFIXED TO THE WALLS OF
THE TUILLERIES. — LE FRANÇAIS REVENU DE LONDRES.

AT the time Marshal Ney seemed likely to obtain his liberty, in consequence of the military court having declared its incompetence to try him, the following distich appeared in the newspapers :

Les Nez font leur fortune en France,
Le Nez plat d'un *Néron* assure la puissance.

When La Motte, (the wretch who cut his brother into pieces, and left the fragments in various parts of Paris,) was going to execution, he amused himself, and disgusted the spectators, by exclaiming all the way, "*Vive Napoleon, — Vive Napoleon.*" The incident was the next day turned into the following verses :

Allant à l'échafaud La Motte sur la route,
Criait toujours *Vive Napoleon* ;
Bravo, disait la foule qui l'écoute —
Un brigand tous les jours invoque son Patron.

Among many other sneers and sarcasms on Buonaparte's re-assumption of the imperial dig-

nity, at a time when he was outlawed by all the powers of Europe, and scarcely recognised by any part of his former subjects except the army; — the following is remarkable. It shews that his name was no longer so terrible as it had been, and it shews also the strong propensity to *jest*, which seems inherent in the French character, even under the greatest public calamities; the *jeu d'esprit* which I am going to copy was printed like a ballad, and sold about the town for a penny.

“ Vote inscrite et motivée, le premier Mai 1815, à la Préfecture de la Seine.

Je, soussigné, en vertu de la part de Souveraineté qui m'a été promise en 1792; qui m'a été escroquée en 1800, qui m'a été solennellement votée par un Senatus Consulte organique en 1814, qui m'a été rendue par une proclamation du premier Mars 1815, qui m'a été reprise par un acte additionnel du 22, et que je reprendrai quand je serai le plus fort, si je trouve qu'elle en vaille la peine.

Refuse l'acte additionnel à l'acte constitutionnel, tout ce qui s'est suivi du dit acte constitutionnel, jusqu'au dit acte additionnel, et tout ce qui s'en suivra.

Premièrement. Parceque Napoléon reconnaît lui-même qu'il n'a de titre à gouverner qu'une

dictature imposée par la force, et que le droit du conquérant n'est pas celui du législateur ;

Item. Parceque la liberté de Buonaparte est une plaisanterie de mauvais goût ;

Item. Parceque l'égalité de Buonaparte est celle des Ilotes et des forçats ;

Item. Parceque la pairie de Buonaparte est une saturnale qui soulève le cœur ;

Item. Parceque l'hérédité des pairs de Buonaparte est une grossièreté gratuite aux générations futures ;

Item. Parceque l'exercice du droit de penser, de parler, et d'écrire sous Buonaparte, ne peut être qu'un guet-à-pens ;

Item. Parceque la vote du peuple sera illusoire ;

Item. Parceque le vote des fonctionnaires publics sera dérisoire.

Item. Parceque la vote de l'armée sera contradictoire avec toutes les idées morales, et attentatoire à tous les principes constitutifs des nations.

Item. Parceque la restriction impertinente de l'article 67, est la précaution grossièrement mal adroite d'une tyrannie ombrageuse, et ne peut recevoir d'adhésion que de la part de ses complices.

Reconnaissant toutefois que les inclinations martiales de la nation, et le rôle alternativement héroïque et bouffon qu'elle joue depuis vingt

cing ans sur le théâtre de l'Europe, exige qu'elle ait un Roi qui monte bien à cheval, je propose FRANCONI.

Ever since the battle of Leipsic, when Buonaparte's fall seemed inevitable, and people began to recollect that there was another man in existence who possessed some little claim to the throne, and who would perhaps make a better sovereign, the walls of the Tuilleries were daily placarded with *jeux d'esprit* — acrostics — puns and sarcasms of every description. In vain did the sentries watch with the most persevering attention and remove them instantly they were seen; every morning the walls exhibited the same appearance. The side of the palace being a much frequented path, it was quite impossible to prevent it. Buonaparte was aware of the effect of such a practice on the irritable mind of the Parisians, ordered the number of sentinels to be encreased, and offered a very considerable reward for every placard which should be brought to him, on discovering the author. His precautions were nugatory — it seemed to be a trial of skill between the public and the guards, but the former being absolutely excluded from any other channel whereby to give vent to their feelings, redoubled their diligence, and at last the thing was suffered to take its course. Buonaparte with that vulgar irritabi-

lity which characterizes him, would often rise at an early hour to read them, before they were taken down, and if any thing peculiarly poignant appeared, woe to those who approached him that day with a petition. One of the placards compared his Empress to an old bill of exchange, (this of course was anterior to the period I speak of, and alluded to Josephine,) — it was very witty, but much too filthy to be repeated. An old officer of Gendarmerie told me that they were offered twenty thousand francs, if they could apprehend the author. He was never discovered, or he would certainly have shared the fate of Palm the bookseller. I have been informed by several (who practised the same stratagem) that the mode was, to carry your paper ready pasted in your hand, turn your back to the wall for a moment in speaking to some one, stick up your placard and pass on. This was done so rapidly, that a sentinel ten paces off could not observe it.

Amongst many others, I selected the following as specimens of the style of these bits of verbal revenge.

Pourquoi Napoleon n'a-t-il pas gelé en Russie?
Parcequ'il a toujours gardé le peau de tigre.

Il a renvoyé son jardinier, parcequ'il avait laissé geler ses grenadiers et fletrir ses lauriers.

Quand le Corse voulut que l'art multipliât
 Dans des Nœuds étoilés ses N. suspendues
 Le Drôle avait-il peur que la France oubliât
 Qu'il est tombé des Nues. —

Si le Corse faisait un - - -
 Geoffroi dirait — “ qu'il sent la rose ;”
 Et le senat par un decret
 Soudain confirmerait la chose.

Il a perdu son Argenterie a Moscou
 Il a trouvé ses plats dans le senat. —

Le trone de l'empereur est bien beau — c'est dom-
 mage qu'il est sans glands (viz. sanglant).

Théâtre de l'Ambition.

Aujourd'hui la cinquième representation du “ Déserteur” précédée de la première des, “ Folies de l'Espagne,” et suivie de “ L'entree des Cosaques,” — ballet.

Chateau à vendre
 Couronne à rendre
 Empereur à pendre. —

On a besoin d'un remplaçant.

The most perfect pun I ever remember on
 this subject was one written at Rome, when

Buonaparte took possession of that city with his army of *sans-culottes*. It was inscribed on all the public monuments.

“ I Francesi sono tutti Ladri ;”

“ Non tutti — ma *buona parte*.”

When Buonaparte's three unkinged brothers, Joseph, Jerome, and Louis, resided at Malmaison, some one wrote on the gate,

Magazin de Cire fondue — (Sires fondus).

The Bourbons were not spared any more than Napoleon. The stupid adulation of the Senate on some occasions in their addresses to Louis XVIII. called forth many severe sarcasms. I was much struck with the ingenious irony of some of them in the newspapers, where it would not have been permitted *openly* to calumniate so *loyal* a body. The only *jeu d'esprit* of this kind that I can recollect, where the censure was undisguised, was the following: —

Les lys vont renaitre en France ;

Le Sénat est le jardinier,

S'ils ne sont pas en abondance,

Ce n'est pas faute de fumier.

The following piece of sarcastic wit is often alluded to in conversation ; it was written several years ago, and supposed to be spoken by a peasant on viewing the great picture of Buona-
parte at the Louvre.

Que de toile perdue en faisant ce tableau,
Pour peindre en grand ce petit demoiseau ;
Moi, je dis que c'est sottise,
Si Monsieur son cher père avait-eu ce lambeau,
A Messieurs ces enfans il eut fait des chemises.

The following song was extremely popular while I was in Paris. It was heard every evening in the streets, and may serve to shew the idea entertained of London and its inhabitants by Frenchmen.

Londres qu'on m'a tant vanté
J'ai vu ta longue cité,
J'ai vu ta large Tamise,
De St. Paul ta haute eglise,
Tes ponts d'où l'on ne voit rien,
Rien.

Et tes trottoirs qui sont bien.
Pour la vûe et pour l'élégance
Vive la France — Vive la France.

En Hiver comme en Eté
De l'eau chaude avec du thé,
Toujours du beurre en tartine,
Le Rosbif est la cuisine,

Et quelquefois un ragout
 Sans gout.
 Dieux ! quel ennui quel dégoût.
 Pour la chere et pour l'élégance
 Vive la France — Vive la France.

Voyez un Anglais monté
 Sur son cheval écourté ;
 C'est à l'humide nature,
 Qu'on doit la saine pâture
 Qui fait aller leurs chevaux
 Presto.
 Tant mieux on en sort plutot,
 Pour la grace et pour l'élégance
 Vive la France — Vive la France.

Pour la joie et la gaieté
 Le dimanche est excepté,
 Ce jour si joyeux en France
 Est un jour de pénitence.
 Et quand un Anglais se pend
 Se pend,
 C'est un dimanche qu'il prend.
 Pour la joie et pour l'élégance
 Vive la France — Vive la France.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CATACOMBS. — THEIR APPEARANCE, ORIGIN, AND MODE OF FORMATION. — INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS, &c. — ALBUM.

I HAD long wished for an opportunity of visiting these extraordinary receptacles of the dead. They are in general spoken of with a sort of romantic enthusiasm which excites curiosity, and I was anxious to ascertain if they would produce the same vivid impressions on the mind of a sober Englishman, as on the sensitive feelings of the vivacious French. I went with the expectation of being awe-struck, but returned with the sober conviction, that in impressive grandeur, they by no means equal the natural caverns of Great Britain. They are not, however, contemptible; and I proceed to give the best description of them in my power. Perhaps the slight effect which this grand object of curiosity produced on my mind, may be in some degree attributed to the circumstances under which my visit was made. We had sent to the office of the Inspector a week before-hand, and were furnished with a printed ticket, stating the

exact hour when our visit would be allowed ; it snowed and rained miserably, and when I arrived at the *Barrière d'Enfer*, near which the entrance of the Catacombs is situated, I was disagreeably struck with the dreary prospect ; the country around, like all the environs of Paris, (and indeed the greatest part of France which I have seen,) is quite naked, has no fences, shrubs, or trees, and being now covered with snow, shewed no signs of that very high state of cultivation, which at other times takes away the appearance of sterility. The prospect was far from inviting, and I felt more inclined to return to the fire-side, than descend into a wet and gloomy cavern. We passed along a muddy lane, which would not admit the carriage, and after sliding about for some time on the wet clay-path, arrived at a little shed resembling a turnpike-house, but much smaller ; it was indeed only large enough to serve as a covering to a well-stair case, and would not admit of the door being shut till some of us had descended a few steps. Our guide, who it appeared was acting manager of the excavations, and looked much like a farming bailiff, furnished each of us with a wax-taper, and we then descended one by one, while he reiterated his injunctions to follow him very closely, and not to indulge in any rambles of our own choosing, the caverns being so extensive, so intricate, and so dark,

that if we lost our way, there was scarcely a chance of recovering it. This piece of advice was not calculated to diminish the effect of the "Exhibition;" but whether from the undignified day, or the contagious merriment of my companions, I certainly never felt less inclined to view things seriously; and the whole struck me as much below my expectations. When we had descended about sixty or seventy feet, the winding staircase terminated in a common stone quarry, of which the excavation was about six feet in depth, varying occasionally to eight or nine feet; and, in other places so low, as to make it necessary to stoop in order to avoid the dropping ceiling. At short distances, rude masses of rock are left as pillars to support the roof; sometimes in imperfect double rows, forming a sort of road to the distant parts of the cavern, which extends several miles in every direction. The ceiling is blackened in several lines; the largest of which leads to that part of the quarry which contains the dead, and other smaller ones to different exits of the cavern. Without this kind of clue, I can easily suppose it impossible to trace back one's steps into daylight.

After a very long ramble, we arrived at the part strictly called the catacombs; the pillars stand a little further apart, forming a sort of vestibule; the door is kept locked. On each

side is a Tuscan pilaster supporting an entablature, on which we read,

“ Arrêtez mortels ! C'est l'empire de la mort.”

and the following Latin inscription :

“ Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes.”

The coup d'œil, when the door is opened, is extremely curious and interesting. Upwards of two millions eight hundred and fifty thousand skulls, with a proportionate number of the other bones, are ranged on each side the various avenues, which are formed by the pillars in some places, and by long masses of rock in others : they are packed very closely, and form solid walls, of which the principal outer surface is composed of the ends of thigh bones ; the skulls being so intermixed as to form crosses, squares, rhomboids, waving lines, &c. The constant moisture gives them a dark-brown colour as if they had been oiled. The roof of the cavern is, in many parts of it, always dripping, and the floor being chalk, is covered with a thin layer of plashy puddle. I observed stalactites beginning to form on the ceiling, but it must be many ages ere they will acquire the magnitude and

brilliancy which make some natural caverns so beautiful.

A very pleasing effect is produced by placing your lights on one side of a pillar, and then going behind it so as to prevent the direct rays from falling on the eye; looking forwards on each side, the different gradations of illumination from the full glare on objects near you, (as the light is reflected and re-reflected from the various masses of stone or bones,) to an obscurity that makes the eye ache to look on, form a fine study for a painter. One cannot ascertain where the spectacle terminates. Here and there a point of rock — the angle of another turning — the wet surface of a stone or a piece of spar, distinguishable from the gloomy brown of surrounding objects; while in the distance, the shining end of a bone or polished skull sends back a pencil of rays, comes forth from the darkness, and resembles another luminous body at an indefinite distance.

In pursuing our rambles, sometimes the attention is arrested by a stone sarcophagus; an altar composed of thigh bones interlaced; a communion-table of the same curious materials; a little chapel with an enormous crucifix of skulls, and a thousand other eccentric modes of arranging these wrecks of former generations. On the walls are great numbers of little tablets with inscriptions, some of which are very elegant and

appropriate; but there is a preposterous intermixture of others, which ought not to find a place where the intention is to excite feelings of religious awe. They are indeed of all descriptions; philosophical, deistical, religious, atheistical, and *papistical*; selections from Voltaire and Addison, Virgil, Fenelon, and Anacréon, Massillon, De Lille, Gilbert, &c. This incongruous mixture of opposite sentiments is perhaps to be accounted for by the circumstances attending the formation of the catacombs, which were originally only the common stone quarries from whence the materials of Paris had been extracted; they were consecrated with great solemnity in April 1786, by order of Louis XVI., and devoted to their present use. Each succeeding government has made some alteration in the plan; and it is only since the whole was placed under the superintendance of the present governor, M. Héricart de Thury, that any thing like system was adopted. Till within four or five years, the bones were merely heaped together, dirty as they came from the burying-grounds; and it is he who suggested and directed their present elegant arrangement.

The utility of such an establishment is obvious, as it has enabled the government to remove the contents of all the churchyards within the city. No one is now allowed to be buried but in the *cimetières* at some distance from the town,

each of which is divided into compartments, filled with the dead in succession; and after allowing a reasonable number of years for the decomposition, the first portion of bones is removed to this grand depository, there to remain to the day of judgment. You are not shocked in Paris as in London, with the disgusting spectacle of putrid wrecks of bodies turned out of the ground by the sexton's spade to make room for fresh inhabitants. I have repeatedly witnessed in the little churchyards in the centre of London a skull thrown up with the hair not yet destroyed, and remnants of bodies which infected the atmosphere for some hundreds of yards round, to the disgust and great annoyance of all who happened to be resident in the neighbourhood.

But, to return to the catacombs. — Two of the inscriptions, near together, present a whimsical contrast of sentiment: — the first is,

Qui dormiunt in terræ pulvere evigilabunt, alii in vitam eternam, alii in opprobrium.

the next,

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco.

Quo non nati jacent !!

The next is a translation of a passage in the Spectator :

Si l'âme finit avec le corps d'où lui vient le pressentiment de l'immortalité.

Amongst many other inscriptions I selected the following, which seemed to me most elegant and most appropriate : —

Insensés ! nous parlons en maîtres ;
 Nous, qui dans l'océan des êtres
 Nageons tristement confondus ;
 Nous dont l'existence légère
 Pareille à l'ombre passagere,
 Commence — paraît — et n'est plus.

Pursuing our rambles, we arrived at a little chapel containing a very neat tomb to the memory of Gilbert, and inscribed with the epitaph which he wrote for himself. As connected with his unfortunate life and miserable death, there is something in it more than commonly pathetic : —

Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive
 J'apparus un jour et je meurs —
 Je meurs et sur ma tombe ou lentement j'arrive
 Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.

The character of Gilbert is one which I ad-

mire exceedingly : he selected for the display of his poetical talents, not perhaps the most amiable, but certainly the most arduous department, *Satire* ; and he executed it with an indignant spirit of virtue, which made the wicked shrink and tremble. There is a singleness, a sort of *straight-on* mode of thinking in all which he says, which is highly gratifying. His writings are uniformly on the side of good morals and good manners ; and he appears to me to combine the moral feeling of our English Cowper with the nervous energy of Dryden.

The circumstances of his death are not generally known. His misfortunes and disappointments deprived him of his reason ; and, for some time before his death, he was confined in the hospital of Bicêtre. Here he one day swallowed the key of his writing-desk, and, immediately aware of his error, ran about the hospital entreating every one to take it out ; he was only answered with laughter, as no one believed his assertion. After having in vain implored assistance for a quarter of an hour, he expired in the greatest agony. It was ascertained after his death, that the key might have been removed without the least difficulty ; and as he was very much respected and beloved, and had shewn symptoms of convalescence, the accident remains to this day a source of the most bitter regret to all who witnessed his sufferings.

In one part of the catacombs, the bones of the poor wretches who were massacred in the different prisons of Paris on the second and third of September 1792, have a kind of chapel devoted to them; — they are shut up in a recess enclosed with a wall painted black, and the simple inscription D. O. M. — the meaning of which I could not understand, nor could I procure an explanation. I cannot express the feeling which came over me while contemplating this enormous mass of bones. Every other massacre on record has had some motive, which, though it could not justify, at least explained it. The massacre of the Christians by the Turks in Croatia — that of the Carthaginians in Sicily — the dreadful day of St. Bartholomew — the Sicilian Vespers, all these had political or religious animosity for their cause; but the murder of so many thousand prisoners as this monument commemorates, cannot be explained in any way; it was bloodshed for the sake of bloodshed, and will remain for ever a stain on the French character.

Over one of the doors is the following inscription, from the Georgics of Virgil:

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

On one side of a small tomb, which is ornamented with a vase, is written ;

Vaines grandeurs ! Silence ! Eternité !
and on the other,

Néant ! Silence ! Etres mortels.

One of the inscriptions, which I do not remember, was to the following effect :

Stranger, thou art reckoning on many years of life — here are thousands who thought the same, and were called away in an hour. — Reflect while there be yet time, and be wise.

At the entrance of what are called, the “ *hautes Catacombes*,” is a sentence so terrific, that one might suppose oneself about to enter the den of a giant:

Lasciaté speranza voi ch'intrate.

In one of the little caverns, crypts, or chapels, into which this part of the kingdom of death is divided, the following sentences are inscribed :

Venez, gens du monde, venez dans ces demeures silencieuses, et votre âme alors tranquille sera frappée de la voix qui s'élève de leur interieur, “ Cést ici que le

plus grand des maitres, Le Tombeau, tient son école de Vérité.”

The next is extracted from the works of Legouvé, author of several very fine poems, in the style of Young's Night Thoughts, and of some tragedies, which are in every one's library as standard works; his “Mélancolie,” his “Souvenirs,” and his “Sépultures,” are the works I most admire. The stanza I am going to copy, contains a very fine poetical idea, expressed in very elegant verse:

Tel est donc de la Mort l'inévitable empire,
Vertueux ou méchant il faut que l'homme expire;
La foule des humains n'est qu'un faible troupeau
Qu'effroyable pasteur Le Temps mène au tombeau.

Wherever there was space for a tablet the wall is loaded with inscriptions; their number certainly destroys the effect; a few of the best would have been more impressive, indeed, a very great proportion of them, I did not think to be worth the trouble of copying.

In a chapel, dedicated to Anacreon, is written:

Τί μοι πόνων, τί μοι γόων,
Τί μοι μέλει μεριμνών;
Θανῆν με δεῖ χὰν μὴ θέλω,
Τί δὲ τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι.

I give the following translation of the above, by a living author.

Pourquoi tous ces regrets, cette peine infinie?
 Pourquoi sur notre sort et pleurer et gémir?
 Puisqu' il faut tôt ou tard malgré nos soins mourir,
 Amis ne troublons point le rêve de la vie.

On a small tablet is inscribed, "*Consummatum est,*" which loses something of its dignity by translation into French, viz. ; "*Tout est consommé,*" because *consommé* means gravy soup.

The " Temple of Death," has this extract, from a poem of the same name, by Habert.

Un Monstre sans raison, aussi bien que sans yeux
 Est la divinité qu'on adore en ces lieux :
 On l' appelle la Mort, et son cruel empire,
 S'étend également sur tout ce qui respire.

And the following sentences from some other author or authors.

Crois-tu que la Mort soit loin de toi? peut-être en ce moment vole-t-elle sur ta tête, et te menace-t-elle du coup fatal.

Qu'est ce que la Mort? est-ce dissipation, résolution en atômes, anéantissement? ou, comme la naissance, est-elle un mystère de la Nature, une nouvelle combinaison des mêmes élémens.

Qu'est ce que chaque race? une ombre après une ombre.
 Nous vivons un moment sur des siècles sans nombre.
 Nos tristes souvenirs vont s'éteindre avec nous :
 Une autre vie, ô Temps ! se dérobe à tes coups.

Non metuit mortem, qui scit contemnere vitam.

Où est-elle la Mort? toujours future ou passée: à
 peine est-elle présente que déjà elle n'est plus.

The "*Crypte des Vanités*," has Solomon's
 wise saying, in the following five languages.

Vanité des Vanités, tout n'est que Vanité.

Vanità della Vanità e tutte le cose sono Vanità.

Vanity of Vanities; ever thing Vanity in the world!!!

Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia vanitas.

Ματαιοτης ματαιοτητων, τα παντα ματαιοτης.

Near a sepulchral lamp, are the following lines,
 which would be more appropriate, by the bye,
 if the lamp were *lighted*; but it is not even
 fashioned for the purpose :

Quelle est ta destinée, homme présomptueux

Ici bas ta durée éphémère et debile

Est plus fragile, hélas ! que la lampe d'argile

Qui, dans ce gouffre obscur, t'éclaire de ses feux.

The next is from Lafontaine.

Le Trépas vient tout guerir
 Mais ne bougeons d'où nous sommes,
 Plutôt souffrir que mourir,
 C'est la devise des hommes.

There is a chapel, dedicated to Hervey, author of the "Meditations;" and some sentences in his work, are thus translated, or rather paraphrased.

C'est ici qu' il convient à l'homme d'être sérieux, et de tenir son âme ouverte aux inspirations de la Religion. — Puissé-je n'entrer jamais dans cette demeure sacrée qu' avec terreur et respect.

O Mort !-que ton approche est terrible pour l'homme qui tourmenta sa vie de vaines inquietudes de ce monde, et qui ne leva jamais les yeux vers le Ciel.

Mortel ! rachete le tems ; mets a profit l'instant où tu respire — tu touches aux bords de l'éternité, tu vas bientôt devenir ce que sont ceux que tu contemples ici.

Le Cercueil est la borne où s'arretent tous les des-seins des hommes. — Ambition tu peux aller jusque là, mais tu ne passeras point au delà.

Among the many witty scraps of antithetical wisdom, on that unknown thing *to-morrow*, I do not recollect a better than this :

Quelle présomption à l'homme de compter sur le lendemain. — Où est-il ? ce lendemain. — Combien

d'hommes *iront le chercher hors de ce monde.* Ici bas il n'est sûr pour personne.

I am not certain if I have copied the next inscription correctly; it is extracted from a poem to the memory of Pope Clement the XIVth (the famous Ganganelli,) entitled *Notti Clementine* :

O poca oscura cenere, ti veggo
 E mal ciò che m'inspira, esprimer tanto
 Io leggo in te dure vicende, io leggo
 I perigli d'un tardo pentimento —
 E mentre in te riguardo a te repenso
 M'appare il mundo un punto nell' immenso.

The above inscription ornaments one side of a square pillar, apparently meant solely for that purpose, but which is really a main support of the roof. On another side of the pillar is

Parlate, orridi avanzi; or che rimane
 Dei vantati d'onor gradi, e contrasti?
 Non son follie disuguaglianze umane?
 Ove son tanti nomi e tanti fasti?
 E poi chè andar del mortal fango scarchi
 Che distingue i pastor dai gran Monarchi?

The Emperor of Austria is said to have been much pleased with the above when he visited the Catacombs in 1814, and frequently quoted them in company.

On the third side of the pillar is,

Esistenza dell' uom' solo un istante
 Infra il nulla e la tomba altro non sei.
 Allo spettacol' fiero errane avanti
 Miserabil comparsa, arma, e trofei,
 Fugge la tela, e appar cambiato il soglio
 In erto sì ma ruinoso scoglio.

and on the fourth side is

Esistenza dell' uom' te breve avversa
 Troppo ai desir la cieca gente accusa,
 E a mille obietti frivoli conversa
 L'omaggio d'un pensier poi ti ricusa;
 Ma vegetando coll' errore a lato
 Muore aldi mille volte anzi suo fato.

They are all extracts from the same work.

In another apartment called the *Crypte de Malherbes*, is the following extract from his stanzas to Duperier, who had just lost his daughter. The personification of Death in the first verse is more vivid than I recollect in any other author whatever. It should be recollected that they were written at the latter end of the sixteenth century.

La Mort a ses rigeurs à nulle autre pareilles,
 On a beau la prier ;
 La cruelle qu' elle est, se bouche les oreilles,
 Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane où le chaume le couvre
 Est sujet à ses lois ;
 Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
 N'en défend pas aux Rois.

De murmurer contre elle et perdre patience
 Il est mal-à-propos ;
 Vouloir ce que Dieu veut, est la seule science
 Qui nous met en repos.

One of the last objects pointed out to us was a well of very clear water, occupied by a number of gold and silver fishes, which have lived in this extraordinary retreat for a great number of years, and of which many successive generations have never seen any other light than that of the tapers carried by the visitors. The surface of the water was covered with drops of wax from the lights, and our guide affirmed, that the fishes eat it with avidity. — I do not vouch for his accuracy.

In several places these excavations have given way, and some of the workmen have been often killed by such accidents : — our guide kept impressing these things upon our attention, I suppose, to encrease the pleasure of the exhibition.

At the exit of the cavern, is written this very apt quotation, from the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*.

----- facilis descensus Averni.
 Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis ;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

which may be thus translated, "Think yourself very lucky that you are got safe out again."

In one part of these excavations, (not comprized in that which is devoted to the reception of the bones,) there is a very curious model of Port Mahon, in Minorca. A common soldier (who had been engaged in the siege of that place, and afterwards disbanded,) was employed as a labourer in these stone quarries; he amused his hours of leisure for several successive years in forming this "*plan in relief*," of a place which had been the scene of his highest excitements. It is chiefly remarkable as a proof of memory and perseverance; and shews how much it is possible for unassisted industry to perform, when the exertion of it is a source of pleasure. Every part is most minutely imitated, though with no extraordinary skill. Many inhabitants of the island, and others to whom it is familiar, bear testimony to the wonderful correctness of the copy in all its details. The poor man was at last killed by the falling in of the earth, while he was at work. — This is not an uncommon occurrence; and our guide, as I have mentioned, took care to repeat the remark. On arriving at a place where the pillars were a little further apart

than ordinary, he said, with all the coolness and deliberation possible, "Just over your head, Sir, is a great crack in the stone, you see — we have propped it up, but it is not by any means safe yet." I did not give my sedate friend time to complete his sentence, before I jumped in between two masses of rock, which seemed to afford comparative security. This very tranquil mode of telling a man that he is in imminent danger, reminds me of the Quaker, who, observing a stranger standing with his back too near to the fire, first asked him his name; and being answered reluctantly, said at last, "Then John Browne thy coat is in flames."

I was rather surprised to hear our conductor, who appeared a totally uneducated man, propose two or three more Latin quotations very correctly, and with more judgment than I could have supposed him gifted with. M. De G. cleared up the mystery, by telling me that the man had made the same remark to every visitor for many years past, and that without doubt he had got them by heart on purpose.

Some tolerable engravings of the Catacombs are sold in Paris, drawn by Cloquet, but they do not give a correct impression of the place; indeed the roof being so low it is a very difficult thing so to manage the perspective, as to represent the great *extent* of the excavations, which, on the whole, are more interesting from associ-

ation of ideas, than from any actual sublimity in their appearance. If they do possess beauty, it is certainly not of the picturesque description, but the more humble one of neatness.

A sort of register or album, is kept at the Catacombs, in which every visitor is solicited to insert something, — a remark, a quotation, or merely his name. This practice was however just now discontinued ; the presence of so many troops causing a tittle confusion, and deranging many regular habits of more consequence than the album of the Catacombs. Some of the memorandums thus made seemed worth copying. — One is

Du haut en bas
Tous les habitans de la terre,
Sautant le pas,
Arrivent en foule ici bas :
L'homme de cour, l'homme de guerre,
Et la princesse, et la bergère,
Sont ici bas.

Puisqu' ici bas
Amis l'on descend à tout age,
Ah ! jusque là
Riens sans penser à cela :
Nous aurons le temps d'être sage,
Quand nous aurons fait le voyage,
Du haut en bas.

The next

Qu'importe, quand on dort dans la nuit du tombeau
D'avoir porté le sceptre ou trainé le râteau ?

The two following are *Calembourgs*, or as we call them *Puns*.

Qu'on se moque de moi, que partout on en glose
Je me rends, et je crois à la metempsychose.
Oui, le fait est certain, après l'instant fatal,
Chacun de nous devient arbre, plante, animal.
Ici j'ai reconnu la sœur de mon grand père,
Mon oncle, mon cousin, ma nourrice, mon frere ;
Mais Grand Dieu ! qu'ils étaient changés !
Ils étaient tous en *os rangés* — (*Orangers.*)

Ici dans le <i>palais aux os</i>	—	—	Palaizeau.
Sous d'innombrables <i>os rangés</i>	—		Orangers.
J'ai vu d'abord les metamorphoses <i>d'os vides</i>			D'ovide.
Plus loin on entend les cris des <i>os pressés</i>			Opressés.
Lel soupirs des <i>os pilés</i>	—	—	Opilés.
Sur des <i>os rayés</i>	—	—	Oreillers.
Près de moi s'élève une <i>voix d'os</i>	—		Voie d'eau.
Qui me fait trembler jusqu' aux <i>os</i>	—		Os.
Elle semble dire, oh ! oh ! que d'os, Dieux.			d'Odieux.

Most of the others are (as might naturally be expected from the mode of their collection) but sorry compositions, either with respect to the

ideas or language; I will copy one more which I think was the best of them.

L'aspect de ce séjour sombre et majestueux
 Suspend des passions le choc impetueux,
 Et, portant dans les cœurs une atteinte profonde,
 Y peint tout le néant des vains plaisirs de ce monde.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH. — THEIR LEVITY
CONSIDERED. — EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN. — EFFECT
OF MARRIAGE.

SOME writers affect to give a sketch of national character in a few lines. — I have no faith in this species of quakery. “ In all pointed sentences some truth must be sacrificed to brevity :” and in all such compendiums of moral geography, as erroneous an impression is produced by the omission of some of the parts, as by the falsification of others. We may do the greatest injustice without a literal violation of truth ; and it is very difficult to keep the mind free from prejudice against customs, habits, and manners, which vary in almost every point from our own. I cannot flatter myself with being entirely exempt from this source of error, though I have done my best to avoid it. There is such a strange mixture of good and bad — of heroic and contemptible — of virtuous and of profligate feeling, among our rival neighbours, that it is quite impossible to classify them satisfactorily. I think, however, we should always bear in mind the

distinction between Parisians and Frenchmen ; and that the present state of France is as unfair a criterion of the French character as the state of English manners in the reign of Charles the Second would be of our own.

If, as I firmly believe, France is now settling quietly into habits of order and security, there must be in a short time, a most decided amelioration in the state of moral feeling ; and when that does take place, we shall be under the necessity of redoubling our own vigilance with respect to every thing which can influence national character, in order to preserve the pre-eminence we have hitherto maintained. In the arts of war we may, from many causes, set them at defiance ; but in the arts of peace, they will be formidable rivals. To me, it appears, that if the governments were equally good, there is such a fund of industry and ingenuity in both nations — the two countries produce so many necessaries, comforts, and luxuries of life which are reciprocally needed, that if they could remain in a state of cordial amity, there might be sufficient commercial intercourse between them to give full developement to the energies of all, and almost to supercede every other species of commerce.

Patriotism is like the law of gravitation. It keeps the respective masses properly coherent, and prevents them from interfering with each

other. The French have this quality in as high a degree as Britons; but, unfortunately, a series of bad governments have contrived, generally, to direct it to wrong objects, and, instead of raising the national character to honour and estimation, they have contrived to render it productive only of hatred or of contempt. Once let it be properly pointed to its proper destination, and it will produce all that noble and *rational* devotion which distinguishes the inhabitants of our happy country; nor need we fear the issue. We are far enough from perfection; therefore, if we make equal efforts, there is no reason why we should not still be equally in advance; for every permanent amendment is progressive. At any rate, we shall remain the first nation on the globe while we deserve it, and we have no right to the distinction any longer.

In summing up the character of Frenchmen, we are not to estimate too lightly that happy cheerfulness of disposition, which enables them to bear misfortune, by bending, instead of breaking under it. This quality, when in excess, is called levity; but we cannot justly give such an appellation to the animating principle, which supported, for instance, the nobility and clergy of France in poverty and exile; perhaps the *noblesse* of France, as a body, did not suffer so severely as might at first be supposed, because many of them never did possess property, and

in throwing themselves on the generosity of the British Government, they sometimes bettered their condition. But there was also a very great number who had relinquished large estates; who had been accustomed to all the gratifications which opulence could procure, and who were, previous to the revolution, surrounded by happy, contented, and respectful dependants; they have been accused of deserting their country in its distress, but they fled only from the dagger of the assassin, and had no choice but exile or death. These men, instead of resorting to the dreadful alternative of suicide, set themselves cheerfully to work; and availed themselves of all the elegant accomplishments which had embellished their former state of splendour, to procure the means of subsistence. I have often noticed with great pleasure, the patient industry, and modest, yet dignified demeanour, of such characters, of whom I knew several intimately. Will any one be so uncharitable as to assert, that it was want of spirit and of self respect, which enabled them to sustain the weight of their misfortunes? Surely they deserve *some* credit for submission to their lot with so good a grace. Not being myself an admirer of suicide, nor exactly of the opinion, that it is any proof of courage, I am inclined to attribute their conduct to the noblest species of passive fortitude.

Nations, as well as individuals, sustain great reverses and calamities, much better than a series of petty misfortunes to the same amount. The former call forth all the energies of the soul, and by conferring a certain sort of dignity on distress, take away half its bitterness; while the latter wears out the mind by perpetual vexations, which are not individually great enough to be worth bearing up against. We suffer the worm silently to eat its way through the timber, till it sink into destruction, without being aware that there was any one point of time at which it was more necessary to resist than at the period immediately preceding.

From this cause perhaps, the French emigrants were enabled to overcome the sense of degradation which their change of station implied; but even this presumes a respectable state of feeling, and while I can assign a good motive for conduct which pleases me, and which I must acknowledge to be Christian, and conducive to the well-being of society, I will not take the trouble of sifting the matter till I find out a bad one. With the sincerest respect for the nobility of Great Britain, and acknowledging them to be generally possessed of as many good qualities as can reasonably be expected from their station, I must express my conviction, that had a similar revolution taken place in England, and had they been equally subjected to exile,

scorn, and poverty, more than one half of them would have gone uncalled into the presence of their Maker.

The grand vice of the French character, as I have before mentioned, is Sensuality; a vice the natural result of the depravation of sentiment which has been produced by the revolution, and of the extension of military habits throughout society. When the Government, instead of checking the natural propensity to vicious indulgence which rises but too readily, promoted, encouraged, practised, and patronized it in every form, what could be expected but general depravity, and a want of that sense of purity which is one of the best safeguards of virtue? In the reign of Charles the Second, I fear England was not much better than France under Buonaparte; though the military nature of the latter government gave additional influence to bad example.

The liberty allowed to Frenchwomen after marriage, is a strange contrast to the rigid exclusion to which they are subjected during celibacy. The extreme care taken of girls by their parents and relatives does not seem to me to arise so much from doubt of *their* good intentions, as from conviction of the profligacy of the other sex. Frenchmen of the present day are such thorough libertines, and so grossly licentious in their conduct, that the rigid se-

paration of the sexes is absolutely necessary. There is such an aptitude for love, and such a perfect purity of thought in young females, that although a marriage may not have been originally the result of attachment, but merely an arrangement between the respective parents, (as is almost invariably the case in France,) yet when they feel that their lot is fixed for ever, nothing but the most disgusting qualities in the husband can prevent an ardent and permanent affection. They are anxious for an object on which to vent the natural tenderness of their disposition without restraint, and when they meet with a man of delicacy and honour, are inspired with a devotion which occupies the whole soul, and leads sometimes to acts of perfect heroism. If, on the other hand, they are tied to a man, such as I have described the generality of young Frenchmen, they are necessarily disgusted in a short time; no real love is ever created; and they look round for another object which will at least present only the amiable side of his disposition; or else they take refuge in immoral and vicious indulgence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

APPEARANCE OF PARIS IN THE EVENING. — A MOON-LIGHT RAMBLE. — SENSATIONS PRODUCED BY THIS SCENE.

A FEW nights before my departure from Paris, I had an opportunity of seeing that city to the greatest possible advantage. Passing over the *Pont Neuf* one evening, from the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, to take leave of a friend who lived in *Rue L'Echiquier*, quite on the opposite side of the town, I cast my eyes along the spacious avenue formed by the buildings on each side of the *Seine*, of more than a mile in extent, and was struck with the magnificence of the prospect. The houses are so high, and built in such large masses, that they appear like a series of superb castles, rather than the habitations of ordinary citizens. Every floor, and almost every room, being occupied by a separate family, every window exhibited, at this hour, a light, and gave an appearance of general illumination. The whole of the buildings being white, reflected the light from one side of the river to the other. The quays were

thronged with passengers. Hundreds of little stalls with toys for one set of beings — food for another class — and amusement for all, were sprinkled along both sides of the river, furnished with lights of fantastic shapes. Mountebanks were attracting the attention of the populace by antic gestures and preposterous habiliments. Numerous organs and Pandæan pipes poured forth their music in whimsical variety, and added to the bustling and confused hilarity of the scene; while the river at this time much enlarged by the heavy rains of the preceding day, rolled smoothly along its channel, reflecting the whole animated spectacle on its surface, and looking like another world, where the same actions were going on in calmness and in silence.

As I returned at midnight across the same bridge, how different was the appearance! The moon shone as bright as I ever witnessed it, and cast an indescribable charm on the tranquillity which reigned around. Every thing looked as still and as quiet as the city we read of in the Arabian Tales, which had been struck by the wand of the magician. What a contrast to the noisy merriment which the same spot had exhibited five hours before. The only moving objects which could now be discerned, were small bodies of the National Guards, here and there in the distance, in groups of four or five,

patrolling the streets. No noisy watchman disturbed the stillness of the night with his hoarse proclamation of the hour. Either way the eye rested on a range of splendid buildings, to whose white walls and turrets, the vivid moonlight gave a light yellow hue, which increased their beauty. The inhabitants of Paris were now relieved from the presence of foreign troops, and I could not but enter into the feelings which might be supposed to occupy the minds of those who were awake, and the dreams of those who were enjoying the blessing of repose. The night was not so cold but that I could stand to contemplate the scene without suffering from it, and I loitered on the bridge for some time with no other interruption than an occasional interrogatory from the patrole. They sometimes asked me, "What do you do here, Sir?" I replied, that I was admiring so beautiful a scene; when they civilly wished me a good night, and passed on, satisfied with my answer.

In *such* a night, and in *such* a scene as this, every man fancies himself a philosopher and a poet. The beautiful description by Southey came to my mind:—with very little variation, it painted the scene most accurately.

“ How beautiful is night —
 “ No mist obscures — no little cloud
 “ Breaks the whole serene of Heaven.
 “ In full-orb'd glory the majestic moon
 “ Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 “ Beneath her steady ray
 “ *The mighty city spreads —*
 “ And the high arch of Heaven,
 “ Rests like a dome upon the *silent earth.*”

How numerous and how various are the feelings which rush to the mind on such an occasion — there is a *swelling of the soul* which defies expression, and which can no more be communicated by description than we could convey an idea of sight to a blind man by a lecture on optics — a kind of philanthropical overflow of benevolence to one's fellow-creatures, which makes one wish that every human being could be good and happy.

As I gazed on this beautiful city, and reflected, that it contained within itself at the moment, examples of every virtue and every vice which can adorn or degrade human nature — every care and every hope which can agitate the breast of man — every variety of earthly happiness, and every gradation of human misery, from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, my mind recurred to the dreadful wish so often expressed in England, (when the just war of order against anarchy had

produced an unnatural exacerbation of resentment,) that it might fall a prey to the flames, and suffer all the horrors which could be inflicted by an infuriate soldiery — that the innocent might perish with the guilty, and one wide waste of ruin envelope the whole. I do not believe that this could ever be the deliberate sentiment of those who uttered it, but was merely the effect of indignation at the apparent treachery of their enemies. Thank God it has been averted; and I hope and believe that, on a future occasion, the mercy that has been exercised will be duly appreciated and acknowledged by those who were the objects of it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JOURNEY HOME. — APPEARANCE OF THE ROAD. — CALAIS.
— VOYAGE TO DOVER. — RETURN TO LONDON. —
CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THE time at last arrived when I was to quit Paris, and return to my native country, with a higher relish and admiration than I had ever yet felt. I had experienced stronger excitement at Paris, than had been my lot for many years; but the effect of novelty began to wear off, and I was almost tired of the very active exercise of mind and body which I had been engaged in during my stay there. I could have wished to prolong my residence on professional motives, but my situation did not render that practicable; therefore I went one morning to the Hotel of the Messageries Royales, paid my “arrhes” or deposit, and on the following, took leave of this extraordinary town.

When I had fairly seated myself, and seen my luggage properly packed, I was at liberty to attend to my fellow-travellers. These were all English. One was a groom of Sir Charles

Stuart, who seemed a little embarrassed at being obliged to take his seat amongst us; another was a major in the artillery; the third a surgeon in the Guards; the next a young lieutenant in the same corps. A young woman who looked like a farmer's daughter educated at a fine boarding-school, made up the party. In the true British style, we commenced our journey in silence. The young lady kept up a conversation out of the window for some time with a man who had conducted her to the stage; in which she endeavoured to assure him in a most execrable attempt to talk French, that she lamented very much her return to the land of rain, vapours, and ill manners; and that her heart was almost broken at the separation from such charming, polite, and good people as the French.

We had scarcely got five miles from the town, before a rope broke with which one of the horses was fastened; this, by the bye, is a very common occurrence. The young lady was of course very much alarmed; but recovering herself, she asked, "what is the matter with the . . . the . . . the . . . what do you call it, *la voiture*." I took the liberty of asking how long she had resided in France, as she had forgotten her native language so much; and I believe her reply was *two months!!* but that she was very perfect in French before her arrival, and had

only come to Paris to acquire the last finish to her pronounciation. Bless the good creature! they might as well have attempted to polish a piece of pumice, as to smooth down her horrible jargon; for even the poor Frenchman was compelled to bow to many of her remarks, because he could not understand them. The conversation naturally turned to the battle of Waterloo. All had been present at it except myself and the lady, so that I had little to do but ask questions, and received abundance of gratification, with the additional satisfaction of having each to check the others, in case they had indulged in "spinning," (as *embellishment* is technically termed.) I had previously heard it described many hundreds of times, but as each can only tell you what passed just around him, no two stories are exactly alike.

We were much annoyed during our route by the continued search for Lavalette. I know not how it was at all possible to fancy *me* to be the culprit, but although two men cannot well be more unlike, the description of one of us did in many points answer for the other, and I was accordingly obliged to go to the guard-house at every place we passed through, that they might ascertain the matter by a very deliberate examination. At one place I imagined that they thought they had made a great discovery, and I fully expected they would send off the Diligence

without me, till a man happened to come in who knew Lavalette, when I was immediately dismissed with “ *Non Monsieur, vous n’êtes pas la personne que nous voudrions tomber la dessus.*” During these frequent interruptions they would not tell us the name of the man they were seeking, and when I asked if they took me for Lavalette, I never could obtain an answer.

At Amiens we exchanged one of our passengers for an unwieldy fat woman, who very soon made us acquainted with her birth, parentage, and education. She had two or three bundles of which she was exceedingly careful, and though they were almost larger than she could carry, she would never get out of the coach to a meal without having them placed by the side of her chair. She soon became very intimate with our female fellow-traveller, and there appeared to be some treaty negotiating between them, which became pretty palpable when we got on ship-board; the nature of it indeed might be guessed from the few words which were audible, such as lace, cambric, and shawls.

When we approached Boulogne, the road assumed a very interesting appearance; numerous bodies of infantry and cavalry were pursuing their march for embarkation, and as the coach moved on no faster than the troops, except when going down-hill, we were continually re-

cognizing old acquaintances. The fleet of transports which was to have conveyed them to England, was kept off the coast by contrary winds, so that the troops were accumulating at Boulogne and Calais, to an amount that became rather alarming, as there was the greatest difficulty in procuring provisions, the supplies having been only calculated to answer the demands of small numbers in rapid succession. Baggage-waggons laden with women and children were therefore making retrograde movements, which gave rise to many reports that the army had been suddenly ordered back in consequence of serious riots at Paris. The poor peasantry who had patiently borne the burthen of supplying our troops on their route to England, hoping at last for room to breathe, were distracted with fears and anxiety when they saw them returning, and their countenances wore an expression of dreadful alarm. The very orderly and peaceable behaviour of our troops, however, did not fail to gain them the good will and respect of the inhabitants, and it lost nothing of its merit from contrast with the brutal ferocity of the Prussians. The whole formed a fine study for a physiognomist.

Several vessels were on the point of sailing when we got to Calais, but after two nights and days constant travelling, a little previous rest and ablution were necessary; having therefore

secured a passage in a new French vessel which was to sail at four o'clock, we sat down to a most superb dinner. One of my companions took it on himself to complain of the charge; the waiter made no other reply, but by pointing out of the window to the court yard filled with English soldiers. Such an appeal was perfectly unanswerable, and we paid our bill without further remonstrance. One of the young men asked the waiter in going out, if they had many English in the house now; the man answered very significantly, "*Plus qu'il n'en faut.*" "more than enough;" — He was not troubled any more questions.

We got to the pier-head before the appointed time; it was a fine tranquil evening, and before we could clear the harbour the sun was setting in all its glory. I never saw a more beautiful scene; the harbour filled with transports whose sails were flapping idly against the masts; thousands of soldiers were on the edge of the water, embarking as rapidly as their means would allow; some could not find their wives, some had lost their children in the crowd; one had forgotten her bag; another had left her hat behind her; here was a soldier swearing at the wife who was going with him; there another consoling one whom the law compelled him to leave behind. Some had gone on board the wrong vessel; others had, by pure mistake, taken a neighbour's

bundle in addition to their own; officers were swearing at their servants; beggars without number petitioning for alms; porters soliciting jobs, and tavern-waiters trying to get a bill paid twice over. Great numbers of French gentlemen and ladies were taking their evening promenade, and surveying with hearty satisfaction the departure of their visitors. The sea was before us, smooth and unbroken, and formed a strong contrast to the scene of bustling activity presented by the harbour. The venerable walls of Calais lay in the red glare of the setting sun, and the whole landscape was interesting, although possessing none of the charms of nature; the coast being bleak and barren, and the ground lightly covered with snow. The cold was not severe however, and we congratulated each other that we should be able to make the voyage without the necessity of going below.

As soon as the sun had set the wind began to rise, and the clouds rapidly forming over the whole sky, made almost an instantaneous transition from day-light to darkness. I could perceive by the direction of the wind, that we must make a long sweep towards Boulogne before we should be able to stand across for Dover. We sailed on for four or five hours, the wind constantly increasing till almost all the party were obliged to go below, for fear of being washed off the deck, for the sea began to

break over us very often, but I was determined to keep my place to the last ; having therefore placed myself about the middle of the deck, from the idea that that part of the ship had necessarily the least motion ; I fastened a rope firmly round my arm and braved the storm. After some time longer had elapsed, I ventured to ask the Captain if we were not near Dover ; he bid me look to the left, and I then saw the lights of Boulogne at the distance of half a league. My sickness began to be very distressing, and this news did not cheer my spirits. Several times I was thrown with such violence by the seas which broke over us, that I no longer thought it safe to keep the rope round my arm, lest the sudden jerk should break the bones ; I therefore untied it, and trusting to my own strength to hold fast, submitted very patiently for half an hour longer. The full moon rose at this time, and by shewing the scene around us, left me little inclination to trust my security any longer to my hands, which were becoming numbed with wet and cold. If I had been well enough and in safety, to contemplate the scene, I should have thought it sublime, but I was very soon convinced that if *terror* be a source of that feeling, *danger* excites very opposite emotions. All around were vessels dismasted, or scudding under bare poles, sometimes mounting on a ridge of moonlight, and

the next moment hid from our sight by the intervening masses of water. With a heavy heart I descended to the dirty scene in the cabin, where basons and towels had ceased to be demanded, from the sense of danger having overpowered the feeling of delicacy. In spite of my sickness I could not help feeling the ridiculous nature of the scene before me, and the rueful countenances of my fellow-travellers — the fat lady kept crying out every moment, “ Lord have mercy upon us, — we are going down — oh! we shall never get to England — there, that crash — oh! we are going — yes its all over with us — pray take hold of this parcel — Lord forgive us our sins! — oh! take care of that bundle — there, there’s my shawl down in the dirt — Christ have mercy upon us! — pray take care of my bundle.” At first her companions endeavoured to comfort her, but as their efforts proved quite unavailing, she was at last suffered to please herself in the choice of exclamations, interrupted only by an occasional curse from the male fellow-travellers.

A short time however elapsed ere we were all made sensible of danger. Thirteen horses (which were stowed in a space only intended to accommodate half a dozen) had been so negligently fastened that some of them had got loose, and the violence of the storm, threw them from side to side like inanimate substances; they began

to kick and struggle, broke each others legs, and struck the sides of the vessel with a fury that made us fear they would start a plank. The partition between them and us, soon gave way to the violence of their efforts, and two of the mutilated animals got into the cabin. No one could stand upon his legs from the intensity of long continued sickness, and the motion of the vessel, and it was with the greatest difficulty the poor animals could be barricaded out again. One of the three sailors was obliged to be detained in the cabin, to sit against the broken door, for the passengers were all of them too ill to do more than aid his exertions. The storm yet continued to increase — it was now three o'clock in the morning, the hopes of all parties seemed to melt away, and the prospect of deliverance became more and more faint. I had noticed the very sailor-like manner in which the ship was managed, while I staid on deck, and felt confident that we should not be lost for want of skill; but the incessant kicking of the horses made it more than probable we should go down at a moment's notice; and the exhaustion of all parties seemed to promise scarcely a less serious fate, if we got safe into port. I began to feel the qualms of danger press very heavily upon me, though from the ideas which were then uppermost in my mind, I am inclined to think there was not much selfishness

in my despair. Only one person in the ship retained the least self-possession so as to be able to assist others, and that was the groom of Sir Charles Stuart; and I now reaped the benefit of the kindness I had shewn to the poor fellow during our journey; his embarrassment had kept him silent, as no one spoke to him or took the least notice of his presence, and I had taken some pains to relieve his distress, by engaging him in conversation adapted to his habits and situation, and in which he could in turn shew his knowledge. — The man was exceedingly grateful, and now kept close to me. The sea broke over us every minute, and at last demolished the deck windows of the cabin. As the ship rolled on one side, the water admitted by the broken windows filled the cabin knee-deep, and as we were all compelled to follow its course to the lee-side, I was often partly under water, and should certainly have been drowned but for his aid, — he held my head up when I fainted, and supplied me from time to time with brandy, from a small flask he carried in his pocket. Our sickness became at last so intolerable, that I believe we should all of us most willingly have consented to go overboard. Sea-sickness produces a greater contempt of death than all the heroism in human nature. With great difficulty I crawled up the steps, till I could just peep over the deck, and though

saluted with an enormous wave as I mounted, had the satisfaction to see the lights on the North Foreland, at a very short distance. This news cheered us all, and after an hour longer of anxious suspense, we had the happiness to get safe into the harbour of Dover, where the first report we received was, that the vessel which sailed abreast of us, had gone to the bottom, and every one on board had perished.

My fat fellow-traveller had retired to her chamber immediately on her arrival at Calais. As my room was separated from hers only by a boarded partition, I could hear pretty plainly what took place. There seemed much agitation on the part of the good lady, and a great deal of bustle in the attendants. At last the Captain was sent for, and I concluded that she was too ill to occupy her place in his vessel, which was just on the point of setting off. I met him in the passage, and begged him to present my compliments, and offer my professional assistance. The man laughed heartily at the proposition, and replied, "*Oh Monsieur, que vous avez grand mistake — it is only little bit of shmuggle, — dat is all.*" When the lady came out equipped for her voyage, I fully comprehended the extent of the "little bit of shmuggle," she looked in the very last stage of pregnancy, with the comfortable prospect of double twins at least; her legs and arms were gouty

to a shocking degree, and her *tooth ache* was so very severe, that she was under the necessity of wrapping up her head and face to the size of a bushel. She made me her confidant during the voyage, and entreated me very earnestly to have a sore throat, and tie a few of her shawls round it. I however declined the proposition altogether, being fully aware of the danger, and the good creature herself was only indebted to the storm for her security. The Custom-house officers not supposing it possible for any vessel to make the harbour in such weather, had left the coast perfectly clear. On meeting the lady the following day at Dover, I offered her my sincere congratulations on her happy accouchment. She had indeed got rid of gout, dropsy and tooth-ach, at the same hour; and remarked that though we had had a very "rumbustous" voyage, it had been to her a most happy one — quoting at the same time the old adage, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Every hour after our arrival brought us terrible accounts of the recent storms and their effects; — another vessel had had five men swept overboard, and a third had lost her masts, one had been wrecked on the coast of Ireland with a great part of the thirtieth regiment on board; and another had struck on Margate Pier and gone to pieces. We were all too ill to make our

appearance the next morning, and the scene when we did assemble would have well employed the pencil of a Wilkie; — the squalid countenances and tottering limbs of the youngest amongst us were “piteous to see,” as the old ballad phrases it. Each seemed to take a pleasure in bringing back to the other’s recollection the narrow escape, and all its attendant circumstances, as if there had been a real gratification in the renewal of painful impressions. Common danger creates sympathy, and we all of us trespassed a little on good manners in our enquiries as to the direction and distance of our respective homes. Many had dismal tales to tell of laces seized, and shoes and shawls, on which were to come exchequer fines. The inmates of the inn joined in execrating the vigilance of Custom-house officers, whose Argus-eyes would never sleep. With that palpable lack of common sense, however, which is so often displayed in a stage-coach, each was explaining before strangers (some of whom might be, for aught he knew, employed by the very men whom they were deceiving,) the number of tricks he had played to evade the duty. One had a cravat of lace, another had it quilted in his coat collar, a third had filled a soldier’s knapsack with contraband goods, and a fourth said that he had boots on which were twice too large, and that they were padded out in the same manner. Even the pre-

sence of the waiters put no restraint on the conversation, and I have no doubt that many of my fellow-travellers would cease boasting long before they got to London; it being a common thing for the Custom-house gentry to keep up a good intelligence with the servants at the inns on the coast, and then go snacks in the seizure.

After another day's rest at Dover, I was well enough to proceed to London, and thus ends my "strange eventful history!!"

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

FROM the consideration that Prefaces are rarely if ever read, I had determined not to write one; but it seems necessary to supply that omission by a few words in this place, in order to anticipate any objections which may be urged to the desultory nature of the work; and the want of that attention to the style, which was incompatible with my other pursuits, without such a delay as would diminish the interest of the subject.

Such as it is, however, I send the book forth in confidence that the Spirit of Truth in which it is written, will fully compensate for its faults; and that as it has beguiled some tedious hours

of the writer, it may be equally efficacious in affording rational amusement to the reader.

It was my intention to interweave with these Memorandums, an Analysis of French Literature, which has been some time ready for the press. I have relinquished this plan, because it would not be in my power to afford space for a sufficient developement of the subject, as my book has already exceeded its proposed magnitude: and I had also another reason,—I did not think it justice to myself to mingle with the hasty sketches of the moment, an essay which has been the result of much thought and much trouble. The present work being in its nature temporary, elegance and precision are not of primary importance; but the other, being an assumption of critical authority, such inaccuracies would be unpardonable, and I have therefore decided to give it more mature consideration.

Many anecdotes, in themselves highly interesting, I have been compelled to omit, lest I should implicate any one with the French government, where the topic was political, or be considered guilty of a breach of confidence, where the subject was domestic. If, from this cause, the book afford less pleasure, it will inflict less pain.

I shall wait with patience for the verdict of the public, to decide whether I am again to

make my appearance on the stage. If that verdict be unfavourable, the world will not be troubled with any more of my "lucubrations," except such as are strictly professional, in which character I can claim attention with more justice and with more confidence.

THE END.

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